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THE VICTORIAD

OR

THE NEW WORLD: /

AN EPIC POEM

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS AND THE VICTORIAN ERA.

THE ACTION FOUNDED ON THE NEW ARTHUR, OR COMING MAN.

BY EDMUND CARRINGTON, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOD OF GOLD OF ARISTOPHANES;" "SCHOOL FOR STATESMEN;" "CONFESSIONS OF AN OLD BACHELOR;" "FAIRY FUTURE;" "THE BEAUTY OF BUTTERMERE;" "DEATH OF GUY FAWKES; A SATIRE;" &c.; POETICAL AND PERIODICAL MISCELLANEA.

A NEW EDITION, WITH APPENDIX.

"The Spirit of Change swayeth all things,
Truth alone is immutable."—BACON,

LONDON:
SAUNDERS & OTLEY, 66, BROOK STREET, HANOVER SQUARE.
MDCCCLXII.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE RE-ISSUE OF THESE PAGES.

The Author having been called upon to place his name to these pages, begs to observe in obeying the summons, that the original signature of "An Old Looker On of Change and Vicissitude," was not adopted from any principle of mystery, but because it conveyed an impression of the experience requisite in contrasting past and present Systems: and conveyed further, an appeal (it might be termed a kindly admonition) to the rising generation in a New World of Progress. The signature, therefore, together with the original advertisement to which it was subjoined are retained as heretofore.

Everything has been said in the Introductory Remarks that follow, relative to the classic demands (often overlooked in the present views of literature—see Book XVI) of Construction in a story of "Action." Again, if Mind was personified in the ancient embodiment of a Muse, a Minerva, or a Prometheus, a *fortiori* Mind in Progress should consistently be so, in modern illustration. But this is not all, the novelty of the ideal feature in a story of modern illustration is, that it must *combine* this Illustration of the Era with a Narrative of Events, the first being subsidiary and incidental to the last. Hence, in the invocation of the power or divinity of Change in the opening scene of the story, the throne or presence of this impersonation, is approached through the track of the heavens, and star-worlds of Space, to which the way has been opened by the research of Modern Science, and which, consequently, is incidentally illustrated by the story.

Thus much will explain to the reader the novel feature of the Ideal in the present essay; and for any further remarks on its exercise, the reader is referred to the Editor's Appendix to this re-issue; as well as to the numerous different testimonials in favour of the Author's efforts.

III.

Finally, it has been asked why a work purporting the illustration of the "Victorian Era," was not inscribed to the Sovereign whose name it represents? The answer is obvious: it would have been presumption to have solicited the grace of the Sovereign for this object, until the work had been met by a considerably continued extension of public favour; meantime, in order the more to propitiate public interest, the Inscription of the first part of the story is addressed to a Garibaldi, as confirming the picture of disinterestedness (the greatest of public virtues) in our-leading character:—and the Second Part is inscribed to the name of a Washington, for a similar reason, as being the founder of a New Moral and Social World. Consequently, the Inscription to the popularly historical name of the "Liberator of Italy," originally purposedly adopted, is now as purposedly retained.

Meantime the whole work is, on the face of it, a tribute to the Sovereign from whom it derives its designation, and by whom it was, on presentation, graciously received; it is yet more, a tribute to the world of aggrieved Nations which the scope of the Era embraces (B. III.) and it is therefore catholic in its sympathies, and its appeal to the "fraternity of nations"; it is in particular, a tribute to Englishmen and the British Queen. To HER, as the object of a universal love and respect, —are many portions of the work devoted; as, for example, in the "Sacrament of Concord" (B. II.): the "Queen and the Soldier" (B. VII.); and, more exclusively, in the "Legend of Victoria" (B. XVII.); which portion of the story has been termed by a popular writer as "the most interesting to English hearts and minds, and most expressive of English feeling." That it is so, is because a just tribute is offered in it—as indeed throughout the entire undertaking—of devotedness to an exalted and well-beloved QUEEN, and the august mother of her people.

P.S.—Whilst these sheets were in the press, the lamented death of the Prince Consort bereaved a Queen and a Nation of one of the best beloved and most enlightened of characters. It is a consolation to the author to feel that a tribute is paid to his late Royal Highness, in an entire portion (Book V.) of these pages, illustrative of those "triumphs of Peace and Progress," represented by the Crystal Palace, instituted by his enlightened energies.

TO
GARIBALDI,
THE
REGENERATOR OF ITALY,
IN HIS DISINTERESTED EFFORTS
FOR A UNITED PEOPLE
UNDER A CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY,
THE HIGHEST EXAMPLE
OF
PATRIOT FORTITUDE AND PUBLIC VIRTUE
SINCE
WASHINGTON,
THESE PAGES,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MORAL
OF SOCIAL ADVANCE UNDER FREE INSTITUTIONS,
OF THE POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION,
AND OF PEACE,
VINDICATED BY A JUST WAR,
ARE INSCRIBED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IF the Reader's popular predilections should incline him to glance at a Story founded on an old national romance, and shaped to reflect the features of the existing *Æra*, it is now offered to his notice in the following pages. The conflicts and stir of Action, no less than these novel features, characterize them.

Any further information due to him, as regards the principles contended for, the novelty of the measure adopted, and construction of the Story, or its peculiar narrative character, as reflective of the "*Lay*," is afforded in the Introductory Remarks which follow, and which are beyond the limits of a brief Advertisement.

All that need be remarked is, that its sentiments have been long echoed by an enlightened Press throughout the civilized world; and that the Cause it vindicates is that which is being constantly agitated on the battle-field of Public Opinion—Europe: and whilst these pages were in the course of completion, a new testimony presented itself of the vitality of their impersonations, in the instance of the "*Coming Man*" (as he may be termed) of Italy; and hence their Inscription to the popularly historical name of a Garibaldi.

Acknowledgments are due to the Literary and Editorial authorities—native and foreign*—who have encouraged the plan of the undertaking, and have extended their sanction to the novelty and comprehensiveness of the design.

Some passing as kindly reminiscences of distinguished friends and encouragers of earlier literary hours may be forgiven in

* Prof. Jules Eveleine, author of "*L'avenir hypothétique de l'Europe*," and Signor R. di Bivarra, Commentator on the principles of Boecian Touchstone and Machiavel as inapplicable to the present day—viz., a New World of Intelligence and Free Institutions.

the retrospect of a life approaching its close : and it willingly turns to the names of the late accomplished Earl of Guilford (Ionian Islands) ; of the eminent scholar Dr. Arnold, of Oriel ; the benign as wise Lord Stowell ; and a late learned Primate of England.

But these are of the past : the distinguished patronage of the present must be acknowledged, with all due sense of its honor.

As regards the present *Æra* of Progress and the growth of Intelligence, the "Old Looker on of Change and Vicissitude" may descend to the grave with the consoling reflection,—“that he leaves things better than he found them.” To the Young he may say, “Happy are you in being born to this New World “of extended social advantages, and with its still growing prospects opening before your path. May it be yours’ to elevate “it by your understanding, and adorn it by your virtues.”

AN OLD LOOKER ON, ETC.

Spezzia,

December, 1860.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

- Book I.—The Vision of CHANGE.
- „ II.—The QUEEN of the Isles ; or, The “Sacrament of Concord.”—French and English Alliance.
- „ III.—The Watchword of the Nations.
- „ IV.—The Council of NICANDEE ; or, The Choice Spirits of ARMAGEDDON. The Siege and Action.
- „ V.—The Glimpse of Peace ; or, Industry’s Crystal Shrine. The “Crystal Palace :” Progress of Art and Intelligence.
- „ VI.—Lost Opportunity. (A scene of the Siege.)
- „ VII.—The QUEEN and the Wounded Soldier.—A Home Scene. (The “Volunteer Movement” memorialized.)
- „ VIII.—The “Armstrong and Whitworth” Carnival.—A Tale of a Modern Sinon.
- „ IX.—The Angel in the Prison. (Fidalma and the Minstrel.)
- „ X.—Earth, Air, and Wave. (Tribute to Scientific discovery and Geological research.)
- L’ENVOY to the Spirit of CHANGE and the “New Arthur.”

PART II.

Book XI.—Across the Atlantic. (Tribute to Patriot Memories.)

„ XII.—The “FOURTH ESTATE;” or, The Revolt of Armageddon. (Moral power above Physical. Tribute to the British Press in protecting the interests of Social Advance and Mankind.)

„ XIII.—Freedom’s Jubilee and Helot Saturnalia; or, ALASTOR in Armageddon. (Power of Money and Power of Knowledge : Progress of Discovery and Science. Spirit of Speculation and Reign of Pleasure : Paris and London reflected.)

„ XIV.—The Chief’s Farewell to the OLD WORLD. (Emigration “Exodus” of the Æra.)

„ XV.—Man’s New Home; or, The NEW WORLD found.—AUSTRALIA.

„ XVI.—GUISCARD; or, The Soul of Endurance.

„ XVII.—The Golden Shrine; or, The Nuptials of ALASTOR and FIDALMA (or the “New Arthur” and the “New Ginevra” of the Legend).

„ XVIII.—The Legend of VICTORIA; or, The Fairy Changeling.

„ XIX.—The Chief at the Ganges. (The Sepoy Revolt.)

„ XX.—The Retribution; or, The NEW BRITOMART.

L’ENVOY to the Spirit of CHANGE, and the New Arthur.

LIST
OF
MINOR PIECES OR MELODIES
INTRODUCED IN THE STORY.

PART I.

The Spirit of Norman Chivalry	<i>Virelay</i> ...	Book III.
Thoughts of a Captive ; or, The Fair Nun of Minsk....	„	IV.
Pæan of the Crystal Shrine.....	„	V.
The Glimpse of Peace.....	<i>Madrigal</i> ...	„ V.
Lay of the Emigrants	<i>Glee</i> ...	„ V.
The Surprise.....	<i>Virelay</i> ...	„ VI.
The Lion Sleeps	<i>Rondel</i> ...	„ VI.
The Laugh of Fear	„	VIII.
Guiscard's Farewell	<i>Rochford Quintet</i> ...	„ IX.

PART II.

The Lost Son : A Secret of the Deep	Book XI.
A Palermitan Tarantella.....	„ XII.
A Railway Carol	<i>Nouvellette Française</i> ... „ XIII.
The Token Flower.....	<i>Venetian Air</i> ... „ XIII.
The " Devil's Dead "	<i>Neapolitan</i> ... „ XIII.
The World's Response : A Reminiscence.....	„ XVI.
Jubilate of the Wanderers.....	„ XVII.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

BY THE EDITOR.

Any illustration of the Victorian Era is plainly an illustration of the Age of Social Progress.

Our fuller claims, however, upon the reader's interest in submitting this proposition, must be advanced through the medium of Story; and not only this, but a story the characters and incidents of which may be consistent with the standard of subject under illustration.

Before regarding the events, varied and striking as they are, which the Age presents to our view! before again, in obedience to the laws of Unity of Action, we fix on some more commanding scene or starting point as a Centre of Action, round which the other events of the Era are made to revolve; it is due to the reader, that we should premise certain remarks as regards the construction of any romance appealing to national interests, enterprises, or national predilections. We say "romance," for although the basis of our scenes is laid in history, yet, as has just been expressed, it is in the artificial features, the disposition of events and coloring of story (as more fully specified hereafter) that we must seek to appeal to the readers interest.

The fabric, then, of a story of this character, is constituted by certain contending principles, whence it derives its impulses of action, and which shape the moral end it proposes to vindicate.

Should we be asked for examples, let us take those for instance of Disobedience and Obedience to Heaven, as in Milton's best admitted authority; of the Cause of the Cross and the Crescent in Tasso; of the Virtues and Vices in Spenser; not to multiply instances.

It is, hence, obvious, that a story illustrating an Age of Progress, will exhibit as its contending or antagonistic principles of action those of Social hindrance on the one hand, and of social interests and advance on the other; of the maintenance of ignorance against intellectual diffusion; of Prejudice against Freedom of Thought; of Selfwill and Selfishness against Disinterestedness and Self-Denial; of Error against Truth; of an effete Social System or Moral World against a new.

The representatives of these contending Principles are the Embodiments, which next furnish Story with its leading Characters. Perhaps a more appropriate representative of the "Old World" system of power, selfishly confiding in the mental subjugation of Society, and the hindrance consequently of its Advance (for this is the point our subject keeps in view) could not offer itself, than in the instance of the aggressive and encroaching spirit of the Northern potentate, whose contest in the year 1854 with England and her ally France, has rendered the Victorian Era remarkable. Indeed, so much so is this historical phase conspicuous, that scarcely through any lapse of time, could a more important crisis be fixed on as a centre point of action, than this; whether it is considered as regards the junction of ancient foes in new bonds of amity a feature no less novel than important; (so much so, that it has been termed the "Sacrament of Concord" between France and England, more fully illus-

A

trated hereafter. B. II.) on the one hand; or, the vindication of the balance of power, and yet more, of the shaken interests of Civilization on the other.

Before continuing the requisite remarks on the Characters, it should here be observed that no other Continental cause of contending principles offers itself, in which England is concerned: so that there is no alternative as regards choice of warlike and hostile action for the purposes of story. At the same time, a more important one could scarcely arise, in as much as the resistance now in view by England and France against the Spirit of Aggression, stands before us, as the *foundation* of a similar generous resistance to similar aggressive excesses, in subsequent instances: namely, of that offered by Sardinia (aided by France) against Austria; and again of a Garibaldi against the insane tyrannies of Neapolitan license. An increased interest meantime attaches to the contest illustrated in the Story, in the Retrospect; while, again, the circumstance suggests itself, that so nearly are the Principles and Cause vindicated in the following pages, the *same* as those which Europe is still, constantly agitating; that the tale of the Victorian Era, is that of the World: and the interest of the Retrospect, is kept so 'altogether' alive, that it is rendered an immediate one. Following upon this, the remark suggests itself that should indeed England be *again* called into hostile action on the field of Europe, still as she would always be seen acting on the side of Truth, Freedom, and Right, against an opposite Error, it follows also that the *principles* by which she would be guided, would be the *same* as those the story illustrates and constitutes as its foundation of action. Therefore, again, the *same* narrative with merely a certain difference of circumstance, perhaps, would present itself; and, consequently, the *completeness* of the present illustration of the Era is secured.

To proceed then with the remarks on the Characters. The leading one, accordingly, on the hostile side, above specified, is represented in the Nicander of the story. Conveniently for its purposes, the representative of the injurious principles contended against, and at the same time the leader in the hostile action are combined in this character. He is the type of licensed Self-will, at the expense of social interests and freedom of thought *whenever or wherever* found. He reflects unbridled license, such as history records from the period of unrestrained prerogative in our own annals, down to that of any modern system of oppression—Muscovite, Austrian, or Neapolitan; and represents in himself the fatuity of mingled absolutism and fanaticism, whether on the banks of the Neva or the Danube, the Tiber or Adriatic Sea. Unhappily these instances are too widely spread throughout History, which is one appeal to our sympathies for the oppressed races and rights of mankind; but no less painful than humiliating is the reflection, that such oppression should exist in the nineteenth century, supposed to exhibit an age of maturely developed Civilization—to say nothing of Christianity. It shows that human passions and selfish interests are an *obstacle* to any permanent amelioration. Englishmen may indeed console themselves in the reflection that their happier institutions afford a better protection for the interests of that Social Advance which our argument vindicates. Such, then, is the Nicander, the hostile power of the story. In antagonism to him we find, *what?*—a powerful Public Opinion; but no existing "Master Mind"—no "hero," as it is termed, of the day. It is the province, then, of Fiction to supply this deficiency—to embody, in some character of recognised popular attribute and tradition, the national sentiment. At the same time, it should be remarked that although the aid of Fiction is thus necessarily called in for the sake of "consistency of character," yet due tribute is paid to the deserts of the characters of the period throughout the era.

For the requisite object, then, in view, our legendary lore meets the demands of our story, in British and Saxon records, with the desired representative of the vindictory and generous principle, and antagonistic to the encroachments on social freedom, happiness, and advance. The "return

of Arthur" (to use the words of the tradition) has been the hope and theme of British and Saxon "harpe," and of those of Brittany as well, in aid of the objects of retributory justice and social amelioration. In this hope the unhappy son of Constance was named "Arthur;" the hope and the tradition were still kept fondly alive to much later times: the "Avenger," the redresser of wrongs, the Coming One, or "Comynge Man," was still looked for by a fond superstitious feeling. So in Virgil's "*redit et Virgo redeunt Saturnia regna*:" the superstition is the same. Our Lord's return in the flesh in the millennium exhibits a similar belief; a return indeed, which some interpreters say has been repeated in sundry instances as animating important characters.

Spenser has the tradition in view when he exhibits the spirit of the legendary champion (Arthur)—an impersonation of all virtue and magnanimity—as animating his different characters constituted as vindicators of Right and Truth against Injury and Error. The belief existed that the "Good Genius" still hovered over the land he loved (see Geoffrey of Monmouth and other chroniclers cited by Camden), in order to guard its interests and to "*return in human presence*" one day, to the rescue of the invaded rights and well-being of the social world.

The character, however, has not only a national and traditional interest, but partakes of a universal one, in its affinity to the kindred impersonations of classic antiquity. The Atastor and Timoros of the Greeks, the Shiloh of the Jews, the "Avatar of Ireland, the revived presence of "Vishnu"—all represent the "Coming Man" of an oppressed humanity struggling for its social and moral advance. The cry for such a Vindicator has in fact periodically made itself heard from the earliest annals of history, which may be said to be a record of the selfish aggression of the Few, on the interests of the Human Family, the Many. Such a Vindicator is afforded our story, and whose generous conflict is, to win a New Moral World for the oppressed or retarded condition of mankind.

Such, then are the two leading Characters in the Action of the Story, and such are the Principles they represent, in embodying, respectively, a New World of Advance, opposed to an Old World of social hindrance and discouragement to human interests.

The downfall on the one hand, and success on the other, of the old and new systems are respectively figured in the discomfiture and triumph of the two contending representatives of these principles. As has been remarked above, the same contest is being constantly carried on; the persons only vary. A Ferdinand, or a Francis of Naples, for example, were only instances of a more insane obstacle to social interests than the prototype, a few years previously, of the fanatic potentate of our story. The happy contrast of character to these has been already offered in the analogy to the New Arthur of tradition in the Vindicator and Regenerator of Italy.

Another phase of the subject of Character, and not the least important one, presents itself. It is the duty, again, of story to effect that the two antagonists heretofore specified, are consistently placed against each other, as regards the claims and pretensions of their traditional and conventional attributes. Both, then, will be seen to be invested with a solemn and sacred character.

The "King of the North" (as the designation is in Ezekiel ch. xxxviii-ix., and in Isa. xli.), clothed, as he is, in all the rigor of aggressive and fanatical self-will, is marked out by our scriptural* interpreters as the predicted

* See note 6, B. II., for all the Interpreters of Prophecy, in particular Walmsley (alias Pastorini), who predicted the Russian aggrandisement under Catharine; and the learned Hales.

"Scourge" and "Spoiler," who is, in turn, to meet with overthrow under the vengeance of Heaven, (Ezek. ch. xxxix). His stronghold, the city of Armageddon, is no less pointed out by them in the Revelations (ch. xvi.) It is, however, altogether a *figurative* scene and name, and has been claimed by interpretation as the representative, at different periods, of Rome, Constantinople, Jerusalem—till its sound has become as familiar as that of "Babylon the Great"—accordingly as current events of the time have appeared to render it applicable: in the present instance it has been particularly assigned as the representative of Sebastopol, and forms the centre-point of Action. (See Cumming.)

The Nicander, then, of the story, invested with the sacred attributes specified, comes forward as a "Child of Destiny"—a predicted Power; he is met, *consistently*, in the contest, by a character *no less* invested with attributes of solemnity; a child, no less of fate—whose "coming" is hymned by the harps of a venerated tradition,

As an embodiment of Public Opinion (not the fallacious French *paraphrase* of it in the term "*idea*") it may be here remarked that this character being invested with more *real* attributes than belong to a merely imaginary creation or allegorical shadow—stands before us in the light of a *living* existence or agent; while to express the character in which he comes upon the scene of his sacred and traditional "Mission," he is termed "Alastor," that is "Avenger," rather than the more familiar name by which legendary lore recognizes its beloved Prince and Vindicator, namely, Arthur—"Yaur-Arthur," or "the Great." The prominence due to this character in any illustration of national topics—to whatever period of history they may belong—is interestingly shown in as early an instance as that of the first Edward; who claimed the sovereignty of Scotland as derived from the great British Prince of the *whole* island, including the Scottish as well as English territory, pointing at the same time to the dwellings of Arthur in the north, at Arthur's seat near Edinburgh—and in the south, at Tintagel Castle at the Land's End, in Cornwall.

To proceed to touch briefly upon such other characters as demand a certain notice for the reader's guidance. The New Arthur, then, it will readily be supposed, in accordance with the example of his legendary former Self (rather than prototype) is accompanied in his "Adventures" (to use the words of Spenser in speaking of Sir Guyon) by the minstrel (not to use the hackneyed term *troubadour* of romance)—Guiseard, who is faithfully attached to his fortunes. This character exhibits perhaps one of the highest virtues of humanity—no less than one of the most resolute efforts of philosophy—viz., that of endurance under suffering, and that rancour of party spirit, which is one of the features of modern times which the story illustrates.

In *contrast* with this, and other characters reflecting the virtues of truth, honor, and endurance, are the viler and baser characters of society—the host of bigots, sycophants, Fanatics, hirelings, supporters of a system of privileged license, the unscrupulous ventilators of party rancour, and malignant literary assailants (where impunity is secured) of the advocates of truth—the pandars to the spirit of a licentious self-will—the creatures of a court and system of corruption—the Bufos, Malbeccos, Scylaxes, and Thersites (as the story names them), and Satellites of its Nicander—their leader at once and despiser—and their idol.

Next presents itself for remark, on the side of purer moral and social example, a character of scarcely less importance than that of the Vindicator and Patriot Chief (as he is variously termed), Arthur himself; and the greater is the interest awakened here, since it is not only sought in behalf of a female but of the Betrothed of the Chief. Much depends on this character; and much of high example is exhibited in her instance. In a word, the interest

of Woman and female rights, forming a feature in the Social Advance of the day, have been vindicated in the character of Fidalma.

Whilst seen as the Betrothed of the Patriot Chief, she is yet the captive (with others of her countrywomen) of the enemy Nicander. Romance avails itself of the circumstance of the king's acknowledgment of those "spells" (as the legends say), mental and personal, that, like those of Spenser's Britomart, "swayed all spirits." And here is afforded the opportunity of introducing that source of interest existing in the conflict between passion on the one hand, and a spirit of persecution (inseparable from systematic absolutism) on the other: and here we are reminded in no small degree of our own Henry 8th.

Although his betrothed is not a denizen of his own clime, still this offers no inconsistency with legendary authority. The sympathies of the Briton Prince (as in Spenser) are not confined to any particular clime or country; but are of a generously catholic extent, and are seen to be everywhere called into action in foreign fields and on foreign behalf. The circumstances and scenes of the story demand this; and Fidalma stands, in the modern picture, in the place of the Gwinever or "Gawain-Vaur" (that is, "fair and great")* of the ancient British portrayal; the name having been Italianized into the more euphonous sound of Ginevra—as in Provençal and Italian romance.

By her presence she supplies that element of the affections affording Romance its most popularly required element of interest; but here it may be observed that in keeping in view the various legendary versions of the "affections of Arthur," that which Spenser has followed has *not* been chosen as a guide in this resuscitation of the spirit and person of the Prince. The author of the "Faery Queene" represents his hero as enamoured of an *ideal* object; and to find which, he goes out on a *search*; at last to find her in the "Faery Queene"—reflected as Queen Elizabeth. Such is Spenser's result of the Prince's wanderings over the world, although it has been lost to us. This *idealism*, or legendary *platonism*, in matters of the *heart*, appearing less in accordance with modern tastes, has not been so readily kept in view as the Legend of Ginevra. The contradiction, it may be observed, of the Age is worthy of notice, as regards matters of *mind* merely: it is here seen restlessly looking beyond the bounds of matter, and matter of fact, and indulging in "Spiritualism," as it is termed; or, as it may be more justly designated, Delusion—the most empty.

As regards the Scene of Action, which next offers itself to notice, it is obvious that it is *chiefly* placed in the precincts of the stronghold of Nicander in his Armageddon—the besieged city of the romance no less than of history; but as the events of the Victorian Era are variously extended, and numerously diversified, a story embracing them in its scope, in its due illustration of the Era, is here bound by the law of *Unity* (as was expressed in the outset of these remarks) to shape and harmonize them all, as revolving round a *common* centre.

This proposition leads continuously to the following one connected with it; namely, that our leading Chief, who combats for the new moral and social world, is the conductor of the *entire* events that are brought before us in the course of the story and its illustration throughout, of the Victorian Era.

Such is the rule prescribed by the "Unities," which demand that the main interest should be concentrated in a *single individual* no less than the events should revert to a *common centre*. No features of the Era are overlooked,

* Most of the Welsh names represent *complexion*, as Gawain (or Gwynne or Wynn); Dhu Ghloch: Lluyd—viz., fair or White—black—red—brown. Vaur and Maur are *great*—as in Morgan—Vaughan.

whether of a pacific or warlike cast: whether as regards our triumphs of invention, our scientific masteries, our Crystal Palaces, our electric communications, our transatlantic "steam-bridges,"* our Australian* gold discoveries. These happier features again are contrasted by those of the fearful facilitation of destructive power; and by the painful phases of Indian revolt. Nor is the breaking down of Chinese exclusiveness forgotten (under Lord Elgin's negotiations), although there has been much and untoward re-action in this particular. The phases again of Social Life are reflected: its singular contrasts and anomalies. The Power of Money on the one hand, and the Power of Knowledge on the other; the riot of a world worshipping Pleasure; and the hum of a social hive seeking Gain: the recklessness of indulgence *here*; and the arduous exercise of thoughtful study *there*; vanity everywhere and intelligence everywhere: the force, again, of the all-powerful "Sneer" on the social heart: the effort, again, to mount above our condition—to fling self aside—all these features give their coloring to the picture in proper time and place;† and Armageddon may be seen to stand for Paris or London.

Extended and various, it may be observed as these features are, yet such is the concentration of story and disposition or arrangement of subject, that they are comprised within succinct and readily grasped limits. Notwithstanding the continuity of the story and the connected link of its events, yet any separate stage or book can be perused separately for a specific and distinguishing variety of interest: as for instance, that of the "Crystal Shrine," Book V.; the "Jubilee of Armageddon," Book XIII.; "Guisard's Reminiscences," Book XVI.; "Across the Atlantic," Book XI.; the "Legend of Victoria," Book XVII.; and others.

From the preceding remarks will be seen (it now follows to observe) the *distinctive characteristics* of mere historical detail and historical romance. We offer the reader in our illustration of the Era of Progress, a *story*—not a *History*. The difference consists in the concentration of interest, in that "Unity" of personal achievement, action, and scene, which has just been specified, and which peculiarly characterize fiction or romance, in contradistinction to chronicle—even when elevated with all the attributes of philosophical inquiry or deduction.

Again, Fiction admits of a coloring and disposition of contrasted lights and shades for the enhancement of its interest; and one advantage which it seems to have over History, is that it is allowed the "poetical justice" of a Retribution on the head of the main offender in the action. The victory through which this is attained is no easy one. The character that contends for it encounters his trials and reverses, and is the fate of all who enter on the mission of social amelioration, and a combat with long established error and prejudice.‡ Nor is a "New Britomart," the impersonation of Retributive Justice, forgotten. (See Spenser).

A word yet further suggests itself, as regards the attributes of Fiction. It remains to observe that the Machinery of Action, as it is termed, with which it here invests itself, is one altogether belonging to the Era in review, and possesses a *novelty* coincident with the altered circumstances of the day. The fabulous agents of classical mythology, no less than the magic instruments of Tasso or Camoens, are now obsolete. The remark fully applies to the Henriad of Voltaire. Our modern magic is our scientific intelligence; our machinery of action is constituted by those happy spiritual agencies of Change and Progress which inspire the mental achievements of the day, and which are embodied and called forth by imagination to aid the requisites of Fiction.

* Australia is the "Wilderness of refuge." Rev. xii, Isa. lxi, 3.

† See "Jubilee of Armageddon."

‡ A Christian will call to mind the more solemn instance of our Lord.

The characteristic of Progress peculiarly belongs to the Victorian Era; and the older writers, with Spenser, only regarded the Spirit of Change in the ordinary view of Mutability and Vicissitude.

The Invocation, then, with which our story opens, addresses itself to the personified Spirit, Genius, or Divinity of Change as being consistently the guardian of the cause of man's progress and the Victorian Era, to grant the desired Vindicator, the looked for Coming Man, in behalf of human interests, and against the encroachments of the opponent of Social Advance,—an offender, consequently, against the Spirit, or imaginary God of Change.

The good spirits are as usual encountered by the bad, according to the unceasing law of Evil being ever active in thwarting better influences. Add the evil powers which envy the happier interests of manhood are arrayed on the side of the enemy of Social Advance—the Nicander of the story; and instigate his spirit of aggression. The opening scene, comprising the Invocation, and introductory of the Action, shapes itself after the examples of the Italian and Provençal authorities, as reflected in Dante's Vision and subsequent instances; and as adopted by Chaucer, Dryden, and Pope in his "Temple of Fame." It belongs to the characteristic of the Provençal, not less than to that of the Anglo-Norman and British Legends of the return of Arthur, or "Coming Alastor."

In consistency, again, with the legendary coloring or feature, a measure has been sought which if not altogether new, is yet a revived one of the *quintet** system; specimens of which will be remembered in the older Italian and English writers. As it possesses the requisite dignity and harmony in accordance with classic example (and is equally adapted for the imaginative or reflective, the descriptive or impassioned), it has been adopted in the place of other measures; some of them having become hackneyed, and consequently monotonous. Of this peculiar measure it will be remembered there are two kinds: the first is the narrative or "romant" form, which is continuous, and not in divided stanza, and which, from its classical character, has been adopted. The second is altogether different; it is the "minstrel," or "Rechford quintet," as it has been termed, in consequence of having been used by the unfortunate brother of Anne Boleyn in the Tower. It is altogether adapted for accompaniment to the voice, and is of a different disposition of rhyme to that of the narrative form. Other "caprices" also of this measure exist. An instance of the Rechford quintet is afforded in the course of the story, where it is introduced consistently with the minstrel character. (See Contents). In fact, it has been the object of our story to offer as many features of Novelty to the reader's interest as possible: indeed the Victorian Era is, in its illustration, one pre-eminently distinguished by novel features; whether the main Action of the romance is considered, as exhibiting a conflict undertaken—not for individual aggrandisement or objects of ambition, but the resistance of aggression and defence of right and of the weak; or whether the inventive achievements of the age are represented; or the happy alliance of France and England, so long heretofore† traditional enemies; or,

* The old technical Italian term has been revived in the musical world, in the "Quintet Association."

† In a previous note the name given this Alliance of "Sacrament of Concord" was cited. May it never be violated. The cause our story vindicates of Social Advance demands its permanence, which can be secured alone by Peace. Nevertheless it will always be a bright feature in History—should it indeed ever be violated—and one of the happiest revolutions of Social Change. (See note, B. II., on the Prophecies leading to the supposition of "Universal dominion" in France, which must subvert this alliance. It is true there were apprehensions of *insincerity*, but nothing has been heard of Invasion since the Volunteer Army of 150,000 men has shown that England is prepared against any contingency (1860). Awarals of Peace have ratified the "Sacrament of Concord." (See B. II., &c.)

as regarding the Machinery of Action, and the measure just specified: in every particular, it may be said, Novelty has been consulted.

According to the example in Dante and other authorities, the Spirit-minister of the God of Change is represented as *conducting* the Votary of Progress (who offers the Invocation) throughout the scenes of the story. Thus, again, the principle of concentration of interest is rendered stronger, in placing the incidents in, as it were, panoramic review before the spectator of the Action. Also the favourite inclination of the age for "Spiritual interference" has been consulted in this instance.

It may here be allowed us to hope that the favor with which efforts of less extended scope of social importance have been heretofore received, may be conceded to the severer exercise of the present design, as being of a more arduous character, in carrying on the illustration of an important Era, in a continued story and series of events, through a variety of scenes, and with various and contrasted characters, to a proposed End and Moral of Action.

The construction alone, of an essay such as the present, is indeed of itself no slight mental effort in the combination and harmonizing of so much variety and novelty; not to speak of the multifarious research attending on a national topic, and requisite to impart to it the proper authority and confirmed utility.

Yet more: in any extended and varied field of Adventure, the necessary mental stretch exercised for the comprehensiveness of the narrative—independently of the elevation of view as regards the moral result—refers any essay thus characterized to a standard of consideration altogether *distinct* from that which is addressed to detached pieces. Neither the style, for example, of individual prettinesses, nor of the morbid (and often monotonous) sentiment in vogue of late years, is *consistent* with the character of a Story of Action, such as that now offered to the reader's notice, nor to the tone and aims of the Argument it vindicates. The minor pieces introduced in the course of the story (and in character) afford the example of *contrast* here specified: for example, see Book IX., page 70, "Guiscard's Farewell."

Our remarks must not omit, in conclusion, to suggest that if tributes* of literary homage were, in multifarious instances, paid to a former Queen—an Elizabeth—such homage is yet more, even, due to the Sovereign who wields so happily the destinies of the Victorian Era: a Sovereign who has ever been a promoter of the Progress of the Age, and a generous guardian of the interests of the great nation which she sways at once and adorns.

EDITOR.

Parkhill, on Torbay, 1861.

* See those of Sydney Raleigh and more eminently of Spenser, who commends the "Elsels;" which, however was defective (like the Spanish "Araucana") in not having a distinct story, with a "united action;" by which it was thus rendered a Chronicle, and not a Story. (See preceding remarks). On the other hand, to designate a story of action merely as "illustrative," without specifying some notice of action and adventure, would be to mislead the reader.

THE VICTORIAD:

Book I.

THE VISION OF CHANGE.

"Spirito che mi guidi."—*Dante*.

Argument:

INVOCATION to the Spirit of Change and Progress, to grant in behalf of Mankind, a defender against the enemy of Social Advance represented in the potentate of Armageddon. The Votary of the Good Cause, after encountering the opposition of its enemies, is answered by the Spirit-ministers of the God of Change, with better hopes for the objects of his Invocation. They conduct him, in a visioned flight (as in the Provencal example), to the Throne of Change. Their passage affords a passing illustration of some novel theories of the Geology of the day, as regards the features of Matter in the "Star worlds." The throne of Change is now reached: and the God, after welcoming the greatness of the Æra in its inventive and progressive genius, replies to the Invocation of his Votary with the promise of the desired "Alastor" (Vindicator) or "Coming Man" of Tradition.

"Thou dread as wayward Pow'r, eternal Change,
"That, in thy ever-shifting, varied dyes,
"Paintest transfigur'd Space, and havock'd guise
"Of Earth's convulsion wide, sublime as strange,
"Lead! where thy foot-prints stamp life's new-dight' range.
"Thou, that mak'st pastime proud of sea and land,
"Now, decking Earth, in loveliness array'd,
"Now, whelming her in desolation's shade;
"Tracing on her thy Name^s with mystic hand,
"Which mortals muse o'er, and dim understand;

"Hear the wide blame of Nations rous'd, as one,
 "Thy fairest* empire's Foe, and Man's, arraign;
 "And as some potent tide sweeps past the vain
 "Barrier it whelm'd; so, Thou, the bane o'erthrown,
 "Speed the proud course of Life's New World—thine own.*
 "Shall Earth's vain gods from Insult's throne on high,
 "Shall He, elate o'er Armageddon's* pride,
 "Still thwart the stream where Peace and Progress glide?
 "Look down on men, as puppets, but to ply
 "The sway's dark game deforming majesty?
 "Is it too fond a hope, the 'Master Mind'
 "To dream upon, that at Thy call, a world,
 "Rous'd from the spell of Force and Fraud o'erhurl'd,
 "Shall cheer and vindicate? the chain unbind
 "That One crown'd Spoiler fastens on mankind?"
 O'er Change's sway, thus mus'd I, as I stood
 Lone, 'neath the storm-scarr'd* cliff, whose brow severe
 Mystic reveal'd what Eld had written there—
 When scar'd a hostile cry my musings' mood,
 And marr'd what pleasing pain had Solitude.
 Dwindling, anon, into a ribald drone
 It's wrath thus mock'd me. "Thou, at Change's Shrine
 "Fond Votary; Sooth, speaks Progress' boast divine?
 "Or, cheats thee—with a sound? Oh, false the tone,
 "Till Life, see Gain's and Passion's Harpies, flown.*
 "Rouse thee: bid Change, the living dross—man's heart,—
 "Fashion anew! and mould from it some shrine
 "Purer reflecting Heav'n and Love Divine.
 "Pluck from God's brow the bigot mask apart—
 "Pour Truth's full blaze where faint its glimm'rings start."
 Then, parting, with wild laugh the air it rent;
 To every echo lent a mockery's tongue;
 Valley and cliff in ribald chorus rung.
 Blind wrath! a world's new blossoms redolent,
 It spurn'd:—Vague sound! as Echo's where it blent.

* Viz.,—Social Advance: the Moral World of Change: and Cause vindicated.

There, spoke the Scorner's' sneer o'er mortal woes !

And, willing, turn'd I, to Truth's fairer way,

Where Fiction's flow'rs but peep,⁸ or scatter'd play ;

While, now, sweet answer to my pray'r arose

Charming my dream⁹ a Voice, and thus it flows.

"Up to the Throne, with Us ! the Throne on high

"Of all controlling CHANGE, oh mortal rise—

"On Faith's best wing." So spoke those harmonies :

Nor more : ere yet, methought, the murmurs die,

My claybonds loos'd, upborne I seem'd to fly.

The fleshly shackles fall ; while beckons Heav'n :

(" 'Tis bliss to dream e'en, we are chain'd no more "—

As sung Firenze's exil'd son of yore.)

And may the grateful error be forgiv'n

If to the fount of Light, its love hath striv'n.

Thro' CHANGE's realm, to look upon that face

That mirrors all things—borne 'mid awe and hope,

Scann'd we the infinite Kaleidoscope :

His Throne, where many-colour'd¹⁰ Star-gems grace—

Sparks—TIME strikes from his forge : his furnace—SPACE.

In dread yet charm, I wing'd my venture's track

Thro' worlds on worlds, led by the Spirit quire.¹¹

Now, with stern crash I saw spent¹² Spheres expire,

And onward fled I, fearful glancing back

Upon the havock vast, all scath'd and black.

Anon—as if the tempest to allay—

Fair rose from out a circlet's¹³ silvery ring

A glimm'ring spark—now clearer strengthening—

Till spread it to a Star-world's gladder ray,

Vocal with Beings' stir and things of day.

Angels, that with their wings the rainbow¹⁴ brush,

Ne'er smil'd on lovelier hues than round me shine

In pearl-bright lustre shed, or crystalline—

Soft tints, now deep'ning to the rose's blush—

Blues that to azure warm, or purple¹⁵ flush.

Fearful as grand, yon weird-ensanguin'd beam
 Glar'd fiercer¹⁶—vermeil flake, 'mid iron dun :

Now, seem'd the very soul pour'd of some sun
 In living diamonds !¹⁷ founts of light, that gleam
 Amid a sea of emeraldine stream.

Like shooting stars, bright Seraph wings glanc'd by ;
 Now, wakes, their gleam : now, less'ning, disappears :

Some—earthward wing'd to prompt Life's smiles or tears,
 Round her blind path,¹⁸ still mystic hov'ring High,
 Heard thro' her dreams their whispers' harmony. *n/*

My Spirit, now, more subtiliz'd, divin'd

The radiant mysteries, shapes, eloquence,
 Of Spirit Essence shut from grosser sense.

I look'd not palpably the Throne to find,

I knew its only Presence was in Mind.

But mortal, still, I fain with mortal eyes

Must read the Spell as 't would inform the sight
 Of human ken, in magic of its light :

If in me work'd the Spirit masteries,—

Yet, must I speak, beside the bright disguise.

"The Throne ! the Throne ! behold : rejoice." Thus swell

The Spirit " Welcomes " now, in fuller flood ;

'Neath that dread Presence, wilder'd as I stood

Now of the God,¹⁹ where thron'd his glories dwell ;

While hands unseen upheld me, or I fell.

Mightier his vision'd form, than tow'ring vast

The central shaft²⁰ of some huge dome, 'mid Space,

Where thron'd he shone—fit Monarch for fit place.

The wings, that mark'd his angel guise, droop'd cast

Bright o'er his sides, as sails sweep o'er a mast.

Their hues glanc'd ever shifting in the light,

And dazzling as he wav'd them, still some change

From their reflected lustre, fair or strange,

Follow'd, where'er it beam'd—far as the sight

Could reach—transfig'ring all with wayward might.

"The planets are thy steeds²¹ wild whirling past ;
 "Thy car—the illimitable, fearful bound.
 "Brief rest, awhile, from thy untiring round.
 "Rest thy vague foot²² on yon fix'd star, and fast
 "Anchor'd amid' the sea of lustres vast."
 Thus greets dread Change's God the awak'd acclaim
 Of Spirit challengings ; as turning now,
 On me, poor visitant, his radiant brow
 He bent—nor bent it, yet, the pray'r to blame,
 Where votive, late, my musings breath'd his Name.
 "And would'st thou, Mortal, Change's mysteries trace ?—
 "Thoughts high as heav'n, are Man's, its tow'rs to scale
 "With great ambition. Lo ! with Passion pale,²³
 "The winds, the waves, he dares : braves Peril's face—
 "His heart with plans expanding wide as Space.
 "Spirit of Man ! say, what hast thou not dar'd ?
 "The Elements thou wieldest in thy hand
 "Most god-like : e'en the lightnings, as a brand,
 "Show thee sure²⁴ way—that, late, so vaguely glar'd.
 "Yea, thou hast well thy birth divine declar'd.
 "Hush ! Sea-nymphs listen in their crystal caves,
 "And coral halls, the ocean-labyrinths o'er—
 "(Where gem and treasure, sparkling pave the floor)—
 "To subtle Spirit-whisper²⁵ 'neath the waves,
 "Whose wafted tale, Time's barrier, eager braves.
 "Proud, tracks the deep yon huge Leviathan ;
 "Like conscious Might : a vaster Ark afloat :
 "A water City : Progress' Titan boat.
 "The land, the wave, thy home, amphibious Man !
 "Next—Air invade : the Universe thy span.
 "Clos'd was the scroll, erewhile, of sacred Lore,
 "Save to a favour'd or a pelf-proud Few—
 "Who from the blissful fount sole tribute drew :
 "But now its waters stream a wide world o'er ;
 "And myriads²⁶ slake the thirst they rued before.

* Submarine Telegraph.

(blam')

" Not e'en, for Sin's doom'd riddance, Flood²⁶ or Fire,
 " God's vengeance needs ! Mortals ! His journeymen²⁷—
 " Your yawning²⁸ monsters from Destruction's den
 " Ye rouse (Extinction vast !), Life's race to tire ;—
 " Sublimely suicidal—help Heav'n's ire !
 " Time was—the petty passions of Life's round,
 " Its' mortal strife, were²⁹ all the minstrel's theme,
 " And shed their colors o'er his proudest dream :
 " But now—Man wanders o'er enchanted ground.
 " But now—no fabled Genii³⁰ haunt the bound.
 " New Magic links far climes in iron span :
 " Absence no more parts Love : the Mind's desire
 " Eloquent breathes along the living wire.
 " Thou that canst Nature quell'd, thy handmaid scan,
 " Rise ! wrest from Error thy redemption, Man,
 " Howe'er may frown the Scorners.³¹ Yes : o'er Earth
 " Mortal (I read thy wish), thou bid'st me shed
 " A fairer lustre o'er the shadow'd head
 " Of Life self-blinded, where it strives 'mid dearth
 " Of Force³² and Fraud to win some brighter birth.
 " Scan the dark Past—scan Ages yet to be—
 " And still I Am³³ : o'er all created things
 " Emblem'd in limitless emblazonings.
 " ME, the wide conq'ror, would'st thou vanquish'd see—
 " Find that which changes not³⁴—and conquer ME.
 " Yet—tho' wide worlds obey my sway—oh, more
 " Might I the bars of Land and Sea derange
 " Than stamp on Custom's³⁵ brow the Sign of Change—
 " Eradicate fell Prejudice, thy sore,
 " And wake glad health Life's wasted feature o'er."
 Lowly rejoind I, " Swift, tho' furtive, hies
 " Time's wing : it leads the wish'd-for Day along,
 " E'en now its dawning's break. In Wizard Song³⁶
 " Have I not heard of One foredoom'd to rise
 " And lift to a 'New³⁷ World' Man's drooping eyes ?

"Is it not so? then snatch Time's veil away!
 "A glimpse yield of the bright Vicissitude,
 "Beaming in Truth's and Freedom's lustre flood:
 "Might I but see this Herald Star of day—
 "Sooth'd could I die as 'neath an Angel lay."
 "Know, then,—thy Vow—not all in vain: for hark"—
 (Pleas'd said the God) "Earth pours a Voice, that seems
 "As rous'd to language forth thy cherish'd dreams—
 "And speak of ONE, fond pictur'd thro' the dark,
 "Dull maze, where strove too long, Hope's clouded spark.
 "It cries, 'Avenger, wake: ALASTOR, Scourge!'"
 "Haste, then: where Nations hail Fate's COMING MAN
 "Sought in thy Visions thro' the Future's span.
 "Haste: launch on the glad Venture's swelling surge—
 "Bid Life's proud bark on happier voyage urge.
 "Clad in the arms of Truth the warrior springs
 "At a World's call: the mortal brunt to bear
 "'Gainst License—strong, but in its victims' fear.
 "Heav'n smiles above: Hope lends his spirit, wings:
 "And round his path a fav'ring Angel sings.
 "Ye Spirit-ministers of my behest
 "Guide³⁹ back our mortal guest thro' ways of Space—
 "Where all yields homage to my boundless trace
 "Save that vex'd sphere—where Gain and Passion⁴⁰ wrest
 "Too much my sway—o'er Earth's storm-havock'd crest."
 He said: and an harmonious swell of sounds
 Rose on his words applauding; on the way,
 'Mid symphonies of that aërial lay,
 As swept with me my Spirit Guide; thro' bounds
 Of Space, all infinite, that thought confounds.
 On, on we wing'd amain: when, now, to view
 Woke Earth—a speck; but circling—worlds of Care.
 I knew it by the wide lamenting air⁴¹
 Heard from afar—Life's fretful hell: the crew
 Of Passions that their madden'd round pursue.

Yes ; o'er Earth's confines hover'd we : the swarms
Of the wide mortal hive spread 'neath our ken—
Pride's glittering halls, Corruption's grow'ling den :
When rose a cry (fierce joy's and wrath's) "To arms ;
"ALASTOR, Come !" amid a world's alarms.

THE VICTORIAD:

Book II.

THE QUEEN OF THE ISLES.

OR, THE SACRAMENT OF CONCORD.

"Great Lady of the Greatest Isle."—*Fairy Queen.*

Argument:

THE succour of the British Sovereign is solicited by the aggrieved nations against the encroaching power of the King of Armageddon, previously to the expedition against him. She is supported by France, which, through the agency of the Spirit of Change, has forgotten its antiquated traditional jealousies, and entered into an alliance with her. The King of Armageddon and his Phantoms of Ambition: they lead him to the site of ancient Byzantium: and summon him to the throne of ancient Rome. Vision of the Cæsars. The Evil Spirits opposed to happier Progress, repeat the challenge to his Ambition, and inspire his spirit of aggression: they are rebuked by the better Spirit, who conducts his Votary through the scenes of the story.

"Ask you why nations rise? Seek in the Sin"

(Thus said the Spirit)—"the unbridled Will

"Of One vain Man,¹ the measure sworn to fill

"Of human bale! Well may that wrathful din

"Rouse it, the ear of guilty License in."

Now, like the rushing of a mighty sea,

The Nations swept before a potent throne

Pouring their voice for succour, where sate ONE

Whose empire o'er men's hearts, the proud, the free,

High sway'd: while, now, auspicious listen'd She.

There, Stamboul cried "My ménac'd Empire save!"
 The Pole held up his shackled hands : in vain
 His patriot pride had spurn'd the Helot chain.
 One voice from Adria's gulf to Danube's wave
 Pour'd thro' sham'd Earth the plaint o'er freedom's grave.*
 "Turn thee not, Queen; from Life's wide pray'r away"
 (Thus, with one spirit, myriad voices spoke),
 "Nor yet, unaiding, see us spurn the yoke
 "Of Him that builds on Man's wreck'd hopes his sway—
 "For Right's fair cause is thine, VICTORIA."
 They said : while thus, my Guide,—“She smiles assent !
 “Cheers the ‘Avenger’s’ Cause ! Her ancient foe,
 “Mark, by her side,” (glad cried he) “strikes the blow !
 “France, solemn hails the genial Sacrament*—
 “And, thine, the work, blest Change, for Earth’s content.
 “See ! her brow’s light upon the Chief’s emprise
 “Auspicious shines ; as wakes, thro’ brighten’d heav’n
 “The ray, o’er clouds that, late, had frowning striv’n.
 “Benign they speak, those chastely awful* eyes,
 “Fairer confirm Her words’ wak’d harmonies.
 “As gen’rous spirits, looking thro’ the eyes,
 “Interpret one another—glance to glance
 “Gives back the speaking soul’s significance—
 “So—to the Chief’s, HER glance benign replies,
 “Granting his pray’r, in bounteous sympathies.”
 I bent me, now, where rose the might’s acclaim
 Of Gaul and Albion. “Glory to thy day,
 “VICTORIA : still, o’er willing vot’ries sway.
 “Concord for Thee her torch of blissful flame
 “Kindles, Earth’s beacon, in our kindred name.
 “Dear rivals now ! tho’ waves may part our shores,
 “Our love, no more, War’s tempest torrent parts*—
 “Clos’d is the envious gulf that riv’d our hearts.
 “And Mem’ry, willing, veils the Past ; deploras
 “Too long o’erdimin’d the hour this bond adores.

* The “potnia” of Homer, and “sebasmia” of Æschylus.

"Thou, too, Gaul's succour,^s live ! May storms ne'er shake
 "The Shrine that blazons thine and Concord's name.
 "Proud may it Time defy—mock Faction's blame.
 "Ne'er o'er its downfall may Remorse awake—
 "And seek too late, the light it could forsake.
 "What art thou destin'd for ? to fill a throne—
 "Wide as Earth's bound ?—if Scripture Seers^s tell true.
 "The World's ONE Idol ?—ere the Age be due
 "Whose Bliss shall light the ETERNAL COMING ONE ? . . .
 "Now—live, 'Man's Friend' not yet, 'Fate's Monster' grown.
 "The Future ?—Who shall draw the veil aside ?
 "Should e'er, or lust of pow'r, or Envy's sway
 "Insidious sully Concord's purer ray—
 "Yet bright, This Hour, thro' time ! Whate'er betide—
 "No splendid treach'ries shall outshine its pride.
 "Then joy to Thee, again, VICTORIA !
 "And Thou, dread PARVENU,^s joy and life to Thee !
 "In that fair Sov'reign, Virtue mirror'd see :
 "With HER, thy guiding Star of Truth and Sway,
 "No storms shall cloud the World's and Concord's day."
 So sung they. "And what voice foregoes to raise"
 (I ask'd?) "thro' earth that strain's ovation blest ?
 "What breast distracts, one envious thought's unrest ?
 "On that fair Queen, Who turns, unblest to gaze ?
 "On Whose blanch'd lip, false^s dies the note of praise ?"
 "Tis discord only to the Scorner's^s ear"
 (Answer'd my Guide) ; "Who sways a Helot throng—
 "Little His spirit glows o'er Progress' Song. . . .
 "But mark—where broods aloof his jealous fear—
 "Chasing a false Ambition's¹⁰ Phantoms drear.
 "Mark ! where amid' the Social wilderness"
 "(His chilliest realm o'er all the frowning North,
 "Made barren by Himself)—he sees start forth
 "His dream's dark Phantoms ! in unearthly dress.
 "Seeming to beckon him in weird caress."

What speak their hollow voices ? "Come away !
 "Come Thou, the 'destin'd One' thro' fateful Ages
 "Call'd by the Prophet's voice of Bards and Sages—
 "Desir'd of Fate ! revive Rome's parted day,
 "Her pomp recall of universal sway."
 They said : while, as they echo'd the heart's dream
 In joy and fear within his bosom stirr'd—
 (While hope scarce deem'd the guerdon's promise heard)
 He follow'd ; led upon the fitful gleam,
 Weird, shed around their spectral maze, its stream.
 Till now, he stood upon the lonely bound
 Once vocal with Byzantium's living strife ;
 When lo ! before him rose, like forms of life,
 In sweep august, as erst they smil'd or frown'd,
 Rome's—the world's lords—on thrones, imperial crown'd.
 And from their icy, wan, and spectral lips,
 These accents stole—as bent on him their gaze,
 And spell-bound held him 'neath its speaking rays—
 "Where the dank dew from moss-grown Ruin's drips,
 "Be thine, once more, in Sway's august eclipse
 "To overwhelm Earth's minor emperies ;" and rear
 "Again, the night,—long scatter'd in decay,
 "In pristine pride of our departed day.
 "Rise ; off-shoot" of our race ! Bid Nations bear
 "The yoke restor'd, we, once, taught Man to wear."
 They said and vanish'd : while intent he stood—
 Still bending o'er their track in breathless trance,
 Tho' now, they long had fading mock'd his glance—
 Unwilling rous'd him from the Vision's mood
 Still dazzled o'er its spectral lustre's flood.
 While sudden, now, new woke—some fiend-like cry—
 "Nicander ; Cæsar ! heard'st thou, right, Fate's tone ?
 "Pave o'er men's necks thy way to Cæsar's throne !
 "Be all thou would'st : A mighty doom broods nigh—
 "See ; steal its shadows o'er the Social sky."

"What that weird strain?" I asked. "I know" (my Guide
 Thus spoke) "the Dæmon challenge! CHANGE's reign
 "Hath its bad Spirits :—Hope's reverse and pain.
 "Out, Mock'ry's crew! Be your bad arts defied—
 "And Him, whose heart ye stir in guilty pride.
 "Alas! the Pow'r of Pain hath still betray'd
 "Heav'n's boon to man : the Spirit-charm of Good.
 "Still blights that Evil-birth, like locust brood,
 "Mind's" fairest germs in its malignant shade,
 "Battening upon the waste its ravage made.
 "For Change rues, ever, Envy's shadows fell
 "Thro' chequer'd scope of Life's and Fortune's bound,
 "That mock its triumphs, or its hopes confound.
 "The War still lives,—as sacred records tell,
 "Of dread Jehovah's strife 'gainst Sin and Hell.
 "And as the Pow'r of Envy, Harm, and Pain,
 "Erst strove against high Heav'n's benevolence
 "In bad Ambition's unrelenting sense—
 "So, now, mars happier Change's fair domain
 "Those warring Spirits' strife of guilt and bane.
 "They call their Vot'ry forth in yon blam'd Son
 "Of License dark, that still, with mist¹⁸-dimm'd eyes,
 "Marks the blest growth of Mind's and Life's emprise.
 "Still, with their bane inspire the Envious¹⁹ one—
 "The Foe—where stands he 'gainst a world, alone."
 Lo! 'wilder'd on the Phantoms' lure, he trod—
 Yon King—as one, that tracks a fen-fire's gleam
 (Chas'd thro' wan night, its fitful, lurid, stream)
 Too soon to mock him, fainting on the sod :
 So, chas'd his Dream, Fanaticism's²⁰ God.
 "Oh, may thy stubborn ice, Self-will, relent
 "Barren as steppè's frosted snows! and Thou,
 "Blind Error; blind, as mists o'er Neva's²¹ brow!
 "Be yet" (I cried) "the Moral²² Cronstadt rent—
 "Where glimpses fair may break for Life's content.

But that fair Queen—her soul spoke thro' her brow,
 Her heart's accord—to succour, shield, redress.
 Nor sued in vain the Nations' abjectness.
 While from her heart she answer'd back the vow
 Grateful they pour'd, as at her throne they bow.
 They read assurance in her glance of Right :
 Already, in their hopes, the bane o'erthrown
 They felt : since SHE had made their Cause—her own.
 " 'Tis well ! " (the Spirit said) " thro' that foul night
 " Of Guilt and Fear, it breaks the cheering light.
 " The Nations' grief a rescue's glimpse hath caught
 " Thro' that fair Queen. Yet soon—again, thy heart
 " Must turn to sorrow. Change may play his part—
 " But sooner shall the globe transform'd be wrought,
 " Than ' Self'll's lust, ' or Grace, or bounty taught."

THE VICTORIAD:

Book III.

THE WATCHWORD OF THE NATIONS.

"Go forth : Be free : Repel the aggressor."—*Æsch. Persians.*

Argument :

THE Spirit now shows his Votary the general rising of the aggrieved Nations from their abjectness, at the Watchword of Alastor, the Vindicator Chief. Their "Gathering" is described. They proceed against Nicander, enthroned at Armageddon : where the Court of Sycophants, and favorers of Fanaticism, is pourtrayed. He reproaches his flatterers for disguising Truths from him which the Press of England tells him more plainly ; but with characteristic defiance and confidence in his destiny, arms himself to oppose the invading force : nor less, to make Constantinople his seat of Empire.

The Nations, under the leadership of Alastor, march to lay siege to Armageddon. He avows his sacred Mission in the face of the assembled forces : Guiscard, the modern minstrel (or Troubadour of the Legend), rouses them, and the British Allies in particular, by his appeal. "Virelay," of the "Spirit of Norman Chivalry."

Part I.

THE KING AND HIS COURTIER.

"They hang upon a breath."—*Shakespeare.*

'Misery ! Misery !'
. "Hark : yon spectres pale
"Of men, thro' Life's wan gloom, the plaint renew"—
(I said) "condemn'd, Mind's¹ chain as limb's to rue."
When sudden cheers them, a strain's loftier tale—
The Chief—he calls ! his banner flouts the gale.

*"Vengeance on the 'Insulter,' light the way
 "To a New World 'neath Retribution's ray."*

"One heart, thro' many voices, pours that strain—
 "The Nations' WATCHWORD, it bids men—be free.
 "Yes: 'tis the Coming One that calls—'tis He
 "Foredoom'd to wrest from Mind as limb the chain."
 (Thus spoke my Guide). "But hark! it swells again."—

*"Judgment on the Insulter, light the way
 "To a New World 'neath Retribution's ray."*

Heard it rous'd Earth in hope and joy around,
 Heard it a startled World's regenerate day,
 Heard it in doubt and fear the Scorners' sway :
 The magic spell round every bosom wound—
 The Patriot's joy—the Spoiler's Conscience, found.
 "Oh, swift spreads Freedom's flame! Those legions trace"
 (Thus said my Guide); "of many a garb and guise—
 "Tongues, Nations, Climes! their wide varieties.
 "Yet, in ONE Cause, all Brothers—to efface
 "From human brows the lawless brands' disgrace.
 "There, see the Pole dark plum'd, with lance in hold—
 "The tartan'd Highlander—grotesque Zouâve—
 "Bright as the sunbeam, restless as the wave.
 "The Osman, fez-crown'd, or in turban-fold. . . .
 "See England's field!—one scarlet bloom and gold.
 "Mark; smiles the Chief to own the contrast met
 "Twixt Saxon doggedness and Gallic fire—
 "Where Fame glows, yet, of both, the heart's desire.
 "'SPEED!' cries the Gaul (a flame all blazing set);
 "The Saxon tardier pleads 'UNREADY YET.'"
 "And whose" (I ask'd) "yon female warrior's gear?
 "What new Camilla swift, skims past?"
 "'Tis She—
 "Cilician Gâlîma.' See: in fierce glee
 "Beauteous, her steed she cheers, and shakes the spear—
 "'An Angel arm'd' (wide shout those throngs) 'beams near!'

Round her, the wild Bazouk—a group array'd
 Uncouth—with steeds, wild as the riders, came :
 Their hoarse yells echo Her's and Schamyl's name.
 With flashing yataghan and gun, they play'd
 In their steeds' gambol, round the votive Maid.
 O'er banners bright, speaks many a proud device :
 Here—in fierce joy, Gaul's Eagle seems to cry,
 The two-beak'd vulture^s chasing thro' the sky.
 Here—pictur'd, seem'd a threat'ning flood to rise ;
 But Poland's Genius stays^s it—where it lies.
 "Mark " (said my Guide) "that Watchword's joy and might
 "To prostrate Man."^o How Life pours back the cry !
 "See Freedom's fire illumine the sunken eye.
 "Too long confin'd, the soul proud tries its flight,
 "Strains from its bonds, and raptur'd seeks the light."
 A fearful joy woke in me, as the Will
 Of Manhood's Self-redress spoke in that note.
 And lo : I saw 'gainst yon proud City¹¹ float
 Those patriot banners, cresting plain and hill,—
 Their challenge daring guilty License still.

*"Judgment¹² on the Insulter, light the way
 "To a New World 'neath Retribution's ray."*

Hark ! that stern lay hath pierc'd yon palace' halls—
 Uncourtly forc'd it on the Spoiler's ear
 But little wont Truth's tale, too blunt, to hear.
 Now, now, at length, not all unheeded falls
 It's menace, o'er those long impassive walls.
 The INSULTER heard it on his throne of State,
 Haughty—yet weak—as Sway's worst puppets are,
 Whose world is, Truth's disguise and Flatt'ry's glare :
 Whose subjects' weakness is their strength, 'mid hate
 And ignorance enthron'd—all mock-elate.

All in barbaric pomp the palace rose ;
 Gold, starr'd the malachite : the Spoiler's throne—
 Beryl¹³ and gems—a splendid mockery shone :
 For still, the breast of those who mark'd it, froze
 The chilling thought. " Its prop,—were human woes."
 Oh, goodly Court, that propp'd a goodly throne !
 Its life, the Monarch's smile : its death, his frown :
 State-tricksters—Priests the cowl made up and gown.
 Tools, fam'd for Thought's disguise,¹⁴ ignobly shone :
 While, one and all, fawn'd, liv'd, and lied, for ONE.
 Now, taught at length by fear to feel—" What cry "
 (The conscious Scorners asks) " thus daring calls,
 " Pour'd in loud insult o'er our startl'd halls ?
 " This, is no idle breath ! no Flatt'ry's lie
 " Disguising Truth it little dares defy ?
 " Say ye, ' tis nought ' ? then, wherefore, o'er yon hill
 " Mark we War's crimson beacon pour its blaze ?
 " Wilful, ye blind ye to those rebel rays ?—
 " Deaf to that War-cry's threat ? . . .
 Hark ! wakes it still
 " Like mutt'ring storm, by fits, stern boding ill—

*" Judgment on the Insulter, light the way
 " To a New World 'neath Retribution's ray."*

" What, this ' New World ' it vaunts ? their daring view
 " Where, lift the babblers ? on the idol bent
 " (To mock their frenzied hope), Self-Government ?
 " Too nice a task for such—so fond a crew :
 " Back on themselves be hurl'd their ' Judgment ' ¹⁵ due,"
 He said : while caught his eye a Scroll,¹⁶ whose tongue,
 Tho' silent, told him of a World's disease—
 From bonds, on thought as limb, that sought release.
 Incens'd, as cri'd he " What ? and hath Earth rung
 " With tales, too vainly hush'd Your arts among ?

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"A Voice, ye dare not to yourselves confess,
 "Speaks here! Into the halls—the breasts of Kings—
 "(Well, may ye shrink)—Truth, undisguis'd, it brings.
 "Above Your whispers bland—bribe—pray'r—caress :—
 "BRITAIN,—the Voice e'en mine, o'erawes—Thy PRESS.
 "Proud, yet, we seek the strife : Yon mountain brow
 "Kindles, in vain, its rebel beacon's blaze.
 "Shall it outshine Our Glory's destin'd rays ?—
 "The fullness of our Day ? See : breaks it now,
 "Where wanes yon Crescent¹⁷-spark, dim, spent, and low.
 "Threats are—but sound ! The plaint wakes tedious o'er
 "Humbled Polonia's waste of empire gone
 "Where echos it Italia's moan for moan :
 "Vain, wakes that 'Gathering-cry'—from Danube's shore—
 "Length'ning, in angry bursts, like Ocean's roar.
 "Rise Flattery's crew, look Truth, tho' stern, in face.
 "Learn pride from Me. What ? shall yon languid drone—
 "Sickly¹⁸ incumbrance of the Cæsars' throne—
 "With fond mock-pomp Our Heritage¹⁹ debase ?—
 "Defile and dim it with his reptile trace ?"—
 Here rose a Priest, well vers'd in subtle guile,
 To garnish o'er his Crafts' grave trickeries
 With a Prophetic veil's admir'd disguise ;
 Smoothing with solemn brow the struggling smile
 That mark'd the pious fraud he play'd the while.
 "Oh King !" he cried, "a Vision greets mine eyes
 "Of 'Universal Sway,' they strain to see—
 "'Rosh, Meschek, Tubal,²⁰ center'd, all, in Thee.
 "Ye Prophet Seers ! I see the Future rise :
 "Urge Time's too tardy course and yield the prize.
 "The City of the Cæsars—'tis Thy throne.
 "On : urge thy destin'd track :—one day, to see
 "That Isle²¹ thine own, where best blooms Freedom's tree—
 "The Conquest's wreath, Rome, erst, beheld her own—
 "And envied, still, Ambition's prize hath shone."

"Joy ! cried the Monarch, " In our City's hold
 " Our Pride makes stand, in mast'ry's hallow'd might :—
 " Here, o'er our Armageddon, beams the light
 " From Angel forms : whose hov'ring wings enfold
 " Our path of FATE by sacred harps foretold.
 " To arms : Fate calls her Son ! At least 'tis mine
 " To wield War's scourge."

Thus spoke the soul of Scorn.

But, oh ! what raptures hail'd the dawning morn
 Of Liberty, regenerate, divine,
 Where, now, her votive legions mark'd it shine :

*"Vengeance on the 'Insulter,' light the way
 "To a New World, 'neath Retribution's ray."*

Part II.

THE "NEW¹ ARTHUR" IN THE FIELD ;

OR, THE MAN AND THE CAUSE.

" True he was, in word and deed."—*Spenser.*

The "Gathering of the Nations," who is HE
 Their Venture leads, and proudest owns his State
 In hearts of Men, o'er Kings and Czars elate ?
 The "Gathering of the Nations," in their glee
 And terror, sternly claiming to be free.
 Crown'd was his brow with innate majesty,
 A ray of beauty shrining it, yet terror
 To the dark workers of Life's woe and error :
 Pierc'd the dissemblers heart that eagle eye
 The guilty lurking secret to descry—

But beaming joy and hope to all beside.

Prouder, on yon rude rock-brow^s thron'd, he gaz'd
O'er men with hearts to him spontaneous rais'd,
Than trick'd in gems and gold's barbaric pride
Sway's tinsel puppets—deck'd and deified.

The Mind of myriads turn'd to His, and drew

Reflected from it, as a sun, their light :

His will their own : in Him they sought the Right.

Many ask'd "Hast thou seen Him?" 'mid that crew—

And now found all that Hope had imag'd, true.

His voice stole o'er their sense of soften'd awe

Mystic as bland : a spell was in its tone

Like harp's, the wind's vague fingers play upon :

The Soul of Ages spoke in it Fate's law :

Men's hearts beat eager, now the light they saw.

"Hail to thee : hail ! thou'rt come at last, tho' late !

"Thou ! the long promis'd One, thro' ling'ring ages ;

"Thou too ! the vision'd dream of bards and sages !"

They said : and now—hush'd, on his lips they wait :

He speaks. "Led by th' unerring hand of Fate

"I come, Intelligence,⁴ to claim Thy sway.

"Not for Self-glory : no false slave of pelf,

"That smiles, and stabs his Country's heart for—Self :

"But give myself for Man ;⁵ and seek the fray

"That sacred vindicates Life's darken'd day.

"The Prophet⁶ hath spoke true ! Oh, joy is me,

"My hour⁷ hath giv'n, to see this fateful time

"When liberty of thought no more is crime ;

"But Man, in one wide Brotherhood shall be

"Thron'd on Self-Government,⁸ the great, the free.

"Tongues, Nations, Climes, how wide so e'er apart,

"Whether Italia's outrage mourn your woes,

"Or Mem'ry⁹ shudders o'er Siberia's snows"

"One sad fraternity, one insult-smart

"Alike ye own, and one indignant heart.

" Know then yourselves, and dare look up on high
 " With souls new lit at heav'n—and heav'n to bless.
 " With joy devout the hallow'd strife address.
 " O'er the shrunk Scorner whirlwind-like sweep by—
 " I read your patriot spirits in your eye.
 " I hear a Voice cry ' Be thyself again
 " ' Italia ! be united, to be free ! '
 " But, where, her Leader ? May he live in Thee
 " Sardinia's⁹ pride : Yes : wakes Rome's spirit-strain,
 " Once more : Her Genius haunts Italia's plain.
 " Oh ; there is hope too, when the sword of might
 " Wielded, erewhile, for glory's vainer dream
 " Now dreadful more displays its terror's gleam
 " Striking for Truth : where cheer'd by Thee, the fight
 " Immortal PARVENU ;¹¹ strives for Man and Right.

*" Judgment on the Insulter, light the way
 " To a New World, 'neath Retribution's ray."*

" Joy to that cry—'tis Passion's eloquence
 " Gen'rous as dread : it warns, this long disease¹²
 " To end of Doubt's unrest¹³ and canker'd peace.
 " Men ; will ye sink in willing impotence—
 " Arise ! and stem the Social pestilence.¹⁴ . . .

While yet he spoke, arose a fiendlike cry
 Of mingled hate and menace : 'twas the same
 Erewhile rebuk'd¹⁵ my Spirit Guide in shame.

With bitter laugh those accents hurry by
 While smil'd the Chief o'er their vain mockery.
 " I know ye ; brood of Guile's and Error's hell
 " Be mine, to pour the balm for Social cure
 " Where, a world's bloom your loathly harms obscure.
 " Truth breaths a charm defies your guilty quell¹⁶ :
 " He said : while fade they 'neath the sacred spell.

"See ; quail the guilty ! Lo ! some good is nigh :
 (Cried he) " Life's tricksters—Church or State, their trade :
 " Mock patriot, courtier, bigot, renegade—
 " Men true to nought save making life one lie—
 " Mark ! from their conscious brows the color fly ;
 " The despot's fear, asks ' Who is HE that leads
 " ' Life's fates ? ' . . . The Spirit am I, of the storm
 " Where passions, stern arous'd, Life's sky deform—
 " Yet—for its clearance : know me—by my deeds,"
 " Above Prescription's fraud, or cant of Creeds.
 " Oh ; blest as rosy dawn, reflected o'er
 " The myriad pearl-dews wide o'er hill and dale,
 " Is Knowledge shed o'er Millions !¹⁸ Let the pale
 " Despot, MIND's direst weapon quail before—
 " Nor, in our shames unrescu'd, plume him, more.
 " Hark yet ; I hear a strain—'tis Freedom's lyre.
 " A Voice speaks from the Island of the free !
 " Rise, Minstrel Youth !¹⁹ thy England's pride in Thee,
 " Young Guiscard, speak ! the blest contagion's fire
 " In patriot breasts illume of high desire.
 He said : when rose a Youth whose wild eyes beam'd
 The ardent hope that kindled in his lay :
 Loose on the breeze his golden tresses play ;
 And while o'er England's martial pride he dream'd,
 Thus, from his soul the stirring accents stream'd.

TO THE SPIRIT OF NORMAN CHIVALRY.

*Virelay.*²⁰

I.

" COME ; rouse ye Norman scions bold ; War's challenge wakes once
 more !
 " And calls, to nobler strife than e'er, your fathers wag'd of yore.
 " Rise, Genius stern of Chivalry ! thy vision'd banners wave
 " O'er the lov'd Land thou hauntest yet, impatient of a grave.

II.

" I hear a cry's far echoes borne from wilds of Palestine
 " *' The Lion-heart to Sion's aid ! the dear Redeemer's Shrine ! '*
 " England awake ! thy spirit glows, as erst it did the same—
 " O'er Agincourt or Waterloo—'tis but another name.

III.

" Rise : still Thyself : but arm thee, now, for better,²¹ nobler strife—
 " The Cause of human Brotherhood ! for Freedom's dearest life.
 " And joy to thee ; link'd in that Cause, France looks to thee in pride—
 " One hand ! one heart ! a Brother,²² *now*, and combats by thy side.

IV.

" The soul, that strove in all thy fights, still glows to strive again—
 " The Muse shall o'er new Churchills yet—new Well'sleys—pour the
 strain.
 " Rise ; Spirit stern of Chivalry ! thy vision'd banners wave
 " O'er the proud Land thou hauntest yet, impatient of a grave."

Welcom'd the lay those throngs—the lay, whose ire
 Indignant kindled for aggriev'd mankind ;
 Or woke, to hail the majesty of Mind.
 The Bard—he knew not how to feign—or tire—
 School'd by Endurance steadfast to aspire.
 Home—it was lost to Him : the bane he flies
 Of feuds²³ where seeks he now the gen'rous strife
 With venture's love and peril's daring rife.
 His home he finds—in life's wide sympathies—
 From Faction far—or kindred jealousies.
 But list ; he speaks—the Chief. " Men ! in your eyes
 " I see your spirits kindling ! My heart springs
 " Within me, light as tho' my soul had wings,
 " Lifting me to the heav'n of high emprise—
 " Where, with me, now, I challenge ye to rise.

- " Oh ; hear me swear by all this heart holds dear—
 " By its doom'd patriot friends, of wrong the thrall—
 " Nor less by Thee, whom love and grief recall
 " FIDALMA !" Captive ; above Woman's fear :
 " Conquest or death in this high Cause I swear.
 " On then ; yon City mocks, secure, our might—
 " Yon leathly nest of License, Guile and Lust,
 " Where many a noble heart droops, spurn'd to dust.
 " Our thoughts wing high as heav'n their ardent flight—
 " Seek at God's throne the sway redeem'd of Right,
 " Once more our Watchword—wake it ! Freedom's song."

He said : its generous indignation's ray
 Kindling his brow to light them to the fray :
 While o'er the mountain-echoes sweeps along
 The War-note's call, of that regenerate throng—

*" Judgment on Man's Betrayer ! dawns the day
 " Of a New World in Retribution's ray."*

THE VICTORIAD:

Book IV.

THE COUNCIL OF NICANDER; OR, THE CHOICE SPIRITS OF ARMAGEDDON.

"By common guilt made friends."—*Dryden. Abs. Ach.*

..... "Of princely stock

Was She: most faithful Ladye, in exile

Of Wisdom and of beauty heav'nly rare."—*Fairy Queen.*

Argument:

A COUNCIL of War is held at Armageddon by Nicander's officers of State, in alarm at the impending attack from the allied Nations. Portraits of various characters: Bufo: Scylax: Malbecco: Thersites: all enemies, as their master Nicander, to the better cause of Social amelioration and extended intelligence. Fidalma: her captivity under Nicander: Betrothed to the "Patriot Chief," "Fair Nun of Minsk," In aid of Fidalma's communication with the Chief, the Spirit of Change is represented as newly evoking the agency of the Electric wire. Her adherence to the Cause of her Country subjugated by Nicander.

Alastor renews the conflict. A Solavonian General under Nicander described, as affording a portraiture of the half-civilized barbarian. His futility contrasted with the energies and native genius of the "self-made" man, and humble artisan,—Ergastes.

The Action Ends, after various success in the struggle, on both sides, with a tribute conceded to the British Contingent in the Action of the Alma, in which the Story ascribes to its leading character, Alastor, the tribute of Victory.

As knells the dismal tocsin thro' night's fear
Announcing stern some wide destroying flame—
Startling the sleep that lull'd Life's care and shame—
So Freedom's larum scar'd the startled ear
Of Wrong, that slumber'd!—o'er its victims' tear.

Yes, Spoiler, scar'd the note, not Thee alone,
 But those, not less, who fear'd the growth of Mind—
 Sought their bad sway in weakness of mankind ;
 Those canker'd, bigot, props of Insult's throne—
 The social weeds Corruption's soil had grown.
 Thou ! Simon* Magus of a modern day—
 And, Ye, who torture speech for thought's disguise,*
 Still blinding Truth in guile's low trickeries—
Now, find ye Conscience first, in your dismay ?
 Was your guilt's strength, but in Life's weakness ? Say !
 Music to Freedom's ear—your plaints betray
 The loathly secrets of your craft laid bare,
 In rife as varied accents of despair.
 What ? shrink ye from th' accusing Vengeance' ray,
 Like owls and bats beneath the search of day ?
 [“ Ye Pow'rs of Darkness ?^a what so fit a throne
 “ Boast ye.” (I said) “ as man's perverted heart ?
 “ There, then, install'd for ev'ry sordid art
 “ Against Life's weal Ye brood ; inspire the tone
 “ That, now, finds words in natures all your own.”]
 “ *The Tiger hath suck'd blood !^a ah, woe is me.*”
 (Now cried the foremost of yon bigot crew,
 Whose passion-scath'd, yet mitred brow I knew—
 Thine blatant Scylax !^a) “ Who, his fang shall flee ?
 “ Where roams he (mark) at large, the savage free ?”
 His words took up Thersites' rabid yell,
 “ Is it for this I've spun quaint sophistries,
 “ Now rail'd, now fawn'd, and liv'd a life of lies ?
 “ With each vain Faction' striving to be well
 “ As praises, now, my breast, now, curses swell ?
 “ Still panting to be foremost in men's eyes,
 “ Filling the world's ear still with darling Self,
 “ For praise much striving, much for place and pelf—
 “ Must I be crush'd, like mine own sophistries,
 “ Flung as a weed aside that drooping dies ?

"Alas!"

But, hark, what wrath and shame confess:
 Malbecco's cries? "Pandar of despot lust
 "Shall I no more from Greatness' feet the dust
 "Lick gladly servile? Shall a sullied Press?
 "No more my covert rancor, darkly bless?
 "Doff'd I for gain, my Jewish* gabard's sheen—
 "Tho' Christ disown the hireling?"

["Oh, 'tis time

"Reptiles like thee" (I thought) "should expiate crime:
 "Of Life's pure stream disturber thou, unclean,
 "Whom Honor shuns—on whom no Faith may lean."].
 Now Bufo,¹¹ haughtier than the rest, arose;
 Bufo, that hail'd with guilty glee the war,
 Like vulture scenting carrion from afar.
 "Cease, impotent as vain, your fears, your wees;
 "I like this stern arbitrament of blows.
 "Oh! there is virtue in the contest's glow,
 "Kindling the lofty spirit to proud deeds.
 "I like this cannon roar—this neigh of steeds,
 "This whirl of stirring conflict. . . . E'en the foe
 "Not all we hate, where Honor guides the blow.
 "War, then, for Me: if taint the social frame
 "Its vicious humors—if Life's wrongs find vent
 "In Murder, Rapine, for their discontent—
 "Want, Woe, domestic bane, and public shame—
 "War's¹² tide drains all away: the guilt, the blame.
 "Proudly the strife ye may not shun,—maintain:
 "War speaks to Me the hope, that Fraud and Force
 "Their old, time-honor'd, vain-disputed course
 "May, yet, hold on: and slaves, yet, drag the chain."
 So Bufo rous'd the conclave, nor in vain.

Of bloated shape, nor bloated less with pride,
 The holy priest of an unholy game,
 Belying still a blest Redeemer's name—
 Where Mammon¹² first—God last—was glorified :
 Such Bufo's mind and mien. "To arms!" he cried.
 "God's instrument" is Slaughter."

Such the bane

Breath'd thro' his words, distorting in the lie
 Reason's true dictates, warp'd by Sophistry,
 That charg'd on God our mortal passions vain! . . .
 But hark! . . . Anew wakes Freedom's menaces' strain :

"Judgment on Man's Betrayer, light the way
 'To a New World, 'neath Retribution's ray."*

It bursts; War's storm.

Still first in Glory's quest

The Chief: in Him the cause repos'd he felt :
 The strife's high argument¹³—with Him it dwelt.
 His spirit, still it animates the rest ;
 With its own ardour fires the patriot breast.
 Yet, tho' he glow'd by Man's high Cause inspir'd,
 Still were there ties his bosom secret knew—
 As oft his eyes—his heart—turn'd wistful to
 Yon hostile walls. They held Love's hope desir'd—
 If, still, for Thee his heart's best spark was fir'd.
 FIDALMA ! worthy Thon¹⁴ his fondest thought—
 For pride of soul was thine, nor grac'd thee less
 Than thy brow's light of speaking loveliness—
 A charm, fair Captive, that a snare hath wrought
 In turn, the Scorners' heart to thralldom¹⁵ brought.
 Her voice was music ; and her form—all grace :
 In fairest frame, a great mind's jewel set :
 Her dark eyes' lustre beam'd, twin lamps of jet :
 A thoughtful volume was that lovely face
 Where hearts would, still, its lesson sweet retrace.

* See Note 12, Book IV., Part I.

Her beauty charm'd : while aw'd her graceful pride :

A willing thrall 'twas led, 'neath Love's surprise

The heart, bewilder'd o'er her speaking eyes,

Sweet guil'd, in love's and awe's dear conflict tried—

And (past the spell), to find its freedom, sigh'd.

She had been doom'd a Slave¹⁷—for faith to ONE

That rais'd his standard in the sacred Cause

Of God and Man—Life's violated laws.

Yes, Chief, her faithful breast glow'd as thine own ;

Nor more 'twas Love's, than patriot virtue's throne.

'Twas—ere this Sacred War's alarms start—

Her tear (nor vain) had sued thee for her Sire—

Her brethren—victims of the Spoiler's ire :—

Gen'rous, Thou mad'st her Cause thine own : thy heart

Yieldedst to Her—thy being's better part.

"Think but of wrongs to me—nor mock me more—

"Give back my Sire condemn'd to exile's chain "

(Their common foe arraign'd it thus, her pain) ;

"And He, that owns my Faith—knows well the sore

"It mourns !——'tis Life's reproach, a wide world o'er:

"Behold with me yon sullen pile arise,

"And on it writ, blaspheming God's high name,

"The 'Shrine of Peace' to mark a den¹⁸ of Shame:

"Respect Thyself! With a world's searching eyes

"Oh! scan Thyself! 'Tis thine own Honor dies—

"I've said." Thus spoke her pride.

Tho' boast of blood

Grac'd thee, Fidalma, yet thy pride shone best,

In lofty beauteousness of spirit drest,

Whose light beam'd round thee, fair as lustre' flood

O'er brows divine in native light endued.

And oft she yearn'd to pour her heart's desire :

In faith renew'd, make known, how strove she true

For Him, whom absent still, her thoughts pursue.

But He—her suitor King—vain sought to tire

Her faith, his vows of love—his threats of ire.

THOUGHTS OF A CAPTIVE ;

OR, THE FAIR NUN OF MINSK.¹⁶

"Truth's simple tale she told, much sufferynge Mayde,
 "Where surquedrie wrought Shame on Woman kynde,
 "He would have driven her to have forlore
 "Her former love and stedfast loyalty."—*Fairy Queens.*

I.

Oh, cold, my Sire, thy Exile's bound,¹⁷
 Cold, as thy lot yon snowy sea :
 But ne'er so chill those wastes around,
 As this blame-shadow'd hour for Me.

II.

For, know, where Love and Truth were vow'd ;
 Fain—speaks the Wrong, their Faith would prove—
 From ONE—whose Self-Love all too loud
 Forbids him hear Thy voice, true Love !

III.

Love's throne—'tis God's ! Cease, Voice of Shame,
 Deeper to darken thraldom's hour—
 Where hunts a helpless prey thy Blame,
 And mocks the sport of License' pow'r.

IV.

I heard One say—whose waning cheek
 Told more than words can ever say—
 Whose looks of silent sorrow speak
 More touchingly than Minstrel's lay—

V.

"Weak Conquest ! a poor painted piece
 Of clay ! but seen through mist-dimm'd eyes :
 "Poor, is the Manhood's pride would seize
 "(To lose Itself) so frail a prize !

VI.

"Too short-liv'd boast ! A gather'd rose—
 "Forgotten ere its beauties fade :
 "What price hath flow'r so fleeting blows
 "With lasting high Self-Conquest weigh'd ?"

VII.

"Thou Self-wrong'd, treacherous world ! where Men
 "The path God's hand with flow'rs would strew,
 "Lay waste, Remorse and Suffering's den—
 "And all His bounty's work—undo."

VIII.

Firm, tho' a Woman's—ne'er this heart,
 Truth's Son, to thee shall prove untrue :
 The lot that holds our steps apart,
 Wove true our souls yet closer drew.

Sweet all as sad, on lonely durance' day,
 Stealing thro' languid hours, slow flagging by,
 What plaint harmonious, pour'd its spirit sigh ?
 It was the voice, where call'd Fidalma's lay
 On Him, with whom her thoughts were far away.
 Full oft the patriot Chief, amid the fray,
 Turn'd him, where, still, her cherish'd image play'd ;
 Sought thro' Captivity's and Sorrow's shade.
 "Would I might learn if still her musings stray
 "To Me,—who live for Her—and rescue's day."
 Ye ! who have known the pleasing, anxious pain
 To think how those ye love—in absence, fend,
 Unto your thoughts and feelings true respond—
 Welcome the spell that swift as thought—again
 Bids Mind meet Mind, tho' sever land and main !

Thus mus'd I,²⁰ with a new delight inspir'd,
 O'er Change's magic sway. My Spirit Guide,
 Smiling the while, unto my joy replied,
 "Behold the boon the Warrior's pray'r requir'd—
 "Where greet his glad surprise those words desir'd."
 The Spirit-wing scarce wav'd it, as a wand—
 When started 'neath the spell, yon living wire,
 Where, writ in light, Fidalma's thoughts respire—
*"Still true! thy lov'd one's 'Welcome' guides her hand;
 "Still lives for thee—for love—and Father-land,"*²¹
 "She lives" (he cried) "for Me! still bids aspire!
 "Still spurns for me, the Spoiler in his pride:
 "Then, on: thrice lov'd! thrice dear, in peril tried.
 "Heav'n speaks to me thro' Thee—What heart shall tire,
 "When Truth (Thyself) fans Freedom's hallow'd fire."
 On to the fray. . . "Think not yon bastion-mound
 "Ye foes of Man" (he said), "your cannons' might
 "Can e'er, or quell, or daunt, the Cause of Right.
 "Think ye, your walls, with hireling vassals crown'd,
 "Can stay Man's struggle in its course profound?
 "Not Monarchs; not in gun or barricade²²
 "Is your true strength: but in the unbought hearts—
 "The willing hearts—of Men, above the arts
 "Of Fraud's and Force's slave-compelling trade:
 "Back on yourselves it turns, the wrathful blade.
 "A 'bloodless²³ revolution' should be mine—
 "But for the savage heart and selfish Will,
 "That battles for the reign of Darkness still.
 "Vain should I bid Thee, Child of Blood, repine—
 "War's argument is Barbarism's and—thine!

* See Note at the end of Book IV. by the Italian Editor.

"Scoff'st thou? then on ~~thy~~ head, the blood's disgrace.

"Forbearance but makes bold the vile : Scorn's breath

"By Scorn be met. . . . It cries 'War to the death !

"'War for the mighty Few. Our banner plays,

"'Wafting defiance in the Millions' face.'

"Thou God of battles ; not the sacred fight

"Of Marathon or proud Thermopylæ

"More hallow'd than this struggle to be free—

"This proud OPINION'S²⁴ War." . . . He said : the Right
Spoke in his looks, and gave his accents might.

"*Freedom or death !*" it rings amain the cry. . . .

With throbbing breast, and anxious gaze intense,

Long mark'd I²⁵ Fortune's balance, in suspense—

Till now glad blent the shout of "Victory"

With flight's alarm, "He comes—ALASTOR—fly!"

Strike, Patriots ; strike ye ; pressing²⁶ on that flight

I mark'd him, now, the "Avenger," all confess'd ;

I mark'd him, yet, in beauteous terror dress'd,

E'en as the angry Daybeam gleams to sight

Crimson'd his brow, when storms bedim its light.

I mark'd the while the Minstrel²⁷ youth his lyre

String to high deeds, and rouse the patriot crew

With lofty themes his tuneful records drew :

Oh ! kindled many a heart its gen'rous fire—

While dazzling scar'd the helot-brow its ire.

To none than GUISCARD swell'd that shout more dear :

He heard in it of Ancient Wrong the knell—

As o'er a wreck—the sounding surges swell.

Glad beat his heart, the sought-for goal more near—

Bright trac'd ! forgot, the barren Past and drear.

Yet—was there found no champion 'mid the foe,

That prouder brav'd the venture of the field ?

That saw, with gen'rous shame, his squadrons yield

Before Alastor's wrath ? Rise, Spoiler ! show

That more than helots strike for thee, the blow.

What ? are *all* Slaves ? their Chief *no* spirit fires
 Of nobler pride ? With threats, yon wav'ring throng
 He drives, to aid the graceless cause of Wrong :
 They strike—but where, alas ! the great desires
 Exalting strife—while Virtue's soul aspires ?
 The "kinsman of the King," he wields command :
 Not that the man is fitted²⁸ for the place—
 But, that the place decks out *his* favor'd race.
 Peril he held, discreet, at distance : and
 Car'd little in War's front—or Fame's—to stand.
 For deeds, he gave—big words, high vaunts, and threats.
 Not *him* inspir'd the hero's consciousness
 That makes deeds *meet* his prowess speak—words *less*.
 Stern in his vassals' sight the lash he sets,
 And bids them speed with nerve—himself forgets.
 Enough—for *him*, enforc'd they fight : while he—
 Confiding—guards him in his rampart's stay ;
 Yet more, in riot²⁹ shames the warrior's day.
 The half-barbarian ! vain, he fails to see
 His "Pleasure's feast" is Surfeit's grosser glee.
 Civilization, to *his* mental eye
 Unskill'd—but seem'd a sphere to pamper Sense—
 Big riot, tawdry show, pomp's swoll'n pretence :
 Caricaturing Roman luxury
 In bloated License' rank deformity.³⁰
 At home—his halls groan'd wide with massy gold
 And trickeries of a barbaric Lore
 That deem'd, the more the glare, the grandeur more.
 Reflected in his own crude pomp, behold
 The vain Barbarian. Gaze ! . . his tale is told.
 No graces of the Soul to *him* were known :
 Civilization in its colors true
 And humanizing charm, eludes *his* view.
 Marble and malachite resplendent shone—
 To speak their owner—what ?—congenial stone-

But, now, a humble smith²⁰ all eager ran,—

“Prince ? if thy will it be” (he cried) “relief,

“I’ll yield our fort, and check yon dreaded Chief.”

The assenting nod scarce giv’n, the artisan

Soon show’d how soul ennobling makes the Man.

Humble no more, his spirit-masteries

Grasp War’s wide maze ! He arms the City-bound

Anew—where yon twin²¹ forts, rise cannon-crown’d

(Like fabled dragons guarding Beauty’s prize) :

Each aids the other—gun to gun replies.

Far, to yon torrent’s²² course he arms the height ;

Strains every art, if to divert the foe—

And bid the storm sweep past the City’-brow.

’Tis done ! See, alter’d, flow the course of fight—

While stems it, now, as swift, Alastor’s might.

“On ! ’neath the height,²³ where frowns yon torrent course—

“O’er Alma’s flood” (he cries) “lies Glory’s way.

“On ! sweep the ‘helots’ from the face of day.

“O’er Inkermann’s far ridge, where spreads their force—

“On ! till our Conquest o’er the City soars.”

Rose on his words a harp’s high ecstasy—

’Tis Guiscard, joyous cheers the patriot crew

With his own fire,—lit valor’s spark anew.

Exulting, now, he mark’d the foeman fly,

While hail’d he, thus, the pride of Victory.

“On ; on ; it tow’rs the banner of the free,

“Like to the pine-bough’s agitated crest

“When howls the forest from its storm-rent breast.

“Aloft,²⁴ Who bears its pride ? the Chief—’tis He :

“O’er Alma’s blood-dy’d flood, where waves it—see.

“What tongue can tell our suff’rings²⁵ past ? Want, Woe ?

“Ills—bitter more than wounds, or moil, of War—

“Gaunt Famine, and fell swamp, our ardor’s bar ?

“But Virtue’s spark ne’er flagg’d, nor Hope wan’d low :

“For still ; more dark the storm—more proud the brow. . .

"On! where the cannon bristling o'er yon vale,
 "Deals havoc from the height: the flood beneath
 "Labors in gore-stain'd course, chok'd up with death.
 "On Alma's crimson'd wave her banks look pale—
 "BRITAIN, thro' time, to speak Thy glory's tale."

AVVIS' AL LEFT.—"Qui si trova una riflessione fidele dei sentimenti di stess' uomo Garibaldi: vedesi, anche, la scena medesima intorn' i vestigi de'l Liberatore ch'è stata ritratta ne'l Libro III (Part I.); cioè, i fuochi di veglia sulle montagne vicine á Palermo: il descenso degli assediatori co' l duca ardito. E gran danno, ch' il soccorso suo di Napoli sia impedito: La bell' aspirazione (B. III., part II., p. 23.) de la 'solidarità Italiana,' è stata tutta proscritta. '*Divide et impera.*' 'La forza d' Italia e 'l pericolo di Francia,' dicev' il primo Napoleone; e sua voce parla ancora; Si dice pero, che la Francia volesse bene che Napoli e Sardinia sarebbero unite, per meglio tenere nelle sue mane tutt' i dui Stati. Si puo comparare l' una e l' altra politica: 'Disprezzo di fortuna' (esclamano sfortunati miei patrioti,) 'di quella concessione di Savoia, del patrimonio sacro di nostro Vittor' Emmanuele.' Veramente lo speme ch'è nacque dopo 'l giorno di Solferino è Magenta è stato estinto."—*R. di Bavaria.*

THE VICTORIAD:

Book V.

THE GLIMPSE OF PEACE.

"Peace has her triumphs too."—*Milton*.

"Spirito che mi guidi."—*Dante*.

Argument:

THE first stage of the conflict having been reached, an interval is now allowed by the story, of respite from the War in a transition to those contrasting scenes of Peace which distinguish the *Æra*. The Votary of Change is conducted (as previously, in Book I.), in a visioned flight, through the realms of Space by his Spirit Guide: the object being thus obtained of embracing, in wide view, the numerous and important—no less than diversified—features of Change and Novelty over the globe. The Darien and Panama Canal: the New Australian Empire: a glimpse of the "Welcome" by Canada of the "Future King." The overthrow of Chinese Exclusiveness. The Steam-Ram: the Bude light. These novel features are followed by that of the Crystal Palace: exhibiting in itself the great Moral Revolution of the Age in the amicable rivalry of Different Nations in Art and Science.

The Scene, therefore, shifts at this point to the Shrine of Industry: and its interest is sought to be enhanced by the introduction of the original "Gold-finders" of Australia, deputed (at the period in view) to the Queen, to represent the event of their discoveries. "Lay of the Emigrants." Tribute to the Prince Consort, as originator of the Shrine of Industry.

The Story returns to the scene of War.

Now shunn'd awhile the reeking carnage-plain

Our vision'd flight, while fades War's din on air:

Snatch'd by my Spirit Guide thro' fields more fair:

Heav'n's azure vault—Creation's scope amain—

Admir'd we still—where CHANGE held equal reign.

Again the clay-bonds spurn ! again seek heav'n—
 (Such glimpse of it as dreams may give) to soar
 Where taught His² wing—that 'neath it left the roar
 Baffled of foes, to scare it that had striv'n :
 And may the grateful Error be forgiv'n.
 Oh ! rapture of the way—thro' realms of light ;
 Seas, worlds, untiring round embrac'd our view.

I saw vast Oceans link'd in magic clue
 By Science² led. I saw Australia's night
 'Neath her new Morn dispers'd—all golden⁴-dight.
 Lo ! from her wave awakes a gory² Shade,

Scanning her proud vicissitude's "surprise."
 "Is this the waste" (it said) "my track's emprise
 "For such fair Future to the light display'd ?"
 Then, ghastly smiling, slow I saw it fade.
 Anon, I mark'd² vast sweep St. Lawrence' tide

Where throngs glad hail'd a Youth—Sway's "rising sun.
 "In glory" (cried they) "may thy race be run !
 "The heart of Canada, her vows divide
 "England with thee—thy hope in him, and pride."
 And, now, before us spread a dreary bourn

Where the rude Mantchou's² stony-girdled way
 Hurls back Invasion's tide and menac'd fray ;
 Nor less shuts out "Mind's light ;" yon dim sojourn
 That looks on—to compassionate and mourn.
 When, o'er its night, where life self-blinded lies,
 Glad mark'd I, from the West,⁷ arise a star
 Piercing the yet impenetrable bar ;
 Bright herald of a New World's Charities
 And portent of Time's happier destinies.

"Where'er thou lead'st" (I cried) "blest Guide ; 'tis still—
 "Tho' lost in wonder's maze—to 'find myself'
 "In Change's world,—with Thee ! Like fairy elf
 "Thou wand'rer wide : with bright as wayward will
 "Transfig'ring fair—or Life's or Nature's chill."

* It is hoped the Anachronism may be excused, on account of the grateful tribute of loyalty it allows.

Yon red^e reefs,—see, 'neath the translucent wave,
 Pour o'er its glassy sheen a roseate hue
 View'd soft to melt into the ocean blue :
 'Twas, as tho' roses bloom'd beneath—and gave
 Rose-wreaths, for Sea-Nymphs' braid, in crystal cave.
 Scenes fair transform'd from all that frown'd before :
 For, here, erewhile, dark rose a barren height—
 Rent by an Earthquake,—toppled from its might
 Like guilty sway : Now wave the willows o'er
 The lovely bourn, where bade my Guide explore.
 But mark :—two floating castles plough'd the deep—
 And one, plung'd,^e roaring like a rabid beast,
 To rend the other. . . Crash of fear ! . . What feast
 Destruction, instant made ! The splinters leap
 Riv'd of that bulk—that sunk, 'neath wave, to sleep.
 But sight more fair : What ray, like Beauty's, glows
 Joy to the soul ? and lovely makes the air
 One shrine of crystal lustre—strange as fair ?
 Not miles a hundred¹⁰ weary it : Whence flows
 Its ray ?—'tis but a Lamp, Arts cunning shows !
 On wing'd we : round, I gaz'd with raptur'd eye,
 My heart expanding ample as the bound
 Of Nature's glowing theatre around :
 While lofty as the blue o'er-arching sky
 My thoughts, upsoaring, wing'd to God on high.
 "Oh, joy !" (I' cried) "these fields of Space"¹² to thread—
 "Far from Earth's taint to breathe, awhile, more free,
 "(Blest Guide !) our Maker in his marvels see.
 "Devotion's page sublimest, here, to read,
 "Quaff its blest waters at the fountain head.
 "Oh ! there is rapture in the harmonies
 "Of Nature's echoes, in a thousand lays
 "Resounding deep the dread Creator's praise—
 "In murmur of the waves, the winds, the sighs,
 "Exhal'd from blossom'd Earth to golden skies."

Thus spoke my spirit-revel o'er the maze,
 Drinking its fill from all the founts sublime,
 Where heart can worship, or where thought can climb.
 When, now, once more to Life and human ways
 My Guide led back—while greet us, sweet, these lays.

PÆAN¹³

OF

THE CRYSTAL SHRINE.

"Psychologia quæ letaris,

"Deum quæ glorificaris,

"Surgit Animæ exarise—

"Esto Lux ! et Men's est Lux !"¹⁴

(*Carmen Abbatissæ et Monachorum.*)

"SHOW me the Palace whose beauty and might

"Outdazzle the halls of kingly pride ?

"Behold it—our Crystalline Dome ! Where sight

"To heav'n looks thro' its translucence' tide.

"Hear the glad burst of our spirit-lays

"Pouring the bosom's rapture-stream

"To Heav'n, where God, seen face to face,

"Welcomes us in his Presence' beam.

"Tis at His brow, our Shrine's fair ray—

"We light : It glows in His Spirit¹⁴ dight—

"Kindling the joy of our Mental Day :

"For God is Mind, and Mind is Light. . . .

"What Palace like our's, have Monarchs ? . Say."

As trembling died the strain, I ask'd, "Like dream

"Sweet stealing o'er the sense, what harmony

"Holds the transc'd soul enamour'd o'er its sigh ?"

"List yet" (replied my Guide). "To Heav'n its theme,

"Where pours, again, the votive murmur's stream."

¹³ "Let there be Light."—(*Gen.*)

¹⁴ "Put on the armour of Light."—(*St. Paul.*)

THE GLIMPSE OF PEACE.

Madrigal:

"Sweet Glimpse."

I.

"If but a glimpse, 'twere blest, fair Peace—with roses
 Where strew thy couch the Hours, as soft they glide
 Far from the moil of angry Passions' tide :
 Where, now, Life's Spoiler¹⁵ to a world opposes
 A guilty Will : and War its bane discloses.
 Sweet glimpse ! soft caught !
 Like waking Thought
 From Angel breast, in Love Divine
 For Man, thy brief beams shine—
 Sweet glimpse."

II.

"*'Let there be Light,'* said God : and still the strain
 Echoes, undying, thro' the Social Day
 From hearts¹⁶ warm'd grateful 'neath the kindling ray
 To meet His blissful challenge ! Not in vain
 Sounds it. What Soul back pours it not again ?
 Sweet glimpse."

III.

"Woe to the blind, woe to the callous heart
 That, here, from Heav'n's own blazon¹⁷ turns away—
 Spurns the bright promise of Man's prouder day—
 'Mid all the varied hues of Lore and Art,
 Beauteous around, for Life's New Impulse¹⁸ start.
 Sweet glimpse ! soft caught !
 Like waking Thought
 From Angel breast, in Love Divine
 For Man, thy brief beams shine—
 Sweet glimpse!"

Such, rose again the lay, from out yon Dome,
 Embleming the Soul's light, its crystalline
 Translucence ! dedicate to MIND the Shrine.
 While strains, in echoes sweet prolong'd, cried "*Come !*
"Come ! Concord's¹⁹ torch illumine in this her home : "
 Wav'ring at length their fainter cadences
 Die o'er the heart, on their harmonious clue
 Sweet guil'd, yon Concord's fairy region thro'.
 Bright scene : like Dream ! it seem'd, a real less
 Than vision'd bliss, my pleasing doubts address.
 In glad surprise I smil'd, as o'er my sense
 Yet float those notes of love and peaceful charm
 Soothing the spirit vex'd of War's alarm.
 And to my Guide in pleasing-stirr'd suspense
 I spoke my joy o'er that bland eloquence.
 " More free if breathe I past the shock of arms,
 " Fain would I learn, yet more, in sweet surprise
 " (As tho' beguil'd some dream's rare harmonies)
 " Whose wake those accents tun'd to Concord's charms—
 " Breathing forgetfulness of Strife's alarms ?
 " 'Mid scenes thus chang'd, tell me, blest Guide ! what throng
 " With festive garlands crown'd and smiles of bliss
 " Disports ? What these new realms, where Peace her kiss
 " Prints on Life's brow ? and prouder wakes her Song
 " Than all the strains pour'd War's stern pomp along—
 " For SHE hymns Man's Self-Conquest ! " . " Art thou not
 " A guest of CHANGE ? my track's varieties "
 (Answer'd my Guide) " to follow where it flies ?
 " One while, to droop where frowns the Social²⁰ blot—
 " Anon—the skies are clear'd, the gloom forgot :
 " Those throngs—they hail the ' Social Charities '
 " Where with chaste wreaths they deck yon glitt'ring Dome
 " Civilization's Shrine and Concord's Home :
 " Where Nations, all, are guests ; and rainbow dyes
 " Span yon proud vault in Art's glad rivalries.

" Fair as that Temple's guise the spirit bless'd
 " That sways it ! Each one meets his brother's face
 " The smile of friendly rivalry to trace.
 " Yes : all are Victors in this strife confess'd
 " Of Love, whose ray those looks, so glad, hath dress'd.
 " Involuntary smiles the brow's surprise
 " Of lowly²¹ forms, charm'd o'er Arts eloquence,
 " Kindling the latent spark's Intelligence.
 " Life glows inspir'd with new-born energies :
 " Yes ; Minds New World shines open'd to those eyes.
 " Like to the first blush o'er a virgin' cheek
 " Startled at Love's new dream, steals ' Mind's' wak'd gleam
 " O'er mortal dross. It thrills—as the stirr'd stream
 " Neath the first vernal Zephyr—while to break
 " Its torpid gloom bright suns the ripple streak."
 While yet he spoke, sweet stealing as before,
 Solemnly soft in renovated spell
 Welcom'd my heart again that murmur's swell :
 And pour'd (as tho' loath'd Discord liv'd no more)
 Greeting a brow—yon crowds bent gladden'd o'er.
 " Welcome ! thou light of fairest Majesty !
 " Oh, genial thrice confess'd, and thrice divine,
 " When to exalt²² Life's path its splendors shine.
 " Sheds a new day thy smile where every eye
 " Bends, in their homage glad, while Nations vie."
 I look'd—and lo, as still those greetings rise
 I saw a regal form 'mid yon vast Shrine
 That round Her pour'd its halo crystalline :
 Her spirit's grace new lustre gave its dyes. . . .
 All seem'd a Dream—that form : those harmonies.
 QUEEN of that maze, I know thee ! in the sway
 Where, fairy-like, thou seem'dst as by a spell
 O'er the devoted Nations' heart to dwell.
 Worthy of Thee that Concord's Shrine, in ray
 Of peaceful mast'ry bright, and Reason's day.

And One stood near thee, Queen ! I knew him by
 The graceful pride, the bland intelligence,
 That lit his brow and warm'd its eloquence—
 ALBERT ; the record's grateful memory
 Stamp'd on that Shrine, forbids Thy name to die.
 And now—as still, fresh charm'd—I scann'd the dyes
 That dazzled me thro' that World's Hospice fair—
 Lo ! rose a sweet and wild-wak'd note on air
 Pour'd by a Wand'rer train ! half smiles, half sighs²²—
 It breath'd the Past's—the Future's harmonies.

LAY OF THE EMIGRANTS.

GLEE.

I.

“ On, Brothers, on ! Earth lies before us !
 On ; where the golden²⁴ Visions play,
 And Hope lends broken hearts a ray—
 Flung from the Mother²⁵ stern that bore us.
 On, Brothers, on.

II.

“ On, Brothers, on ! the wak'd alarms
 Hush of the voice that bids ye ‘ Stay ! ’
 See, a new Mother spreads her arms ;
 Then dash the blinding tear away.
 On, Brothers, on.

III.

“ Or, if ye will,—look thro' your tears,
 Where your new Home's bright-dawning day
 Yet fairer, thro' their mist appears*—
 In promise of Life's gladden'd ray.
 On, Brothers, on.”

* Mists shroud day's coming splendor.—*Cowley*.

So spoke the notes : and sweet as mournfully
 Ere yet their echoes thro' the vista died,
 I mark'd those Wanderers pour in Golden tide
 Their gifts at feet of that fair Majesty,
 While curious scann'd the treasure every eye.
 "Sovereign ;" (thus spoke the foremost of the train)
 "The heralds of a New World's empire, We,
 "Whose Golden realm good Genii guard for Thee.
 "Lo ; its first fruits we bear ! the fruits thro' pain
 "And peril sought—but sought, not all in vain.
 "Life's outrage recogniz'd as scarce as Man²—
 "Our homes we fled Self-exil'd : sport of Fate. . . .
 "But oh ; if I the depths might penetrate
 "Of mystic Time—the Future's glimpses scan,
 "I see in this New World, Life's brighten'd span.
 "I see new Empire wake : The Golden shore
 "Worshipp'd by Commerce of an eager world,
 "Its haughty flag in mast'ry wide unfurl'd.
 "AUSTRALIA ! grow what Britain was before—
 "Haply—as great : 'twere vain to image² more."
 He ceas'd. "And speaks he sooth ? or with a dream
 "Guiles him," (I ask'd) "in radiant colors drest ?—
 "Visions, where flatt'ring Fancy mocks the breast ?
 "Vague wand'ring o'er the Future's mystic stream,
 "Chasing what Phantoms dimly o'er it gleam ?"
 "Yes : sooth he speaks" (rejoin'd my Guide) "the brave—
 "(I see the day !) condemn'd the bane to fly
 "Of bigot² wrong and spirit slavery—
 "In that fair clime, Mind's rescued sway shall save—
 "New Worlds regen'rate wake from Freedom's grave."
 Thus spoke my Guide : and while I ponder'd o'er
 Those mystic words' intent ; the Future's pale
 Strove to o'erleap and scan confirm'd their tale—
 CHANGE wav'd his wing !—while I, (alas !) deplore
 Concord's lost glimpse—swept back to Strife once more.

For, while my mind, well pleas'd, pursued its dream—
 Lo ; sudden burst a yell that broke the charm—
 Startled a world betray'd the cry's alarm
 Of the new Alaric²² ! while baleful stream
 Wav'd in his hand the torch of Discord's gleam.
 Aghast PEACE heard arise the accents dread—
 Trembling She saw that torch's baleful glare
 Stream o'er her Fane—deform its lustre fair.
 Its genial groups in wild disorder fled—
 While SHE—lamenting hides her outrag'd head.
 " Yet "—(thought I) " 'gainst ' Himself' th' Aggressor wars :
 " I hear stern Retribution's²³ Argument
 " Wake o'er that din : . . tho' Life's fair fabric rent
 " (E'en as the cliff-brow which the tempest scars)
 " Mourn the convulsion, now, its beauty mars."
 Alas, for Peace ! her plaint deplores the day
 Of bliss o'erwhelm'd, ere scarce its promise shone :
 A moment's glimpse—'twas caught ! the next—'twas gone.
 Wide frowns Life's waste around, where mourns her lay—
 While far she speeds from human haunts her way.
 " *To Arms : to Arms !* " that din whelms Concord's Song—
 Fades in the hubbub its sigh's harmony !
 " *To Arms : to Arms !* " wild wakes the larum's cry !
 Joy's glimpse—too fleeting mock'd : . . the trumpet's tongue
 Hoarse hurries back to War's and Havoc's throng.

THE VICTORIAD:

Book VI.

LOST OPPORTUNITY.

"Fayre Dame,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince sought out,
And suffer'd so much ill."—*Fairy Queens*.

Argument:

THE War continued: the Votary and his Spirit Guide surveying the scene of conflict. The Assaultants of Armageddon having fought their way up to the ramparts, lay closer siege to the City. The wall of a State-prison being shattered, and the interior laid open by the bursting of a shell, the captives confined in it—many of whom were females (See note 24, B. III., pt. II.)—effect their escape, and amongst them Fidalma. The privilege of the ancient Minstrel of free access into hostile ground, is adopted in the instance of Guiscard's presence to conduct her out of the scene of danger to a spot where she is awaited by Alastor, beyond the City barrier. "Virelay." She is met by the Chief; but in consequence of a sudden attack from an ambush of the enemy, the opportunity of her rescue is lost to him. He returns to the conflict. The recital of the action of the story is put into the mouth of the Minstrel: and the conflicts of Inkermann and Tohernaya are illustrated. Rondel: "The Lion Sleeps." Tribute to the Memories of the brave who fell in the action.

And said I, Peace! thy smile, like sunshine beaming—

One while, cheer'd Life's dull ways and sordid moil?

Anon—the Furies' snakes' untwine their coil—

'Mid cannon-roar the murd'rous lightnings streaming—

A Hell, where, late, repose and love were dreaming?

Yet welcom'd still my hope, the cause of Right
 As yet victorious : " May no gloom' o'ercast "
 (Thus said my Guide) " the triumph of the Past :
 " 'Tis well, Heav'n wraps the Future from your sight
 " Mortals ! too soon, it brings its ills to light."
 Still hems the Siege more close the City' bound :
 " Mark " (cried I) " Freedom's testament of blood !
 " More fierce, more frequent, darts the lightning flood
 " Where in the mortars' roar Death's cry sinks drown'd,
 " While answers back yon rampart cannon-crown'd."
 Stretch'd, too, our ken afar, yon cliff's rude side
 Where lash the waves—where stem those tow'rs the deep :
 Still, rous'd, the cannons' pealing thunders leap,
 Whelming the halls of Pomp ; where, yet, defied
 Secure,* the strife, Fanaticism's pride.
 Mark, too : yon batter'd fastness' sullen walls,
 Whose casements, dim, yield light in mockery,
 But to show gloom whose shadows never fly—
 What voice, on their chill echoes, sorrowing falls,
 Wafted on blasts that sweep those dreary halls ?
 Is it the plaint of men, the chance of fight,
 Doom'd captive ? . . No—more sad, it's sorrow's tale
 Speaks the blame's accent of a female* wail :
 " Life's fairest flow'rs, there, mourn the sordid blight :
 There, its grief's shade, Fidalma, dims Thy light.
 And what their Crime ? What Her's ? Was it she dar'd
 Gen'rous, repel, Self-will ! thy Havoc's game ?
 Upbraid Thee, for her Country's helot* shame ?
 Was it ? With Him—the well-lov'd Chief—she shar'd
 High hopes, for which his sacred sword was bar'd ?
 But hark—that crash ! . . 'Tis pierc'd, yon fastness' night :
 Wide spreads the havoc of the bursting shell :
 Its angry sweep lays' bare the captive's cell. . .
 Away, pale victims ! snatch the glimpse of light—
 Snatch safety from the wild'ring hour's affright. . . .

H

And now—surpris'd a strain, Fidalma's ear—
 She knew 'twas Guiscard's ; for,—ere exile's hour,—
 Oft, at her Father's court 'twas wont to pour :
 Where'er that strain—she knew the Chief was near :
 Thus spoke it ; by her heart's response, own'd dear.

Virgyl :

I.

“ Love give thee wings ! Love bids the note
 Thro' the drear hubbub, mindful float :
 Love give thee wings ! the tanelful clue
 To follow the wide havoc thro' .
 E'en as pursues its way a rill
 Thro' wider waters of the lakes—
 Distinct, the strain's wak'd murmur still,
 Forbids thy heart its voice forsake—
 Tho' drown it, oft, the tumult-fear—
 By fits, still, stealing on the ear.
 'Tis Guiscard calls where waits the Chief !
 Yes ! calls away to Love—thy grief.

II.

Now, quicker my heart's pulses wake—
 Now, quicker my lay's accents break. . . .
 Oh ; haste thee ! Each conscious star—
 Night's lamp friendly shows thee her light—
 They call from the hubbub afar
 And fav'ring watch o'er thy flight.
 Steal a joy from the hazard and pain—
 If to Love, lead this clue of my strain !
 And Mem'ry one day shall look back
 With a smile and a tear on the track—
 And say—‘ The harp pour'd forth its breath
 Like a whisper of solace in death.’ ”

Nor more : she follows on the tuneful clue

With beating heart : her brow its sorrows shrouding

As yon night's orb the fleeting shadows clouding.

The barrier past : the Chief she waits—alone.

His lay's sweet task^a was o'er—the Minstrel, gone.

Mark, now, her step faint caught amid' the gloom—

Spirit-like glancing thro' the mournful shade

Where yon pale cypresses low murmur made

Skimm'd by the night-breeze—near yon moon-lit^b tomb.

Love, guard thy way !—each moment, now, brings doom,

Fid Alma. . . Tremblingly, the bound she sought,

Thro' yon dim vista, of the op'ning plain—

As throbb'd, in doubt and fear, her bosom's pain :

And, now, the thickets envious mazes wrought

To foil her track, and set its hopes at nought.

“ Here was I taught to seek him ! ”—On the sward

Faint sunk she—lost in her uncertainty.

What then her glad surprise ? The Chief stood nigh :

All as her own, sought eager his regard—

And, “ Lov'd one, haste ! ” (he cried) “ ere hope be marr'd.”

Nor more—he bears her where yon forest hoar

Screen'd them. . Alas ! the moon-beam's shifting light

Betrays their shadows to the foeman's sight. . . .

Vain guards the Chief the well-lov'd charge he bore—

Alas ! to view her snatch'd, a thrall, once more.

Baffled he turns—yet, still, to lead the fray

With a new zeal : a quicken'd sense of wrong.

Morn breaks : on conflict's torrent borne along

New triumphs deck him ; yes—new light the day !

While Guiscard's harp renew'd its votive lay.

“ Alma ! ” stern scene ! from thee I hear the cry

“ Of Shades that call to emulate their trace :

“ Nor, yet, unheard ! . Now—sleeps in night the maze :

“ Startling its gloom—what deadly show'r sweeps by—

“ Where darkly creeps the foeman's^c treachery ?

"Foul as that night, yon guilty Prodigy—
 "The two¹³-beak'd harpy Eagle—furtive, now,
 "See! swoops, in vain, from 'neath the darkness' brow.
 "Hear Inkermann! his baffled menace' cry:
 "Speak thou, my harp! while scar'd he hurries by.

"THE LION SLEEPS."¹⁴

Rondelet:

I.

"*The Lion sleeps!* oh, now's the time
 "To steal on his unguarded hour.
 "Silence and Night, your shadows pour,
 "To hide our steps' surprise on him!
 "Hush: haste: he sleeps."

II.

The Slaves, thus whisper'd, as afraid
 E'en their own voices' breath to hear,
 Lest, wake it, on that slumb'ring ear:
 They fear'd the sound their footsteps made—
 "*The Lion Sleeps.*"

III.

The Lion sleeps! and, on, they creep,
 Like thieves, that ill, dare face the light,
 To steal on his unguarded might. . .
 Sudden, their volley bursts his sleep—
 And, rous'd, he leaps.

IV.

Thro' the wild thicket' lair he breaks—
 Oh! jest thro' time! scar'd at his roar!
 Lo! skulk the curs that grinn'd before;
 Scatter'd—while, yet, his mane he shakes—
 "*Fly! fly! he wakes.*"

V.

The Conqu'ror, gen'rous, would let die
 The record and its mockery ;
 Tho' History still revive the scorn ;
 Thro' haunts of men,—thro' distant bourn :—
 Its echoes floating o'er the stream
 Of Time, and heard in Mem'ry's dream.

" The Lion wakes."

" Fame shrines those scenes : yet many a gallant son
 " Freedom laments : while hallows her regret
 " Thee, Butler,¹⁶ Cathcart ! And the living¹⁶ yet,
 " Fond thro' their tears look back on honor won—
 " St. Arnaud's, Raglan's day of glory done.
 " Ah, scenes, recalled in Gaul's and Albion's pride—
 " How many Shades of heroes haunt the tomb
 " Your glory shrines, and where their mem'ries bloom :
 " The patriot¹⁷-tomb their blood hath sanctified,
 " And pour'd in Freedom's Cause its sacred tide.
 " Time, that seers all things, brings not, yet, decay
 " On high Ensample writ in Honor's name :
 " Thro' grateful Ages blooms it—still, the same.
 " Queen of the Free ! still lives that glory's day
 " Shrining those Names—and, thine¹⁸ VICTORIA.

THE VICTORIAD:

Book VII.

THE QUEEN AND THE WOUNDED SOLDIER:

A HOME SCENE.

"With compassion
Mov'd was her gentle heart."—*Fairy Queens.*

"Every wretch, pining and pale before,
Plucks comfort from the Sovereign's looks."—*Hen. V.*

Argument:

THE Story allowing at its present stage, a pause from the scene of War, the Spirit of Change again leads his Votary to the more tranquil contrast of British ground: and offers to his notice those most interesting of "home scenes," in which the characteristic generosity and benevolence of the Sovereign are exemplified. One of the wounded soldiers in the "military Episode" of Kars relates the sufferings of the Siege, and gives a picture of British endurance. A troop is next introduced of battered Veterans, being the few survivors of the conflicts (chiefly Alma and Bala Clava) memorialized in the preceding books: and the scene ends with the applause of the people at the generous sympathies of the Sovereign. The sinister Predictions of England's succumbing to some "Son of Destiny" are repelled in an appeal to the patriotic spirit expressed in the Volunteer rising [of 1860]: notwithstanding the possible Invasion of her shores has been facilitated by the agency of the "Steam-bridge."

Pause we again from conflict's maze; awhile
With Change's Spirit, wing the vision'd flight:
Again, o'er Britain's cherish'd soil alight.
'Mid the blue wave it wakes, the gem-like Isle—
Its ray, fair Queen! crown'd brighter, 'neath thy smile.

And what, the grace, still purest decks a Queen ?

To feel—her humblest subjects' cause—her own :

Yes ! her own virtues fairest shrine HER throne.

Mark her, o'er yon pale couch of suff'ring lean—

The queenly, bright'ning to the angel sheen.

Thou, war-scath'd form !—like oak 'neath lightning blast—

Guiles, now, thy dearth HER Presence' radiance seen :

Yes : the sick soldier's visitant—a Queen.

O'er him a look compassioning she cast,

While feeble rais'd, he told of perils past.

"Oh, Queen ! but that thy lofty spirit gives

"Ensample to the brave—I could forbear

"To pour the death-dimm'd tidings on thy ear

"Of that fell strife where he, who now survives—

"One, 'mid the host of slaughter'd comrades lives.

"Where stern the Georgian frontier guards the height,

"Tow'ring as his own mind, our Chief² beheld

"The Spoiler force (his prowess late had quell'd³)

"Rallying advance—but sterner, Famine's might

"Stood near : while press'd the foe—a storm in sight.

"Oh ! record trac'd in characters of blood !

"Oh, tale of Kars ! stern struggle of the breast

"No ills from its endurance⁴ pride could wrest—

"How shall I paint thee ? . . . Long the fort withstood

"The assailer foe, that hemm'd it, as a flood :

"High on the rampart One with anxious eye

"For the hop'd succour look'd—but look'd in vain :⁵

"Still strove with Fate, Devotion's gen'rous pain :

"Weak women e'en taught warriors how to die—

"While Famine won—not Man—the victory.

"When fail'd the guns—our breasts the foe withstood :

"A thousand forms, but now—maintain'd the fray.

"A thousand forms⁶—are swept from face of day !

"Tho' spent the cannon' wrath—its storm subdued—

"Still, in our breasts shone glory's spark renew'd.

"Alas, the Chief! I saw the anguish o'er
 "His brow : his grief still battling with his pride ;
 "As sunk the barrier 'neath the rushing tide—
 "Vain stemm'd ! his way the foe o'erpow'ring bore . . .
 "But, Chief, thy name live, honor'd evermore !
 "Oh, England ! not more for that fort we strove
 "Than for thy glory : faithful^o to Thy Name.
 "E'en loss was honor—and defeat was fame."

The sorrow-drops whelm'd speech—and silent move
 Her bosom's answer to his patriot love.

And, now, a weather-beaten phalanx rose

Whose tatter'd ensigns spoke the storm of war
 And shocks defied in battle-plains afar :
 And the deep furrow o'er their conscious brows
 Mark'd valor's pride, whose spark still bright'ning glows.
 That faded gear, show'd many a gory stain,

Those honorable brows show'd many a scar,
 And, more than words, attest the brunt of war :
 With shouts they greet their well-lov'd Queen again,
 Blest in her sight—and all forgot, their pain.
 With mingled pride and ruth their gaunt array
 She mark'd : and much' with mournful pleasure sought
 Themes, Armageddon's^s lofty mem'ries brought.
 And, still intent, She trac'd the havoc's way
 As their proud record pictur'd many a fray.
 Nor yet,—a tear denied she to the tale—

"What tongue" (the foremost said) "the bitterness
 "Can paint?—More rife than War, rag'd^o Want's distress :
 "Disease' worst scourge : our wasted forms and pale
 "Sunk in the trench, or 'neath the icy gale.
 "Ask you, lov'd Queen, how in that hour we fought?—
 "Behold the dwindled relic of that band
 "That at War's call left Britain's parent strand !
 "For thousands, now—count hundreds. Ay ; let thought
 "Image the slaughter—words, too weak, were sought.

* "ENGLAND expects every man to do his duty."—NELSON.

"One day we rose a thousand strong : one day,
 "The thousand, dream-like past, are vanished all."¹⁰
 "But not the Mem'ry fades ; and o'er their fall
 "Thus speaks the pillar's record :—'*Stranger ; Say*
 "*To England true, here sleeps our mould'ring clay.*'"¹¹
 The tear, unbid, the warrior's accent drown'd :
 While, too, the Sov'reign's breast its conflict tried—
 As stole the tear-drop—to his own replied :
 While yet, with words benign, his tale She crown'd ;
 As o'er it, rose th' applauding murmur round.
 Nor less with ruth 'twas sway'd her gentle heart,
 Nor less the tear-drop glistens in her eye
 To see—wives, lovers, babes, that long the sigh
 Had pour'd o'er fates that held their steps apart—
 Now meet those brave ones—balm for every smart.
 The diamond-ray that lights the brow of Kings,
 Shines not so fair, as in their breast, the Thought
 In sympathy for Man and Suff'ring taught !
 This, the pure fount, whence brighter glory springs
 Than all that Heralds vaunt, or Flatt'ry sings.
 So pass'd that wreck of tempest-strife from view.
 Ye, Aug'ries¹² vain ! that menace Britain's pride
 While such as *These* are ready at her side,
 The storm may burst ; but little shall She rue
 Its wrath, if prove she to herself but true."¹³
 What Wizard tells, "That in Herself, disease
 "She guards ; her Freedom's triumph to betray ?—
 "Forfeit, some trait'rous Ally's 'destin'd' prey—
 "Where Guile lurks watchful, while it breathes of Peace ?"
 Then,—drops the veil o'er bane he cannot ease.
 Vain breath ! 'tis mock'd, where wide those echoes¹⁴ start—
 "Arouse thee, England, in thy panoply
 "Of Patriot Virtue arm'd, 'to do or die.'"
 There, woke the voice of England's mighty heart,
 To shame the Wizard's fear—the Invader's art.

What? tho' new Genii,¹⁸ England, "bridge" thy strand—

Tho' less, thy once proud "wooden walls" avail?

Yet, hast thou "hearts of oak" too tough to quail!

If lent to War its mast'ry new, Thy hand,

Rise, in thy might! its ingrate¹⁹ Arts, too, brand.

Tho' dark the storm's suspended ire look down

Upon thy envied Clime in smother'd guile:

Proud yet, thy Self-reliance brow can smile—

With breast serene, yet firm, regard the frown:

Calm,* yet resolv'd—to guard thy hearths—thine own.

* DEFENCE—NOT DEFIANCE.

THE VICTORIAD:

Book VIII.

THE ARMSTRONG AND WHITWORTH CARNIVAL:

A TALE OF A MODERN SINON.

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."—(*Æn.* 2.)

"That divilish iron engine wrought
In deepest hell."—(*Fairy Queen*.)

Argument:

THE Story now is illustrative of a tale of treachery on the part of a "modern Sinon" (reflecting an incident of the *Æra*) by which the patriot Chief is led into an ambush with the accompanying destruction of his forces under masked batteries, such as those of the well-remembered Malakoff and Redan; an opportunity being further afforded of memorialising the Inventive Genius of Destruction bearing the title of "Armstrong and Whitworth." Rejoicings of Bufo and his compeers (pourtrayed in B. iv.) at Armageddon, at the success of the stratagem which they had planned, and the thwarted prospects (for the present) of Alastor. The Evil Spirits opposed to the Good Cause again appear on the scene (as in B. ii. and iii.), rejoicing over the New *Æra* of facilitated destructive Power, and its contradiction to humanising influences. "The Laugh of Fear." Amongst the various incidents described, those of Guiscard's being taken prisoner, and the erection of the monument to the Artisan Ergastea, may be specified.

The Spirit of Change consoles his Votary, before whom the scenes take place, with hopes that Alastor's fortunes will, in due time, recover themselves, and meet with happier results for the Cause of Mankind: his present reverse being but the trial to which Providence ever subjects Constancy and Virtuous purpose.

[The Book is inscribed to LOUIS KOSSUTH, as being the victim of a treachery illustrated in this stage of the story; and by which the Cause of his Country—of which he was the Leader—was sacrificed. Success, indeed, would have constituted him, the Garibaldi of Hungary.]

Methought, the waves of Time's dark Ocean o'er
 As ponder'd I—how seem'd their dirge-like knell
 To plain, o'er many an Empire's wreck, that fell
 Whelm'd 'neath their guile, or o'er their storm-beat shore.
 Oh ! Freedom's venture, happiest still, they bore !
 Thou, sacred Cause, held closest in the heart—
 Freedom ! by truth, pride, honor, sanctified ;
 Where is the bane shall warp the links aside
 That knit thy bond ? save in the Traitor's art—
 The furtive rust that eats those links apart.
 And breath'd there One could, now, Man's hope betray ?
 Deform with loathly guile the Patriot Shrine—
 And libel in himself God's form divine ?
 The recreant—let him shun th' accusing day
 Secret, to gnaw, self-scorn'd, his heart away. . .
 Now sought One out the Chief, with eager guise ;
 Suppliant his brow, while meek he bears the Sign—
 The olive-wand—of friendly vows benign.
 "Deem me no foe" (he cried) "my footstep flies
 "Man's 'Spoiler,' taught to spurn him—loathe—despise :
 "He may enslave the limb, but ne'er—the heart !
 "Oh ! link me in your Love's true confidence,
 "Nor bid Suspicion fear a guile's pretence.
 "Trust but my guidance—proud I'll play the part
 "Shall show Security* how weak its art !
 "List ye. There is a spot 'neath yonder tow'r
 "Where the foe little recks your arms' advance—
 "Shrunk* back it lies, and mocks a stranger's glance :
 "Tis there, Fidalma blames her captive hour :
 "Tis there, your onset shall its vengeance show'r.
 "Know ye me not ? recall ye not the name
 "Of Gorgian ? Exile from our cherish'd home—
 "Till, self-redeem'd, escap'd my bonds, I come !
 "A Brother see !" Nor more. With tears, the shame
 Too well dissembled he, of Treach'ry's game.

* "*Cyruo anfractu vallis accomoda fraudi.*"—*Æn.* xi., 522.

Burn'd every breast, on the emprise to start—

He blam'd the Scorners with so well-feign'd zeal ;

And pour'd o'er gen'rous hearts such rife appeal—

By his own proper wrongs—by every smart

That Freedom rued—he won them to his art.

[None but Earth's baser dross, taints Treach'ry's dye !

Are there, Gaul's Chief ?* who say Thy footsteps stray

Wav'ring from Life's New World and Concord's day ?

Not so : True might be thine ! No splendid lie—

No immortality of Infamy.

"The kiss of Peace !"—on a fair Sovereign's cheek

Men saw it sacred pledg'd : No Judas kiss

Treach'rous to Concord's Sacrament of Bliss !

Said'st thou, "My Sway—'tis Peace ?" Heav'n's lightnings
wreak

Their ire on hearts (not thine) that perjurd speak.]

Seek we the City. The Plot's movers, now,

All eager watch its craft's success the while :

Bufo^s was first to hail its prosp'rous guile ;

And to his fraud's compeers with joy-flush'd brow

"Deem ye not" (cried he) "Freedom's crest shall bow ?

"Hark : . 'tis her champions' cry ! wakes it to speak

"Joy o'er our fort's surprise ? No : fatal found

"The lurking ambush—where those cries resound !—

"Where, the scar'd quarry seeks in vain to break

"The trammel spread of toils it stems—too weak.

* AVIS AU LECTEUR.—Le Rédacteur Français doit faire sa reconnaissance à l'auteur pour sa condamnation cidessus, de cette foule de "petits esprits" mal avisés et médians qui toujours cherchent à trouver tartuffe un grand homme embarrassé de tous côtés par les intérêts confingants et complications infinies du monde jaloux Européen. Quoique soit une nouvelle entente entre la France et la Russie ; cependant, la sincérité du Sacrament de la Concorde Anglaise et Française (Livre II.) se montre inviolée. L'Argument de notre Conte National (Livre II.) s'appuie, sur cette inviolabilité, dont toute l'Europe doit s'assurer, en regardant l'aveu de Juillet 1860 qui confirme—"la Salutation de Cherbourg" [1856] et les mots memorables (énoncés à Bordeaux 1857) '*l'Empire c'est la Paix.*—Jules Evéline.

" *Ha : ha :* rejoice ! hear the awaken'd roar
 " Of our rous'd ordnance starting from its sleep
 " And tearing off its mask 'mid thunders deep.
 " What ? strove the daws on eagle wing to soar ? . . .
 " Hark : the riv'd mine :—your welcome o'er it, pour !"
 Wee for the Chief . . . Yon plain's insidious' snare
 But shows a surface where Death lurks below :
 Wide and more wide, the mines their terrors throw :
 Fearful their shatter'd victims hurl in air
 Where mingles with the roar their yell's despair.
 Strange shapes had antic Death's grim pastime found :
 The human frame, see, havock'd flung amain—
 Limbs torn from limbs, gore-purple'd, strew the plain :
 Here, forms in fell embrace each other bound,
 Convulsive star'd, or grinning bit the ground.
 Where, yet, yon steep o'erhangs the plain below,
 Hid in its massive sides ran chambers' deep—
 Lairs, where Destruction's engines furtive sleep—
 Wait but the gunner's fatal aid to throw
 Wide doom upon the unsuspecting foe.
 Tier above tier the bristling cannon rose
 Fearful defenders of the steep they crown'd,
 Impregnable herself where Nature frown'd :
 'Twas mask'd, as yet, the Gaile :—till now, it throws
 Its vizor off, and all its vengeance shows.
 Alas : still doom'd to prove Reverse's hour
 Are yet the bravest ! Patriot Chief, must Thou
 Bend 'neath the storm thy yet unyielding brow ?
 O'er Thee, too, must the envious shadows low'r—
 (Spent, blood-stain'd, foil'd)—of Fortune's wayward pow'r ?
 Oh ! Mind ! supreme to sway the mortal maze :
 The soul of myriads where Thy beacon shone
 Proud drew but now, life, ardor, hope—from One !
 Tho' spent, He strains, the cheering shout to raise,—
 But faint it sinks—like flame that waning plays.

"On!" While he speaks, lo, sweeps the onslaught vast
 From that rock-covert: Havoc's worst, it won
 The yet undaunted patriot host upon—

From thousand^s mortar'-mouths it pour'd the blast:
 Where, gazing, Hell itself might look aghast.

"And all this woe's dark source—is 'One bad Man!'
 "In soul as little as in outrage great."

Sorrowing^s I said: while thus my Guide: "Await
 "Heav'n's mystic ways: ALASTOR'S Future scan,
 "Where veils the sacred gloom Atonement's Plan."

"Would I might see, blest Change! the bane relent,"
 (I said) "dissolv'd the ice of stubborn Will

"Neath thy persuasive^s Sun: like summer-rill
 "Bounding thro' human mazes of Content,
 "Lov'd contrast to yon dark stagnation lent."

"Doubt not high Change's boon shall bless thy pray'r;"
 (Answer'd my Guide) "Life bears a shifting sail—

"For hour, but brief, Hell's arts o'er Truth prevail:
 "Too long tempts Fate the Scornor—sets a snare—
 "For his own fall: Earth, yet, shall revel^s there!"

No gen'rous War wrought now: not man to man—
 Nor skill, 'gainst skill's proud Emulation strove:

A doom's surprise,^s or skill or strength above,
 Endurance' noblest energies o'er-ran—

It was gigantic Carnage without plan.

If e'er by Bard,^s the Craft was held accurst

That first taught hell-born Slaughter, its worst art,
 Now, might his gen'rous harp's upbraidings start!

Oh, Science, in thy store prolific nurst
 What aids to man! the noblest and—the worst.

CHANGE hath its ills! and now those Evil Pow'rs
 That revel in discomfiture of Good

Hail'd the fell scenes where all, was—tears and blood:
 Life's bitterness thro' long^s o'ershadow'd hours—

Where Hope's own heart the daemon-lust devours.

In fearful glee they shriek'd aloud ; and cried,
 " When, hath Destruction's might, so proudly sway'd ?
 " Death's sweep till now, it's course too tardy made.
 " Hark ! speaks Our Spirit in those Engines' " pride :
 " Their roar—their might—a Havoc's Ocean-tide."
 Lo ! on my Vision* rose they in a light
 Lurid and weird, that all deform'd the air—
 Like that which envious lights th' Infernal Lair—
 To chill, dismay'd the sense—and scare the sight
 O'er Darkness visible of hopeless Night.
 On murky pinions borne, they hover'd o'er
 The havoc-bound ; and with unsated gaze
 Wide gloated o'er the carnage-purpled maze :
 And in their shriek of foul delight, the roar
 Hail'd, as it's burst, by fits the cannons pour.
 For their dark disport they bade, ghastly rise
 The mangled corpses (animate† again),
 And in weird antics more deform the plain.
 Skeleton DEATH the dance' grim revelries
 Led grinning, past—till, now, the pageant dies.
 And where draws Man, Hell's imag'd joy unblest ?
 Is it from his *own* soul he paints a hell ?
 Where, from their passion lair its Furies yell ?
 'Neath their fell glare, where " photograph'd," his breast
 Shows, stern pourtray'd, the maze of Hell's unrest ?
 " Oh, revel of this Death's fell Holiday !
 " Is this, MIND's light ? it's New-World Day ? The more
 " It spreads its beam ; it worse betrays Life's sore !
 Oh, Mind !—oh, mock'ry ! " Thus yell'd o'er the fray
 Those dæmon shapes, 'mid this—their Orgies' lay.

* See Note 9, B i., and 1, 2, B. v.

† Goethe's *Dead Man's Dance* : the resuscitated corpses in *Robert Le Diable* :
 and Holbein's "Dance of Death" (the "Skeleton") will be remembered.

The Laugh of Fear :

A SCOFF AT THE NEW WORLD.

"Thus they, with taunt and scoff malign."—(*Milton.*)

I.

Drear solace ! from Bliss when our Bright Being fell,
 In the heart of God's clay-birth it best sought its hell.
 Bitter joy—Hate's and Envy's ! Ay ! Rapture of fear
 O'er mortality's dearth—o'er humanity's tear.
 Self-mockery of Man ! Self-betraying and blind !
 Is it, here,—Thy new empire, expanded, of MIND ?
 In yon carnage yell stifled, its boast fades away !
 Strives within it—a Hell, its best hope to betray.

Thy boast to shame, thy heart to sear—

(And Hell ! pour back the echoes drear)—

Hear, startled Earth ! OUR LAUGH OF FEAR.

II.

Man—His toy—the dread Fashioner moulded in vain,
 The sport of Destruction, Repentance, and Pain :
 The painted outside—the worm's canker within—
 The mockery's tinsel—the fabric of Sin :
 Where all that is smiling, confiding, or fair,
 Shines, but gloss o'er the brow's creeping furrow of Care.
 Seeks it solace ?—too jealous, the fleet glimpses ope
 To the soft brow of Peace,—to the faint smile of Hope.
 Has it ought blest to live for ? Death sweeps it away !
 Want and woe, chilling frown they ? Too long flags the day.
 Life's pale-plodded track, wins it treasure ? The nest
 Starts around—Murder, Rapine—the bright boon to wrest.

K

Delusion ! bright Frenzy ! from Self lures to fly :
 Truth's hues are too sober for Vanity's eye.
 Is it poison'd, the chalice that Pleasure holds up ?
 Oft, Repentance and Shame, bitter drops of the Cup ?
 To know Self—is it but to know abjectness' ruth ?
 Guile's double-fac'd mask screens it Friendship and Truth ?
 Dark Joy ! o'er the record pale-shadow'd of Ill
 Thro' its gloom, shines Our triumph, and glows o'er its chill.
 Hear, startled Earth ! OUR LAUGH OF FEAR—
 And Hell ! pour back the echoes drear—

"Echoes drear."

XII.

The MAKER, one while, decks his puppet in pride,
 Then—loathing the Sin-birth, he sweeps it aside,
 As *now*—in repentance and ire, that he fram'd
 The sickness-wrack'd passion-wrung image—Guilt-aham'd.
 Is this, the bright boast of the new dawning ray—
 That lights up, more fearful, Deformity's clay ?
 Did the Punisher turn from our Angel-Birth's Evil
 To gloat on this *New Sin* ? Humanity's Devil ?
 Where, still, furtive haunting the dim track of Breath,
 Glides the pale silent Phantom, to scare it, of Death ?
 Hear, startled Earth ! OUR LAUGH OF FEAR,
 And Hell ! pour back the echoes drear—

"Echoes drear."

XIV.

DEATH ! tho' fear'd, Thou 'rt the one mortal struggle's release
 Or, on War's dizzy field—or Thy wan couch Disease :
 Where the moonbeams pale silver the dark-brooding yew
 Or, flash the guns' sulphury lightnings and blue—
 Where the azure waves, dimpled, in numberless* smile
 Veil the dark lurking gulf, 'neath their treachery's guile—
 'Mid the bland haunts of Ease—or the dank, fatal swamp :
 Where the lute sighs of Love—or 'mid trumpet-stirr'd camp—

* Æschylus. *Prom.*

Oh, the worm battens still on the mouldering dust—
 And the blazon-deck'd Coffin still cankers the rust.
 'Tis the tale of Clay's mast'ry o'er Mind ! Passions' yell
 Warns, " We find us a home *here*—a yet fiercer Hell."
 Is this, the MIND's world ? Self-inflicted the sore ?
 E'en Hell, that now mocks—might compassion it more.

Thy boast to shame, thy heart to sear—
 (And Hell pour back the echoes drear)—
 Hear, startled Earth ! OUR LAUGH OF FEAR.

" Yea ! cheers Death's revel* this, Our mast'ry's art
 " Glutting blood's thirst ! Oh, Man ! see *Man*, thy foe,—
 " (Tho' miles¹⁸ divide) still near, the death-fraught blow.
 " Make Life a void ; then call it ' Peace ;'¹⁹ the smart
 " To heal." Thus cried their mock'ries, as they part.
 " Well might great God repent him he had made
 " The creature Man !" (thus spoke my grief)—" in ire
 " Bid the ' red Plague ' consume him, Flood or Fire !
 " Well might he wish Life's loathly scene to fade
 " To look on yonder monster-havoc's trade.
 " Lap blood like tigers, Men ! be *Blood* your cry ;—
 " Your very Being wash in gore away—
 " Its foul blood-battening as blood-kneaded clay.
 " Oh CHANGE, wake up some ' new Births ' progeny"²⁰
 " (Earth's Order due) of less polluted dye.
 " Life, still, betrays ' Itself ! ' still doom'd to chill
 " Its New World's bloom ! "—And turn'd I to my Guide,
 Who in my brow my spirit's blame descried :
 " Thou see'st " (he said) " the War²¹ of Good and Ill
 " In all things !—Heav'n's decree—and Change's, still.

* Hence the term "Armstrong and Whitworth Carnival;" the Evil Powers here taking credit to themselves as instigators of the New "Black Art" of facilitated Destruction.

"Bid hope, smile yet : Anon, to thee, I'll raise
 "A pow'r,²² than e'en those Engines mightier ! Cheer
 "Thy breast : when harm is worst—relief is near.
 "Still, shalt thou CHANGE's sway more blissful, praise ;
 "Where all this ill outweighs His meed of grace.
 "Not long, the Spoiler's boast ! There lives a Pow'r
 "That to the helot heart shall speak—nor vain :
 "And bid its shame, spontaneous, rend the chain.
 "The AVENGER—yet, he lives, the boon to show'r²³
 "Of blissful Change. Now—broods, his trial's hour."
 Such, was that fray were Treach'ry's malice wrought
 And wide Annihilation : The fell sway
 Of its shame-sullied Craft from Honor's day
 Wrested the meed which Valor best had sought,
 And still had proudest kindled Glory's thought.
 "Wreck of the brave ? Patriots ? What tho' o'ercast
 "Our day ? Yet know, 'Who *hopes* ; the harm *retrieves*.'"
 (O'er his strown bands, thus, still consoling, grieves
 The Chief.) "This struggle, ne'er shall be our last—
 "Freedom's fair Shrine but reels beneath the blast.
 "Yes ! We shall rise more strong ! Have I, untir'd,
 "Endur'd thus long—in vain ? whelm'd 'neath the sweep—
 "Like some vex'd bark, that fights the battling Deep ?
 "No ! deem not e'er the spark by Freedom fir'd
 "Shall wane—till gleam it o'er the goal desir'd."
 But joy'd the Bigot²⁴-world. It's guilt's carouse
 The Bufos back to Pride's high places calls.
 "Joy ! Joy !" The many²⁵-headed monster falls.
 "Like swimmer foil'd, the Chief he sinks." . . . Its brows
 Thus Insult decks ; and pours its ribald vows.
 One only bier they weep : mark, yonder grave—
 One simple Name suffices to proclaim
 Valor's and Genius' tale ; thy self-rais'd Name²⁶—
 Ergastes ! doom'd thy Country's fame to save ;
 E'en thy foe's mem'ry consecrates the brave.

Oft on that tomb their pride and sorrow gaz'd.

MEM'RY—fond tracing the life's meteor-span

Where shone he—said "Here lies, the Artisan :

"Whose inborn greatness, its possessor rais'd

"To his true sphere." So mourn'd they ; and so prais'd.

And some—their sorrows pour'd o'er patriot blood.

FIDALMA's grief saw from her durance' gloom"

Freedom's priz'd son, young Guiscard, dragg'd to doom.

"But where is He—the CHIEF ? the great, the good ?"

Thus, dubious, ask'd her fears, where pale she stood.

He lives : still, throbs his bosom for the free—

Guards its high hope : but, oh, delay'd how long

Thro' dark reverse's hour, the strife 'gainst Wrong ?

Fate drives him forth a Wand'rer—where, to flee ?

Or when, once more, Herself : and Glory see ?

THE VICTORIAD:

Book IX.

THE ANGEL IN THE PRISON.

"Then was there brought as prisoner to the King
A Ladye of great countenance and place."—(*Fairy Queens.*)

Argument:

GUISCARD is now seen a prisoner in Armageddon: he solaces his solitude by a farewell tribute to early home recollections (B. iii.), previously to his quitting his country to join Alastor. Being now under sentence of death—to which he was condemned by Bufo, Scylax, Malbecco, and others of Nicander's Council—he is suddenly rescued by Fidalma, who appears in his prison, and sets him free, with injunctions to seek out Alastor, with assurances of her constancy to the patriot Cause and Himself. Meantime, on her return from the prison, she is herself surprised, and carried before Nicander, who forgets the love he had hitherto expressed for her, and consigns her to a state prison, from which she had been temporarily released under the caprice of his favor. She is now to await the penalty due to her liberation of Guiscard. Her firmness of character shows itself in contrast with the pettiness of spirit of the fanatical and semi-barbarous King.

Guiscard's Farewell.

"Be this, long sever'd Friends! Life's last remembrance:
And take this parting reconciliation."—*Ch. Marlowe.*

I.

"If there are Names *once* taught the heart to melt,
Whose sound its chord's wak'd tenderness hath felt—
Tho', Those they mind us of, have prov'd unkind¹—
Yet, reconcil'd, our love hath o'er them dwelt
As quitting Life's vain war relents the Mind.

II.

" Upon its last long journey bent to stray,
 The heart to find Ye brushes time away,
 Friends of past years : Ye wake to me, as seen—
 Remember'd first,—ere chill'd my after-day
 The shadows cast your love and mine between.

III.

" Search ye my heart : the veins that hidden lie
 Of love, lay bare : blam'd, wrung ye forth its sigh :
 Tho' all forgot, the Exile speaks to Ye—
 (Forgot—or haply thought of vengefully,)
 Yet Reconciliation's sense, sooth'd bids him die.

IV.

" To take this last glance, ere the spirit fly
 On its wide wand'ring of Eternity,
 The heart turns to ye, sweetly painful mov'd—
 Ling'ring looks back—as parting lovingly—
 Yes : all forgetting, save—that once it lov'd."

And now night's shadows wrap yon dungeon-bound—
 Thine, Minstrel Youth ! where, yet, thy Spirit's flight
 Sought, with thy harp, a solace' drear delight ;
 Thy harp, that sham'd Truth's foes ! who, now, had found
 In Thee, the victim, best, their malice crown'd.

"Judgment upon his head ! judgment and death :
 "On Him—the mouthpiece of a rebel world,
 "That fain, our sway o'er Man, a wreck had hurl'd.
 "Strike ! stop the tuneful rebel's tell-tale breath—
 "And to the Minstrel's, add the Martyr's wreath."
 Such was the cry had pierc'd yon dungeon-maze
 Eager for doom upon its captive lone.
 Dim wakes his form 'neath ray that faintly shone
 'Thwart the dew-dripping stone-vault's murky haze ;
 While calm looks back his heart to by-gone days.
 "And what" (thus mus'd he) "draws on me their hate ?
 "Tis,—that I've dar'd to claim the Truth for Man !
 "Tis,—that I've battled 'gainst Delusion's plan
 "That hood-wink'd Reason—bade the Million wait
 "Upon a bloated Few—the Little Great !
 "Ah ! what is it, to seek Truth's sacred shrine ?
 "Alas ! to wander in the tiger's den :
 "To wake the hate—because the dread of Men.
 "Yet, ne'er of my high purpose² I repine,
 "Nor turn my eyes from that wish'd goal, divine.
 "I thought—how much of happiness was born
 "In Truth's pure Law, did not the wrong of man
 "Warp with the bane of Force and Fraud, the span.
 "And oh ! my pray'r still sought the dawning morn
 "Of Mind's New World³ to cheer Life's mists forlorn.
 "Thus taught the Dream whose ray Truth round me shed.
 "This was my Crime : at least a crime to 'YE,'
 "Traitors to God and Man ! . . . Is not Thought free ?
 "Your hate, why, wreak'd ye on *my* harmless head ?
 "Could Truth's plain tale arouse, so much your dread ?
 "Fair Visions deck'd that radiant path ! whose clue
 "Led me along thro' sweets no discord' jar
 "Wrack'd, of false Creeds⁴ or Persecution's war.
 "Faith met me there—not frowning,⁵ but to strew
 "Blossoms of charm—where health my spirit drew !

* "Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose."—(*Milton.*)

- "But oh ! stern vision'd wakes Atonement's* day :
 "O'er Earth's transfigur'd brow, in angry gleam,
 "Crowns,* Sceptres, headlong, on my startled dream
 "Fall in wide crash ! . . . Unscath'd, *one* purer ray
 "Shrines Albion's Queen and mine"—VICTORIA.
 "Yes ! Life hath been one struggle TRUTH for Thee :
 "For Thee, I've borne the hate of enemies—
 "For Thee, the storm of kindred jealousies—
 "Wrong and Mischance ;—so great,—they seem'd to me
 "More like some painful dream than true to be.
 "Yet still do I 'endure !' still solac'd, rise
 "Loath'd Bufo ! Scylax ! o'er *your* ribald jeer !
 "Rabid Malbecco,* o'er thy jealous sneer !
 "Your malice but incites pride's energies—
 "Strengthens the scorn your puny threat defies.
 "Had I the Voice* where woke the Angel' cry
 "O'er Armageddon, thro' the Future's gloom,
 "Speaking to Ages, yet unborn, of doom—
 "Then, had I hail'd a New World's majesty
 "In strain, not lost (o'er hearts like *yours*,) to die—
 "Blows struck on air !—And must the challenge fade,
 "Met by your chilling sneer, or scornful smile,
 "Or sordid taunt that knows but to revile ?—
 "Enough : The pledge Devotion ow'd¹⁰ is paid :
 "And at a Sov'reign's feet the tribute laid."
 So spoke the youth : harsh music to the ears
 Of those it met : while, thus, cried Bufo's wrath :
 "That trait'rous strain—it opes to Man the path
 "Of Reason for Our bane : dries up the tears
 "Twas Ours' to wake, in mortal doubts¹¹ and fears."
 "Gainst *Us* he speaks ;" (cried Scylax) "tears the veil
 "From Myst'ry's brow : What means 'Intelligence'
 "(He vaunts so high) but rebel insolence ?
 "Twas God's own law that bade the Many quail,
 "Trembling and bow'd, at Faith's and Myst'ry's¹² pale

"Is it not so? or why on Satan," blame
 "Jehovah pour'd? or on Prometheus, Jove?
 "Yes! Pow'r was delegated" from Above!
 "In desecrating *Us*—he wrongs God's name!
 "Down with the rebel—or, on *Us*, be shame!"

Thus cried the Sophistries of wrong and scorn;

While, now, those voices louder grew—more near

Pouring Death's menace on the Captive's ear.

When lo! What ray beams o'er his gloom forlorn?

By Whom?—what angel form,—the rescue borne?

As one, lone lost 'mid some drear wilderness,

If wake some nursling fair of desolation,—

Some flow'r,—it seems as tho' a consolation—

All lonely as himself—its sweets express!

So, now, woke that fair Presence' bounteousness.

For lo! he saw a radiant brow—all bright

E'en, as when on the Apostle Captive's view

Shone fair transform'd the dungeon's murky hue

Beneath the Angel Presence rob'd in light—

So, woke that form, on his surprise's sight.

'Twas thine, Fidalma. "Haste: Heav'n sets thee free:

"Haste; ere upon thee burst the coming tide

"Of eager Hate: . . . thy bolts are loos'd" (she cried)

"Haste: seek the Chief:—take him—my heart with thee.

"Haste: bid him live—for Freedom, Love, and Me."

Now, turn we from the dungeon gloom, to halls

Where sweeter than voluptuous melody

Pours on the Monarch's" ear the honied lie

Of Courtier guile. . . . Borne on the wild gale falls

Some Captive's plaint at fitful intervals

From yon drear" walls the golden lattice thro'—

But heeded not by pamper'd Selfishness:

"*'The world was made for Kings! and Kings to bless!'*"

Such pour'd the strain—deck'd life in roseate hue:

Flatt'ry finds Courts their "royal feelings" too!

Elate with Conquest's pride, the King his ear
 Too willing closes against Suff'ring's sense :
 Unwelcome as unbidden eloquence—
 Those plaints, but tedious grate on Joyance' sphere—
 "Thrice sweet" (he cried) "wert Thou, Fidalma, near !
 "Where, Thou, art *not*—the lay vain calls to bliss :
 "Tho' kingdoms fall—Heav'n, leave me, but Thy love !
 "I ask no dearer blessing from Above
 "Than to reign in *thy* heart, Fidalma ! This,
 "My dearest triumph—happiest empire is !
 "Bear her my heart ! for Her, pour rapture's song :
 "For Her, fill up Life's sparkling cup of sweets :
 "Tell her, a King, her charms a suppliant greets !
 "Bring her ! and with her, bring my heart : too long
 "She holds it from me—shows my faith a wrong."
 They haste : they seek her, eager !—'where' to find ? . . .
 They bring her—not, her beauty willing led
 In rose-starr'd wreaths with odours round her shed—
 But, pale, with the devotion of the Mind—
 Bent on high deeds. Where yon dark pathways wind—
 Those prison-vaults unbarr'd—they meet her trace—
 And all the truth interpret. . . "Foe to Thee,
 "Monarch ; those well-lov'd charms—a traitor's—see !
 "Say ? can her beauties shed o'er Crime a grace ?
 "Forget it, (can'st thou ?) gazing on her face ?"
 The Monarch ey'd her with distrust, that strove
 Still with his love : but ere the strife was o'er,—
 (Ere pride alarm'd, essay'd its blame to pour)—
 She took the tale of scorn up. "Hate or Love—
 "Alike to Me : I stand Thy sway above :
 "Condemn me, as thou wilt—lead me to death
 "Happier than life, with Thee—if it be bought
 "With forfeit of the free-born gift of Thought !"—
 "That, still (in chains—or dungeon gloom beneath)
 "Pours for the Patriot Cause its votive breath.

"Yes, King ! 'twas I the captive freed : the chain

"Unbound—that, yet, could fetter not the Mind !

"And oh ; the day shall come—nor far behind—

"Freedom, on happier wing shall soar again.

"I've said : deal (as ye list) your worst of pain."

THE VICTORIAD:

Book X.

EARTH, AIR, AND WAVE.

"Extra flammantia mensis mundi.

Mens ruit."—*Lucretius*.

Per mare per terras."—(*Ovid Met.*)

Argument:

THE Story at this stage, in taking advantage of the interruption of the conflict before Armageddon, now again reverts to the visionary agency heretofore introduced, in order to assist a comprehensive survey of the new and extended objects of the *Æra*, no less than to offer a contrast to scenes of conflict.

Accordingly, the Spirit of Change leads his mortal Votary on the imaginary track, in which, amongst other objects, illustrations are afforded of the Geological research of the day: continuing the subject (although in another branch) from the same topic illustrated in approaching the throne of Change in the opening of Book I. The different phases or revolutions of the Earth are contemplated, and also its next surmised Revolution, or "Fairy Future."

A return is then made by the Story, to its main action, and the fortunes of Alastor.

With Change's Spirit, on my Vision's¹ wing

Far from the fray, once more, in respite pure,

Breathing new life, from Passion's world secure,

Willing, I sooth'd awhile, the sorrowing

That found in those mock'd patriot hopes its spring.

"And is, then, Freedom's name a mock'ry's dream ?

"Is it, alone, 'mid *Nature's* blissful sphere,

"Our hearts beat free ?—alone, is Freedom *here* ?"

Such, wak'd my thoughts : when, now, their sadder stream

I fled, where led my brighten'd pathway's gleam.

Devotion's soul respir'd, glad unconfin'd

'Mid Worlds of light—magnificence of Space !

Earth shone a Star ! "And where" (I cried) "*Hell's* place ?"

When, smiling, said my Guide, "Pain's labyrinths wind

"Not here ; but in Man's heart—ah ! search the Mind !

"Where seek'st thou 'neath Earth's sod the menac'd Hell—

"Lo ! glads a Firmament's blue^s canopy

"(Spread above *other* radiant Spheres) thine eye !"

Thoughtful, I answer'd, "Spirit ! thou say'st well :

"In Conscience' fear, those vision'd terrors dwell."

"Love Truth !" (replied he) "and Faith's anchor sure

"Guard for the wav'ring spirit, 'mid the sea

"Of Doubt and Ills, that yawn its grave to be—

"To strengthen the Mind's wand'ring track obscure—

"Calm the heart's moil, and bid Content inure."

On ! touch'd^d we Earth once more : the wond'rous reign

Still to admire of Change ! thro' hidden ways—

The lurking holds of ELD's mysterious trace.

A giddy sense of wilderment my brain

O'ercame, and wrought a pleasurable pain.

"I pant to search the teeming womb of Time"

(I cried) "to ponder where new marvels rise,

"Ineffable, before the dazzled eyes—

"Where monster^s shapes from Earth's primæval slime

"Burst their long sleep to tell her tale sublime."

"Mark, then ! Earth shows thee tokens of High^s CAUSE—

"How works it, furtive, for dread Ends its way.

"Farewell we bid awhile the realms of day'—

"To read in Earth's dark volume Change's Laws."

He said : while op'd the cliff its rugged jaws.

And pass'd we, thro' the rock-breast, trac'd, our way,—

All dark and tortuous as a wily brain,—

It's fissures black, the dank dew's trickling stain,
Gleaming beneath the Spirit's angel ray,

Whose form no shadow^a cast, like grosser clay,

Now, to my sight delighted, woke a maze

Crystalline^a sparkling 'neath the glancing ray

Pour'd where those Angel pinions radiant play.

The cold rock seem'd to warm beneath the blaze,

And op'd spontaneous to my wond'ring gaze

To yield the Spirit way on either side ! . . .

Now, likest diamond rocks, the rugged spar

I view'd, that glitt'ring shone in many a star.

Now, rainbow dyes illumin'd arches wide,

Like flow'rs, that gem some Arc's triumphal pride.

"Read here, the Book sublime, as fair, of CHANGE.

"Read here, His¹⁰ name emblazon'd in those hues":

"For ever varying, here, His might peruse—

"Works, shap'd thro' long revolving Ages' range—

"Thro' creeping time, but sure—and dread as strange.

"God left his dread handwriting on the wall

"Of Nature's fane—the secrets of his Art—

"By which he bade to Life¹¹ her wonders start

"Had Man but wit to read. List to the call

"Of Nature's voice thro' the terrestrial ball !

"What fair Vicissitude ! from barren shell¹²

"Lay'r upon lay'r thro' many a ling'ring Age

"(By turns, the sport of fire,¹³ or water's rage.)

"Forms, in their dross decay'd, Earth's fabric swell—

"And here, at least, shap'd haunts where Faes might dwell !"

He said : and my surprise still led to roam

Along the Labyrinth, where Time's varying dyes

New page¹⁴ on page illumin'd to our eyes

In its vast Book ! now, fair—the Fancy's home

Of sportive Elves ;—now stern—the haunt of Gnome¹⁴

Here, vast as grim, a sable cavern scowl'd
 Whose sides the fibres¹⁷ curious interlac'd,
 Wherein the growth of forest trunks I trac'd—
 And is it *so*? here, once,¹⁸ the tiger prowl'd,
 'Mid giant woods? hyænas rabid howl'd?
 See! thro' the fissure, where we caught the sky—
 Thro' the blue glimpse, shone fair on us a star
 Detecting us in those dark caves afar.
 It seem'd to ask the tale of years gone by—
 What scenes *once*¹⁹ glow'd, where lurk those caverns shy?
 Oh, Earth! thou toy for Change to mould anew,
 As lists his wayward will and various course!
 Vague, now, He stems the raging billows' force
 Back hurl'd: while, fair transform'd the waste, to view
 Shows cities bright, and realms of blossom'd hue.
 Weary, anon, of this new fashion's guise—
 Again, he bids the Ocean-torrent pour,
 Reclaim the Solitude it held of yore!
 Faint and more faint the flow'r-gemm'd maze it dies—
 City and mead—away! the Vision flies.²⁰
 And, now, a hideous yell distracts the ear. . . .
 To it's foundations shook the quiv'ring rock:
 While waking dread, the wilder'd senses mock
 Vast²¹ shapes, Earth knows not *now*! their forms of fear,
 Rose forth, and burst their stony sleep and drear.
 "Fear not! 'tis but a lost Creation's pride—
 "Vision'd to show thee Change's work: Again
 "The rock-bonds, lo! their shrinking bulk restrain."
 He said: as clos'd on them the caverns' side,
 While thro' the vaults those fearful echoes died.
 "Well may'st thou shudder! ne'er could *human*²² life
 "Have found its home upon a world, where *these*
 "The tenants roam'd! Albeit—Want, Disease—
 "Life's Cares—slay scarce less wide, in pain and strife—
 "Than *They*, in all their monster slaughter, rife!

"Each Birth fit sphere for it's Existence found
 "With sustenance agreeing²² : Each in turn
 "(As, Time, revolving, shook Creation's urn)
 "New shapes forth-pour'd, in still enduring round—
 "Shell, Monster, Ape,²⁴—till, now, Man sways the bound."
 "And when *in turn* shall Man be swept away?"
 (Eager I ask'd) "Shall some *new*²⁵ race arise
 "Improv'd, in Change's wak'd varieties?
 "Some better, purer Birth—beneath a day
 "More fair, and *fitting* higher births than clay?"
 I said : when sudden rose a murmur's strain
 Of melodies far sounding thro' the caves
 All indistinct—like distant swell of waves.
 Wond'ring I bent to catch, with pleasing pain,
 The mystic²⁶ FUTURE's Voice—nor bent in vain.
 It told—how, waking from the wat'ry slime,
 Bloom'd a New World, where, 'mid the gem-starr'd bow'rs,
 Beings—of organs, simpler²⁷ fram'd than ours,—
 Nor wrack'd with sordid Appetite or Crime,—
 Of purer Essence, liv'd the blissful time!
 Till, fades it, now,—on its harmonious clue
 That had my Spirit led thro' fairy ways
 Of scenes and forms, where, spell-bound, dream'd my gaze.
 The charm dissolv'd—again rose back to view
 Earth's "real" world—with marvels, yet, still "new."
 "But, ere we scan them" (said my Guide), "the Chief
 "Well-lov'd—ALASTOR²⁸—let us seek : his trace
 "Jealous watch o'er,—where cheers it Glory's race.
 "For still Hope whispers solace for his grief—
 "'Reverse's²⁹ day, tho' bitter, shall be brief.'
 "Yes, Chief! thou still may'st smile! thy Destinies
 "(Tho' check'd, awhile, their fateful Venture's course)
 "Still, mystic urge their under-current's³⁰ force—
 "'Again to wake to light!' Hope's fount ne'er dies;
 "Still, streak'd by gleams that pierce its shrouding skies.

✱

"Still hovers a blest Genius round thy soul ;
 " With mystic whisp'rings, animates its Dream
 " To urge the Way" of Will's unmaster'd stream
" Watching thy steps—above thine" own control
" Fate's nursling Thou ! While CHANGE shapes out thy goal."

End of Part I.

Æ Eubog.¹

**TO THE SPIRIT OF CHANGE
AND THE NEW ARTHUR.**

"The world, 'tis thy realm, Mutabilitie."—(*Fairy Queens.*)

"Victorious in fair Albion's right."—(*Sir Walter Raleigh to Spencer.*)

Glory to Thee, blest Pow'r of CHANGE ! Thus far
The blow is struck at the ungodly root
Of Life's foul Upas and its poison fruit.
Oh ! may'st thou crown (despite reverse's bar)
Thy sacred Cause and His, who wields it's war.
And who is He,² the Welcome One ? whose Name
Its mystic veil³ o'erhangs ? It lives defin'd,
His Spirit,—in Opinion's public Mind :
His kindred ? 'tis a World—wide as his fame :
Man's heart—his Country's, and his own—the same.
In Him, the Virtues of his Nation⁴ speak :
The daring breast : the soul for ever warm
'Gainst Fraud's and Force's guilty licens'd harm.
Still watchful, on the Wrong its doom to wreak,
And wrest ATONEMENT, for the crush'd and weak.
We hail Thee, HERALD blest of happy Change—
Dreams taking life in this Victorian Day—
It's Mind's new light,—to scare the ills away—
Phantoms uncouth—an "Old Word's" banish'd range :
While Youth and Age praise all, and new and strange.

And speak They sooth, who say, the sun-light shines
 To own "Nought New?" Change yet, with magic hue,
 Shows, in new guise, old^o Essences to view.
 Search'd Ægypt's Lore so deep in Science' mines?
 Her guerdon's boast, Our Day exalts, refines.
 CHANGE! Man is thy "Chameleon-toy!" to wake
 Still in new shapes as vague thy light hath play'd:
 How shifts it, the "time-server's" supple trade:
 How diff'rent from himself, new fortunes make:
 What wayward guise Caprice and Fashion take.
 Each man, shows in himself, Thy Mystery!
 Himself,—one change: as years steal furtive on,
 His fair flesh crusts to bone:^s Youth, Beauty, gone:
 The same, and not the same: now grub, now fly:
 Now seed, now plant—to Dust's Eternity.
 Transform'd, the shadow, now, of what he was—
 Flying into philosophy from Self;
 Forgetting Care, in greed of pow'r or pelf;
 Humbled he turns from the truth-telling glass
 And its despair: Despair's Self, soon to pass!
 Man, thy machine—urged on Life's creaking wheels
 (Bread-cramm'd, for its Material Succour's stay)
 To keep up mortal moil—but for Decay!
 Abasing thought! which the One Promise heals
 Of that Great Change, stamp'd 'neath th' Eternal Seals.
 THOU, sacred ARTHUR! if thy Spirit deign,
 True to the call inspir'd of Wizard Lay,
 To live^e again, and wake a New World's day.
 Man owns it *now*—yes! in Mind's^e conq'ring reign,
 Where the new life-blood warms an Old World's vein.

* On the one hand we see the Century of Inventions, and the chapter of Discovery from Bacon to Newton, and later to Arkwright and Stephenson, and others. "*On a change tout ça.*" On the other hand, Monr. Fournier says there is nothing "new under the sun;" we can only recognise in the world an "old friend with a new face." Indeed man was always the same animal.

If Sacred harps have echo'd thro' Time's gloom—
Of Judgment's¹⁰ tempest sweeping o'er "the Isles"—
Answers them yet, a Lay;¹¹ and solemn guiles
The island-heart to bless it's Guardian's¹² tomb,
Where mystic haunts HIS SHADE—and thwarts the doom.

THE VICTORIAD;

OR, THE NEW WORLD.

Part II.

"The Spirit of Change swayeth all things;

"Truth alone is immutable."—(*Bacon.*)

TO
THE MEMORY
OF
WASHINGTON,
THE
FOUNDER OF A NEW WORLD,
THESE PAGES,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF A SOCIAL MORAL
TAUGHT IN HIS OWN EXAMPLE,
ARE INSCRIBED.

"His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani

"Munere."—(*Virg.*)

THE VICTORIAD:

PART II.

Book II.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

"So he sung:

As he with Arthur on adventure went."—(*Fairy Queen*.)

Argument:

ALASTOR having been joined by Guiscard, who had been commissioned by Fidalma to seek him out, proceeds with his companion across the Atlantic in order to procure succour from the American Republic for the renewal of the struggle against Nicander. Guiscard occupies the passage with his minstrelsy, and amongst other legends relates that of the "*Lost Son*," illustrative of the fate of the Steam-Ship "*President*," in 1842. Address to America and the Shades of her Patriots: tribute to Washington: the Slave and the "*Vindicator*." Return to Europe with reinforcements.

Snatch'd by the Pow'r,¹ before which, dwindled stands,

E'en Man, th' Artificer; which, bridge-like, spans,

Now, the Atlantic deep, with monster fans

Sweeping the surge—the CHIEF, from helot² strands

Speeds to seek Freedom's home and happier lands.

Speeds GUISCARD, too, tried comrade³ of his way,

And, now, beguil'd the hour with tuneful tale:

List: blends with murmur of yon billows pale

Its strain; to soothe, lov'd Chief, thy musings' sway,

That to Fidalma turn'd and suff'rings day.

N

The Lost Son :

A SECRET OF THE DEEP.*

I.

" Say ! Genii of the tempest wave,
 Where met the fated bark, a grave ?
 For not a wreck nor spar were seen,
 To speak, that such a thing had been !
 A Mother saw her son depart—
 That bark took with him, too—her heart.
 Where lies that bark ? Where sleeps her Child ?
 Dark secret of those waters wild."

II.

" What phantom, flitting, gleams to sight,
 Dim hov'ring thro' the misty light ?
 From the far shore,⁵ in murmurs drear,
 While meets a Mother's voice the ear—
 'Come, lov'd one, come ! thro' live-long days ;
 'Vain seeks thy long'd return my gaze !
 'Where, Spirit of the deep ! my Child ? . .
 'Dark secret of thy waters wild !'"

III.

" Yes ! those weird sounds the wave float o'er—
 Sorrows, She still was wont to pour—
 Sitting long days on the lone shore,
 Waiting her Child's return, once more :
 Gazing the watery waste upon,
 Chill as a form of sculptur'd stone :
 Till Death crept o'er her dream of pain,
 And guides her—to her Child again !
 Where haunts her Shade ? Where sleeps her Child ?
 Dark secret of those waters wild."*

* Acknowledgments are due to Mr. H. RUSSELL, the eminent Transatlantic Song composer, for his approval of these lines, with a view to music.—Ed.

Such the chill Visions o'er those waters start
 Where broods that Legend's saddest mystery :
 When, now, as fade the mournful Phantoms by—
 Sudden, the notes a prouder theme impart
 As wake yon shores to joy the Patriot heart.
 "Primæval* woods ! where, yet, no harp hath hung
 "Save One—the Spirit of the blast hath swept !
 "Primæval rocks ! whose startled echoes leapt
 "From pristine Silence, as Creation's tongue
 "Its mystic lay o'er Night and Chaos sung—
 "Is it ? 'o'er your vast theatre, expand
 "Men's thoughts, with mightier lessons for Mankind ?
 "Is it ? your giant scope informs the mind
 "That Man—'mid scenes where Nature all is grand—
 "Like HER,' should great, too, and exalted stand ?
 "A voice wakes o'er yon dread Atlantic wave—
 "A voice (My heart ! it echoes back thine own !)
 "*'Men ! be yourselves ! and crush Prescription's throne !'*
 "Thy Voice, AMERICA ! the free, the brave,
 "Speak it : it calls from out the Patriot's grave !"
 So sung the Bard : while on the wish'd-for shore
 Now, stood the patriot Chief ; and proudly gaz'd
 Sooth'd o'er the scenes, that kindred visions rais'd
 Of Freedom's battles fought : Her Champions o'er
 (High thoughts ! proud deeds !) 'twas rapture still to pore.
 Anon,—he told of his Reverse' dark hour—
 From patriot lids the gen'rous tear-drop wrung,
 Where eager on his lips the list'ners hung—
 And willing hearts the bounteous succour show'r :—
 Arms—gold—and "Brother-love,"* for Freedom, pour.
 Proud Land ! what Visions, 'mid thee, o'er him shone !
 Thine, honor'd* Sage ! thine, proud as dauntless, Lee !
 (Alas ! could Envy mar the soul¹⁰ in Thee ?)
 Thine, Vindicator keen of Reason's¹¹ throne :
 Vict'ry is sure, when Minds, like yours', are One !

"Alas! ye Kings of Show! how less than Man
 "Are *Ye!* vain 'Alexander'd up' in State!
 "Ye Ceremonial's toys: ye little Great!
 "Oh, joy, to contemplate, *true* greatness' plan
 "In the Free Spirit—large as Heav'n's own span." . . .
 He said: when lo! a cloud the vision fair
 Deforms! for, mark, with accents wild of pain
 Ran *One*; and cried, as shook he Slav'ry's^m chain,
 "And art thou come, AVENGER? to declare
 "Aid too, to Afric's Sons? Is life thy care—
 "Wide Life around? yet, is the Black forgot?" . . .
 He said; and hurried past, as tho' in fear
 Lest should his plaint meet the Tormentor's ear
 And bring new vengeance on him. "Social blot!"
 (Th' Avenger cried) "By Me, forgotten not!
 "By Me, unheeded never! till the stain
 "Be swept away from Life^m—from Civil weal:
 "Till Man shall for his sable Brother feel.
 "Blacker is *he* whose wrong inflicts the bane—
 "Than thou spurn'd Negro, writhing 'neath the chain.
 "Oh! Freedom"^m (cried he), "rank, as besutecous, plant!
 "That deck'st a State, as ivy-sprays adorn
 "The wall, that by their growth too rampant, torn—
 "Soon the wreck'd pile its Ruin's shadows haunt!
 "So—*thy* too rude luxuriance mars thy vaunt!
 "Fair brow! what mask deforms thee? those chaste eyes
 "Lose their mild awe in Self-will's stubborn glare!
 "Thy voice speaks not to cheer—but savage, dare!
 "In anarchy the Fury passions rise—
 "Some Despot quells the bane—but Freedom dies."
 But brighter scenes invite! Proud Visions rise
 Where on yon crag, by swift Potówinac's flood,
 O'erlooking far the vale, a Warrior^m stood,
 While Patriot rapture glisten'd in his eyes—
 FREEDOM! where on the gale Thy pennon flies.

And, whose, that Shade of Freedom's noblest Son ?
 His mind—the shrine of Pride and Truth ? the Law
 Obey'd by Man's spontaneous love and awe ? . . .
 With every grace from its blest fountain won
 Heav'n deck'd that Soul : and Men nam'd—WASHINGTON.
 And, now, th' Avenger parts : War's stern alarms
 Once more to sound. And oft his doubt, his fear,
 Turn'd to Fidalma—constant thought as dear !
 Back speeds he ! pictures all her captive harms—
 Away ! for Her's, for Freedom's Cause—to Arms !

THE VICTORIAD:

Book III.

THE FOURTH ESTATE;

OR, THE REVOLT OF ARMAGEDDON.

“They view’d with great compassion
Her beauties’ wrong. Ah! my long lacked lord, where have ye been,
So long fro’ me?”

“Villain, that ladye is my deare . . . So yield her up :
And dye.”—(*Fairy Queen.*)

Argument :

THE Story, proceeding now to memorialize the Revolution of the helot population against Nicander, pays a tribute to the force of Public Opinion, as wielded by the FOURTH ESTATE, or PRESS, of England,—through whose appeals this result has been accomplished. The auspices of the Spirit of Change are acknowledged (as heretofore) by his Votary in effecting this happy event. It has been further accelerated by the public indignation aroused at the sentence of “death by the Lash or Knout,” passed (according to the Code of States, such as Nicander’s, and recently that of Naples) on Fidalma for her rescue of Guiscard, a State-prisoner, as heretofore related (B. ix.). She is on the point of undergoing this award, when she is rescued by Alastor, who returns with his patriot subsidies, joined, now, by the revolted subjects of Nicander, and receives the self-surrender of Armageddon. Rejoicings on the event of the new Freedom, more fully to be memorialized in the succeeding Book. Guiscard’s “Lay” or “Vision” of the “Flight of Corruption.”

In this Book is illustrated the most important Moral of the Age : namely,—the superiority of Moral over Physical power : and which has been recently exemplified in the self-surrender of Naples to a Garibaldi, under the agency of the Public Opinion of Europe, strikingly confirming the events here of the Story.

Is there a bane that silent lurks unseen ?

Is there a Wrong that, helpless, asks redress ?

Say ! whence the Light, shall cheer its abjectness ?

From License' riot sweep the guilty screen ?

Guard Truth's pure Shrine in spotless lustre's sheen ?

England ! that Light's blest fountain pours—Thy PRESS.

No despotism's forc'd¹ tools, the bane infuse

Of hireling taint to dim its purer hues—

Tools, loath'd e'en by themselves in consciousness

Of Light they sully, foul forbid to bless !

Malbecco !² still, thy sordid boast hath been

To flatter Pow'r's worst arts of Fraud and Force :

Oft hath thy scorn of Reason or Remorse

Joy'd to wake stings in spirits pure ; unseen

The source, whence aim'd its shafts, thy baser spleen.

Cato ! pure soul, as proud ! hear—and disown

Thy "brother's Censor's" strain ! "*Guile ?—'tis Life's 'rule' !*"

"*And Speech ? but thought's disguise :—save in the fool.*"

Should Truth's sway Earth ; see Life's best game undone."

Malbecco, cease ! brief hour, thy Craft³—'tis gone.

England ! from Thee the Vindication sprung :

Thy FOURTH ESTATE Opinion's⁴ War hath fought—

Stronger than Arms, its utt'rance stern of Thought.

Wrong's seat, a wreck—Mind's lightning-bolts have flung !

Yes ! the crush'd Nations found in Théa a tongue.

The doom of sceptred Barbarism it spoke ;

Tho' sounding from afar, yet speaking near,

Pouring stern truths on His—th' Insulter's⁵ ear—

Shaking his throne—till Serfdom's world the yoke

Of its crown'd Task-master, regen'rate, broke.

"Blest Pow'r of Change," I cried, "not wond'rous more

"In all thy mystic workings—o'er the face

"Of various Nature's sea and mountain' maze,

"Than in thy spell the Soul⁶ of Darkness o'er—

Now felt, above War's strength, or cannon's roar.

"For,—while Alastor's venture o'er the main
 "Snatch'd him to win dear aid of Patriot States—
 "Thy mystic workings, secret, sway'd the fates
 "Of Freedom's day o'ercast,—Man's votive^a strain
 "To bless ! that sued thy Throne, nor sued in vain."
 What cry awakes ? "*The lash^b for brutes—but, oh !*
 "*What wrong dare whisper it—for Woman's shame ?*"
 Strength's law abus'd, and manhood's sullied name !
 Lives there a sway, that wears the Social show
 (Must Truth, must Scorn avow it ?) dooms the blow ?
 Stern solace yet : the Judgment shall return
 On its shame-sullied source : the storm e'en now,
 Fidalma's Sentencer ! o'erhangs thy brow !
 Can mock'd Self-Love the Vows^c that late could burn
 For the fair Traitor, all so sudden spurn ?
 Princes, or lowlier birth—Men—Passions' slaves !
 Your petty Pride's rous'd smart, still to *the death*
 Pursues its game.^e Life's forfeit—for a breath
 That your vain Will (crime's, lust's, or folly's,) braves !
 And now—no wak'd remorse the lov'd One saves.
 The woman-lasher, "*MASTIX*," base-renown'd,
 Sham'd Hapsburg's State, in sordid savagery :
 In Mescheck's clime full oft the female cry,
 'Neath the Knout's fang the clam'rous drum hath drown'd :
 And now, again, that plaint an echo found.
 "Past shames !" (thus said my Guide) "your bane to sight
 "CHANGE fain holds up, of a New Mental Day,
 "From life's foul stain, that, loathing turns away !"
 Rack, gibbet, knout—e'en Naples dungeon' night
 Scatter'd (blest hour !) beneath the Patriot^d light.
 Sardinia ! hath a Wolf sprung on thy fold ?
 Snatch'd the twin lambs priz'd tend'rest of thy flock ?
 Console thee ! baffled shall he rue the mock !
 Lo ! the world's Shepherds watch his plunder's hold.
 The "End"—is it "begun ?"† Be cheer'd ! be bold !

^a Italian, Russian, and Spanish Memoirs are replete with examples of this excess.

† See note at end of Book xii.

"Alas!" (I said) "See Man from Nature's¹² hand,
 "Take boons the loveliest (o'er her charm's expanse
 "Where hearts should still win rapture from her glance)
 "But to deform them! and imprint the brand
 "Of guilty taint on all—fair, rich, or grand!"
 Such, Italy, is thy lamented tale!

Thy doom's forlornness and thy pride's decay!
 When, shall be swept from thy fair brow away
 The stain? the discord hush'd o'er crag and vale
 That wrongs thy smiling skies, and balm-breath'd gale?
 Fidalma's scorn had wrung the less than man

But more than foe—that, now, in shame's despite
 The mock'd Self-love, that smarted 'neath her slight,
 Heal'd in her sentenc'd Treason! But life's ban,
 Loud dooms, Self-will! thy sceptred frenzy's span.
 Mark her—'mid her dark hour's indignities—

How carries she¹⁴ all hearts with her along;
 Their grief, their shame, feel Her's—and Virtue's wrong.
 Not all her charms enhanc'd by suffering's guise,
 So sway'd, as Shame, those wide-wak'd sympathies.
 Yet love might gaze forgiv'n! the golden hair

Straying, like sun-rays, shrin'd her snow-white breast,
 To which the Sacred Emblem-Cross was prest.

A tear's devotion silent dimm'd the fair
 Pale cheek—and spoke the spirit's inward pray'r.
 Calm waiting death; uprais'd to heav'n her eyes;

Into her own pure heart the Patriot Maid,
 Constant in spirit, look'd, nor vain, for aid:
 Solac'd, the thought (ere life's vex'd struggle flies),
 That, for the cause She lov'd,—resolv'd, She dies.

A voice escapes her—'tis Alastor's name;—
 Faithful¹⁵ in death, its Truth her bosom sway'd:

Devotion's light divine, around her play'd.
 Sweet looks! blest accents! all conspir'd the flame
 To fan, where every breast resents her shame.

But *Who* her doom arrests? that uprais'd hand
 Of public torture o'er her, *Who* shall stay—
 Its shame to life and power? *Who* wrests away
 'The death-fraught thong? which e'en the helot band
 That quails at the wak'd whisper of command
 Now rose against . . . And She—"Alastor? where
 "Tarriest thou" too long? thou Spirit dear
 "To Suffering's cause?" (thus pray'd She) "*wert Thou near*"—
 A sudden cry her accents drown'd, to cheer
 All hearts—as Her's. "*He hastes—the Rescuer e'er!*
 "'Tis He." . . . Lo! instant through the yielding throng
 Speeds One: his eager brand hath dealt the blow,
 Yon wretched tool of loathly pow'r laid low—
 Instant, 'tis spurn'd to earth the torture's thong—
 Clasp'd to his heart the lovely thrall of wrong.
 "*Glory to thee Avenger!*" Loud the cry
 Burst, of those throngs that with one spirit glow!
 All are Avengers* of Life's outrage now—
 "Down with thee! down! from Insult's throne on high
 "'Tis thine own slaves now hurl thee! Sink, and die!
 "Can we be men, thy shames to bear so long?"
 Thus pour'd the menace' cry, thro' those scar'd halls
 Of guilty State, where, now, its minion falls—
 NICANDER :—gen'rous yet, the Chief, as strong,
 Spar'd him the life, HE made his sport so long.
 And were there *none* around that fallen one—
 None, 'mid that favor'd venal Courtier throng
 That pour'd so late its Adulation's* song—
 To aid him? shield Indulgence' tott'ring throne?
 Of all the Monarch paid and pamper'd?—None.
 His fall—'tis Earth's rejoicing sign* amain!
 The City yields: and Freedom's wid'ning bound
 Spreads, as on lake-brow stirr'd, its circles round.
 Glad breaks a ray o'er Poland's* languid plain,
 And the dimm'd Crescent brighter beams again.

* The most eloquent "*Sign of the Times.*"

And hearts were glad thro' Stamboul's glitt'ring halls,
 And the lights blaz'd o'er minaret and mosque;
 And thro' the harem bowers and gay kiosk.
 Where *now* the dream that o'er its scatter'd walls
 Saw Rome²² reviv'd? a bubble burst—it falls.
 "Cæsars have play'd the demigods on Earth
 " Their prowess conquer'd : but a pigmy race
 " Have ap'd the style and put on Cæsar's face
 " As Thou :—thy barren sway o'er life's lorn hearth"—
 (Thus sham'd the Chief yon captive King) " was dearth !
 " Like fabled 'gryphon' of some lonesome fen"
 " Breathing contagion on the murky air
 " Where Life's wide havoc speaks his deadly lair—
 " So Thou—destroyer of man's hopes and men—
 " Thy empire mad'st one desolation's den.
 " Oh ! well 'twere scann'd Intelligence, Thy Star !
 " Its fateful Portent o'er the Social Sky
 " Where the State Pilot heedful turns his eye,
 " Steers by its Sign the bark, from shoals afar
 " To Freedom's strand, that mocks the tempest' war.
 " Ye despots ! not in gun or barricade
 " Is your true strength : but in the unbought hearts
 " (Have I not said ?²³) of Men, above the arts
 " Of Fraud's and Force's slave-compelling trade !
 " Against yourselves ye draw the lawless²⁴ blade.
 " Lo ! Manhood's heart wide beats with Me !" . . Thus cried
 The Chief ; and as his clarion pour'd its strain,
 Swift at the call, throng'd round the patriot²⁵ train
 Those, too, his foes erewhile,—now, by his side
 With swelling heart he view'd, and gen'rous pride.
 Long the poor hireling Serf had scorn'd to turn
 The sword 'gainst breasts that call'd—to Freedom's day.
 The guilty Pow'r—'twas virtue²⁶ to betray !
 The Helot rous'd to Manhood, dar'd to spurn
 The bond unblest, and with new ardor burn.

Siberia!²⁰ in thy wastes forlorn and drear

Were hearts that droop in thee forgotten? No!

"Speed!" (cried the chief) "and raise the sorrowing brow—

"Strike off the chain of bondage! dry the tear—

"And bid the captive share Life's gladness, here—

"*Some*²¹ are there dear to us." . . . Wide spreads around

The sea of snows—'mid yon drear wilderness,

Whose one sad voice was human plaint's distress,

There—bows a form²² its chain ignoble bound

In sullen stupor of his sorrows drown'd:

"Rise! if its light once more around thee shed

"Fair Freedom's hour! Th' AVENGER breaks the chain

"And calls thee back to life and light again!" . . .

No answer meets that Welcome! . . . He was dead—

Hope's dream too long deferr'd—his spirit fled.

Oh! glad those tidings met the startled ear

Of throngs that mourn'd the living death around

Where wide that wilderness of sorrow frown'd.

"'Tis past, with Pow'rs abuse—your shame your fear!"^{*}

Such spoke the words those grief-numb'd hearts to cheer.

And where are now the Bufos?²³ scar'd swept by?

Hireling Malbeccos? Priests of Scylax' hue—

Fraud's sty—that cried on God, they never knew? . . .

Upon their names Oblivion's shadows lie—

Or if remember'd—but for Infamy.

Well might the Minstrel Youth²⁴ their doom hail dear!

Pleas'd Fancy hears of Ancient²⁵ Wrong the knell

As o'er a wreck the sounding surges' swell;

And thus he sung Corruption's foil'd career

As fled its imag'd shadows—lost for e'er.

* Such were the words constantly heard by the editor at Milan, in 1859, and Naples, 1860.

Vision
OF
THE FLIGHT OF CORRUPTION.

"Lethæum ad fluvium Deus evocat agmine magno."—(*Æn.* vi., 749.)

I.

"I see th' Insulter's world sweep scatter'd by—
 "Those pale brows (as they glance back in the flight
 "Before th' Avenger) seem, as thro' wan night
 "The sick moon's glimpses. *There*, loath'd meet the eye
 "Mock-patriots, tools that liv'd by Flatt'ry's lie.

II.

"Of varied infamy they bear the scars—
 "Sland'rers, in their obscurity secure—
 "Slaves, who sold Conscience for Promotion's lure :
 "Weak renegades, whose after²² treach'ry mars
 "A past good name—from Virtue's sky fall'n stars !

III.

"Tricksters, that vain essay a healthful fame,
 "With apish gesture court the public eye,
 "And soothe them in a base celebrity.²³
 "Hist'ry disdains to stain her with their name,
 "And buries in forgetfulness their shame.

IV.

"Dark yawns the Vision'd Gulf where sinks that host ;
 "'Neath it, a sable flood uncheer'd by light
 "Rolls sluggish past, as fade they thro' the night—
 "That flood, 'tis called—Oblivion ! headlong tost
 "In the dark torrent—names and mem'ries lost."

AVVISI A' L. LETTORE.—Si può predire la restituzione futura di Savoia, e sorella sua Nicenense. L'Europa si affida, e si lega. Una concessione sforzata sarà sempre sospetta, e meno stabile. S'intende meno la "voce" di Sardinia, che la "sotto-voce" imperiale di Francia. (p. 96.)

"Turno tempus erit magno cum optaverit emptum
 "Intactum Pallanta."—*Æn.*

Rod. di Bivarra.

C'est avec regret, que je me trouve allié à la justice, et convaincu sous la force, de ces sentiments.—*Jules Éveline.*

THE VICTORIAD:

Book XIII.

ALASTOR IN ARMAGEDDON;
OR, FREEDOM'S JUBILEE AND HELOT SATURNALIA.

"Whenas they did Arthure view
"They much admir'd his goodness, guise, and hue,
"And round him came."—(*Fairy Queene.*)

Argument:

THE Jubilee of the city of Armageddon, at its emancipation from the yoke of Nicander and his evil counsellors of fanaticism and serfdom, is now celebrated. Ovation of the citizens, who open their gates to Alastor, as the vindicator of social welfare and liberty, and afford him a triumphal entry. His contemplations on the scenes around him, illustrative of the social characteristics of the Age. The extremes reconciled of its apparently inconsistent features, of an intense pursuit of Pleasure or Indulgence, on the one hand, and of Speculation, Scientific Research, and Intellectual Progress, on the other. The "round of Pleasure:" Railway, Carnival, and Serenade Melodies. Money, no less than Knowledge, is Power. London and Paris reflected in Armageddon (see Intr. Rem.). Pictures of diseased joy of those who found themselves unexpectedly liberated from their past bondage and persecution, and the Moral they exhibit to the forbearance of Alastor. [The scenes described have received striking confirmation in the instance of Naples, in its emancipation under a Garibaldi, 1860.]

"Open your gates and let the Victor in!

"Open your gates,¹ nor open less your hearts,

"And bid him Come!" . . . Such the glad welcome starts
Greeting the CHIEF, amid the revel's din
Of life, releas'd from Shame's and Slav'ry's sin.

Oh, proud he smil'd, her sweep where willing yields
 Yon City : hush'd her deadly engines' might ;
 Nor more the trumpet's call provokes the fight.
 Concord's bland spirit reigns ; and better shields
 Life's weal, than can a thousand battle fields.
 " Open your gates ! glad ope for him the way—
 " For Him, that Freedom's sacred falchion drew
 " And at our feet the blade devoted* threw
 " Done the high task ! for Him, that in Self-sway
 " The proudest conquest won of glory's day.
 " Blessings on Thee, ALASTOR ! Greater yet
 " Art Thou, than if thy triumph's pride look'd down
 " Where shrunk, like quarry tam'd, the crouching town :
 " For Man, for Us—thyself thou could'st forget—
 " And in our hearts' best shrine thy Name be set.
 " Away with cypress dark, and willow blank—
 " Its wild leaves streaming like dishévell'd hair
 " Speaking forlornness. Give me wreaths more fair !
 " Myrtle and jasmine, sought o'er sunlit bank,
 " Far from the vale of desolation* dank.
 " Give flow'rs ! boon Nature's birth of ev'ry hue !
 " Rose, pansy, lily of the sweet Vale tells—
 " And chimes glad May in, with its silver bells :
 " Fav'rites, their yearly visit that renew,
 " Smile in Her parent face—and fade from view.
 " For, now, my heart too, greets their charm to smile,
 " Owning a joy in life ! a soulless thing
 " No more : the thrall of a clay-idol King—
 " A vice° of Pow'r. Transform'd 'neath Change's guile,
 " ALASTOR wakes the Soul that slept erewhile."
 Thus spoke Life's happy heart ! the whirling mass
 Swept round the Chief—who smil'd o'er revel's ray,
 Like motes in sun-beams where the myriads play :
 Well pleas'd, he mark'd those motley mazes pass,
 As figures swept across the mimic glass.

* " A Vice of Kings."—*Hamlet*.

And, ever and anon, a note floats by—

"Speed, Speed, the reckless Spirit of the Time!

"Wide give a loose to Joy; and Care be Crime!"

At intervals its festive melody,

Now wak'd, now lost, as drowns loud Mirth its sigh.

But WHO, where droops the wounded Soldier's bed,

(Shut from Joy's maze) devoted seeks to pour

Balm for his frame, or spirit's keener sore?

FIDALMA! thy *own* pain forgot—thou'rt led

An Angel ministrant that balm to shed.

Upon the soft gale floats the orange^s breath,

With tales of myrtle-bow'rs, in their sweet sigh

Solacing pain: while on the sooth'd heart die,

Thy strains, Night's^s warbler! o'er thy Rose' lov'd wreath—

Sweet gush! that, e'en, a charm could pour, o'er death.

Oh! joy woke o'er the crown'd Task-master's fall!

Where Serfs late cring'd—with curses "deep, not loud"

Now, its cheer'd brow with garlands decks the crowd:

Glad Celebration crowns her festival,

And wide smiles Love thro' ev'ry radiant hall.

"Speed! Speed! the reckless Spirit of the Time!

"Wide give a loose to Joy, and Care be Crime."†

And spoke the mightier Masters,^s too, of Song

And Poesy, who sway'd Life's heart; pour'd balm

For carking cares—the jaded spirit's calm

After its worldly moil: soft led along—

'Neath their harmonious challenge, sway'd, the throng.

Strains are there, touch so sweet the chords of feeling,

That, where the sick heart fain from Life would shrink,

Wearisome wrung,—and turn'd it, to Death's brink^s

Irresolute—have held it back! soft stealing

Over the spirit' dearth, its soreness healing.

See, rose-wreath'd virgins in their snow-white arms

Wave those bright folds^o soft floating thro' the dance

Creation's fairest flow'rs! their love-lit glance

Speaking to care-worn hearts—"Life, yet, hath charms—

"A smile from Us, the gloom redeeming warms,"

"Speed, speed, the reckless spirit of the Time;

"Wide give a loose to Joy, and Care be Crime.

In barque and boat, throngs, festive, smiling glide

O'er yon blue lake, where bright gleams many a sail :

Whirls upon Pleasure's course, the glowing Rail"

Crowds upon crowds, in joyance' glee and pride,

To swell wide Jubilee's o'erflowing tide.

"Speed on ! speed on ! thou Iron Horse, thy way !"

(Thus sung they.) "Thy proud aim—'tis PROGRESS' goal !

"Where, eager, hies with thee, Man's yearning soul.

"Oh, leave behind thee, Fraud's and Error's sway—

"Wing past their wreck, like darted lightning ray.

"Speed on ! speed on ! thou Iron Horse ! Proud steed,

"That from ourselves swift aidest us to fly,

"In glad bewilderment, rife whirling by :

"It seems that Thou interpretest the need

"Of Man's impatience ;" Spirit, THOU, of Speed !

"Our Transatlantic Brethren on thy brow

"Stamp'd 'GO-A-HEAD : ' for well thou emblem'st all

"That would outstrip the bars that Mind enthrall—

"Thy Steam-sway'd rival of the Wave, and Thou ! . .

"Oh ! jocund o'er thee, sings Life's heart—as now."

"A Railway Carol;"

THE HEY-DAY OF CHANGE.

"On a changé tout ça."—(*Nouvellette Française.*)

I.

"'On a changé tout ça !' rings the glad Frenzy's cry

From this wild whirling Earth-ball, pour'd up to the sky.

Could our grandsires but snatch them, a peep from the grave—

A 'Return Ticket's' glimpse over Earth, Air, and Wave,

They would say, that the Sun did but 'blink' in Life's face,

If his Gloryship saw 'Nothing New' in his race !

'On a changé tout ça.'"

P

II.

" He may well be impatient ! and cry, in his view
 Of Old SIN and his Brood, '*Nothing New ! Nothing New.*'
 ' New faces ? ' what are they ?—Old friends, in new gloss !
 He may wear out his beams, seeking fresh Ore in dross.
 So he *will* ! His Sun-fountains, they say, will soon dry,¹⁴
 Leaving Life in the lurch, 'mid his awful ' Good-bye.'

' *Mais—c'est trop changer ! ça.*' "

III.

" If Vanity's giddiness whirl upside down
 This world, deck'd and dizen'd from hamlet to town :
 If it dance on it's head, yet Intelligence's¹⁵ reign,
 In a trice, on it's heels sets it upright again.
 The poor human grub soars in renovate hue
 Of it's butterfly wing, o'er all radiant and new.

' *On a changé tout ça.*' "

See ! Crystal Shrines¹⁶ bright show Arts' myriad dye ;
 Where, still, resounds the Music's varied breath :
 Flow'rs—of Elysium speak in dædal wreath :
 And Choral echoes pour their melody—
 'Twas the Mind's Magic, dazzling heart and eye.
 Invention's soul was on the rack to show
 It's mental feats' gymnastics¹⁷—Nature's guise
 New shap'd to wond'ring sight, for new surprise !
 Now, Chemia's magic spell transform'd her :¹⁸ now,
 Life's forms shone pencil'd¹⁹ in a sun-beam's glow.
 Some, search'd the Sun's *own* brow : saw glitt'ring fly
 God's flaming²⁰ messengers the Fount of Light
 Reluming fresh, o'er wan'd Exhaustion's might,
 With still new fires ! then, sudden, lost to eye
 Fades their bright wing 'mid Space' immensity.

How far, shall Science' FUTURE stretch ? What bound
 Place to insatiate grasp of Intellect ?
 Shall it, God's dearest Secrets yet detect ?
 Till finding hemm'd his Throne too close around,
 He cries, " *No more !*" and Earth fades—burn'd or drown'd.¹⁰
 Vain stretch thy gaze into the INFINITE,
 Thou creature of the PRESENT, Man ! Thou dream
 Thou, and thy Earth-sod ! bubbles on Time's stream,
 That buoys thee up—a speck—in transient¹¹ flight
 Whirl'd past thro' it's eternal bound from sight.

*"Speed, then, the reckless Spirit of the Time !
 "Snatch Joy's bright glimpse, too brief*—and Care be Crime."*

List, now ! o'er Eve's soft trance the love-note dies,
 (Steals from himself¹² the list'ner), o'er hush'd bow'rs
 Wafting it's sigh after the token-flow'rs
 The heart had vow'd : while to it's harmonies
 O'er conscious† haunts, thus caught, a strain replies.

The Token Flower.

"Tace : s'intende 'La Serenata.'"—" *Gondoliere Veneziano.*"

"This Token flow'r thy Truth devotes to mine,
 Shall fade the closer cherish'd in my breast ;
 But not so quickly shall the spirit pine
 Of emblem'd sweets, Love's lore interprets blest !
 While yet it lives, it speaks to me of Thee,
 And smiles on me, as if Thyself wert near ;
 And in its dying sigh, yet more to me
 Shall mem'ries of thee to this heart speak dear.
 For, lost it's sweets, as Music died away,
 Shall only bid me tend'rer hang o'er all
 That joy'd me ere their fragrant sighs' decay—
 As a hush'd lay remember'd musical.

* "Carpe diem." "Breve est dominum," and Ode 29; B. III. Hor.

† loca conscia amoris.—(Fry.)

But *now*—War calls—or Death. And wilt Thou strew
 The votive grave-flow'r o'er my bier, in ruth ?
 The wreath funereal with thy tears bedew,
 Remembrance' sacred Token ow'd my Truth ?"

Rid of the taint—the helot pestilence,
 'Mid a free world rejoic'd the Chief. It seem'd
 The air stream'd purer round ! Heav'n brighter beam'd !
 Lighter his heart—his step ! reviv'd the sense—
 As tho' inhal'd Spring's balmy redolence.
 Spoke in his brow—command, and purpose high :
 Calm Self-reliance mark'd his look, his gait—
 The mien—on which obedient legions wait.
 His form—'twas manly beauty's mastery.²¹
 A "New World's" beacon shone that speaking eye.
 O'er his high front, the waving locks dark flow'd :
 A mighty spirit in that lofty frame
 Enshrin'd, spoke, solemn, thro' the dark eyes' flame,
 Kindling a hallow'd joy, where myriads ow'd
 To HIM, the hope with which their spirit glow'd.
 Yes, stood he 'mid that giddy maze—yet high
 His thoughts rais'd him above it ;—for Life's²² weal
 As, from his heart, its vows in silence steal :
 And tears of joy spontaneous dimm'd his eye
 To find his guerdon best of Victory
 In many a voice that hail'd him "*Father, Friend !*"
 And as its honest glow illum'd his cheek—
 And as his spirit's Truth those tear-drops speak—
 He mark'd the storms fade o'er Life's heav'n, where blend
 Hues, that more fair, the Social calm portend.
"Speed ! Speed ! the reckless Spirit of the Time !
"Wide give a loose to Joy, and Care be Crime."
 "Ay ! Thought speaks free : no more in whispers low,
 "Mutt'ring" (thus mus'd he) "thro' the bated breath :—
 "But free as air, proclaims Corruption's death :
 "And hails reviving Manhood, and the flow
 "Of *Mind's* wak'd fount, for Being's freshen'd glow.

"Sweet guerdon yield me those glad echoes wide
 "For Life's reprieve!—O'er Wrong, down-tott'ring cast,
 "With all the guilty mock'ries of the Past.
 "Knaves clad in Sanctity²³ no more deride
 "Life, blindfold led by Superstition's Guide."
 *"Speed, speed the reckless Spirit of the Time;
 "Wide give a loose to Joy, and Care be Crime."*
 Still, thro' yon happy haunts resounds that cry!
 To Freedom's Holiday, glad license giv'n
 By hearts, with Hate's disguise that long had striv'n!
 While Revel's vot'ries, still, before his eye
 In wild'ring maze, glad, hour on hour, float by.
 'Mid laughter shout and roar of merriment
 To many a ribald jest gave Fancy way,
 And bade the licens'd thought unfetter'd play,
 Mocking past fears—too long in bondage pent:
 And, thus, 'mid many more, this jibe found vent.

The Devil's Dead:²⁴

A CARNIVAL CANZONET.

"Il diavolo si muore."—(*Scherzo Napolitano.*)

I.

"The Devil's dead!' I saw him fall
 In likeness of a King²⁵
 The hand of blood, the heart of gall,
 Tho' still I feel his sting.
 'The Devil's dead.'

II.

And are we all, then, fatherless?
 Abandon'd left to roam?
 Oh, no! we'll to the Priest confess—
 That still we're left a home.
 'The Devil's dead.'

III.

The cup of Blood we'll change for Wine;
 In Love and Pleasure thrive;
 Sin shall, at least, look more divine!
 While there's a Man²⁶ alive—
 'Oh, Devil! thou'rt not dead.'

Teems a mad World with humours new—tastes! toys!
On Change's airy wing delighted led!

New Fancies—bright, as various, round it shed.

Uncertainty's gay tide Life's bark that buoys—

Seem'd the one *certain*³³ bliss that never cloy's!

Seclusion's³⁴ charm! 'twas fled from Life apart:

Life, now, was one wide vortex: everywhere

'Twas whirl, and restlessness, and riot's sphere:

Men, once, on "flight from Self" were fain to start—

To "keep to Self," was now, Life's nicer art.

"Speed, speed, the reckless Spirit of the Time;

"Wide give a loose to Joy; and Care be Crime."

All ranks ran riot! Show's, Dress', Pomp's career!

Where Substance fail'd; Appearance³⁵ took its place—

False Semblance—urging upon Ruin's race—

Fearing to be outshone! So sway'd the SNEER.

"Be what ye *seem*"—vain Wisdom spoke:—'twas fear!

Wing'd its diseas'd career Life's brain-sick flight,

Like moth's, tow'rd glare. Reason too sober spoke:

While (pleasing guile!) vague Fancy's visions woke—

Saw, Spirit-Spheres thro' mystic glimm'ring light³⁶—

Millennium's dream:—or Earth's last Doom's affright:

"*For every knave is born a fool.*" Oh, train

Self-mock'd! delighting, still, from Truth to range,

To bow to some new Idol, bright or strange.

Where Tricksters guile the gaping throng and vain;

Delusion's³⁷ Priests, who barter Truth for Gain.

Yet, each man liv'd as in a house of glass,

His deeds, thro' Shrine,³⁸ Life's shapes transparent dress,

(Wak'd in their Virtues' light, or guiltiness,)

Stare loathly out, or beauteous mirror'd pass,

Freedom, her safe-guard—Life its lesson, has.

* *Viz.*,—The Press.

Such, met the Chief the motley Social guise,
 As Armageddon's revel round him glow'd :
 Its varied humours' tumult torrent flow'd
 Pouring in its wild roar the discord cries
 Of Joy diseas'd, and strange-blent harmonies.
 Scarce sunk one festive burst, than, rife, the heart
 In mirth's contagion still caught up the strain,
 Eager, the challenge echoed glad again—
 Unwilling Mirth should die, or leave the smart
 Of by-gone sores unheal'd——Hark ! the sounds start !

"Speed, speed, the reckless Spirit of the Time ;

"Wide give a loose to Joy, and Care be Crime."

He saw two gorgeous Domes proud raise the head,
 Where, blazon'd fair, the golden Scroll o'er One,
 "MONEY IS POW'R :" while o'er the Other, shone,
 "PLEASURE IS WISDOM." . . . Such Life's Creed,^a he read,
 While o'er the Shrine, glad Vot'ries incense shed.
 "Can Man be 'little,' when his works are 'great ?"
 (He ask'd) "Yon proud world-worshipp'd Monuments,
 "Speak Vanity alone, their aims intents ? . . .
 "No ! Wisdom warns—Wealth mightiest props a State.
 "And 'Pleasure'—best cheats Care, and mocks^b at Fate.
 "Oh, large the heart expands o'er many a Plan
 "To aid Man's need, and deck Invention's name :
 "Whirl'd on thy vortex, *Speculation's* game !
 "The glorious prize—is, to exalt Life's span :
 "If lost—'tis but the loss of one foil'd man."

"Speed, speed, the reckless spirit of the Time :

"Wide give a loose to Joy, and Care be Crime."

His glance brought hope where'er it brighten'd round !
 At times he trac'd with ready searching eye,
 Some of the foe (their callings gone) skulk by—
 Tricksters, that late their shameless brows had bound
 With wreaths—the meed, their venal traffic crown'd.

Smiling, survey'd he, now, at Freedom's sound
 Where, some, incredulous—in mute surprise—
 Look'd round, with beating heart and staring eyes—
 So long had they been Slaves! till with a bound
 Raptur'd, anon, they rose—a New World found!
 Many the shapes, of frenzied glee, he view'd:—
One from Siberia's durance, passion-drunk
 A livid corpse smote with a pine-bough's trunk
 Deeming he smote the "*Man Fiend*:"²³ "*Blood for blood!*"
 (He cried) "*Thou! that mad'st life a Solitude.*"
 He saw one with a flaming torch run past
 Deeming himself God's Messenger,²⁴ to pour
 Regeneration's tale Earth's gladness o'er!
 "From the Mind's chain as limb's," (he cried) "at last
 "Life soars! Down sinks Man's common terror,²⁵ cast!"
 And, now, thro' growing night the bon-fires blaz'd
 And wilder grew the revel-shout! like cry
 Of frenzied orgies! 'Neath the flame glanc'd by
 Wild shapes of o'er-wrought Mirth; and madly gaz'd
 At Life's new masquerade their riot rais'd.
 'Twas but new Joy run wild! 'twas,—from the chain
 The Helot newly burst, and own'd him "free!"
 And the Chief's pardon ey'd the morbid glee.
 Fearful the shouts!—where Revel's softer strain
 Sunk drown'd by fits—yet woke by fits again—
"Speed, speed, the festive spirit of the Time!
"Where, now, the rosy Hours light Freedom's Clime."

NOTE.—It is due here to the Reader to call his attention to the confirmation of the scenes (some years anterior) of the story, again afforded in the joy run wild and frenzied rejoicing at Naples, in particular, on the similar occasion of an emancipation from the slavery of mind and limb. (Aug. and Sept., 1860.) In fact, scenes and sentiments, based on principles of truth, and having just aims, will ever meet with confirmation. Attention has been already directed, in the proper place, to corresponding scenes and sentiments in events and character with those of the story: as in the self-surrender of the City. (B. xii.) The sentiments of the Liberator and site of encampment. (B. 3, 4, &c.)

Ed.

THE VICTORIAD:

Book XIV.

THE CHIEF'S FAREWELL TO THE OLD WORLD;

OR,

THE EMIGRANT EXODUS.

"And, now, Brothers in arms, enjoy the fruits of your Victory. Be United : be free. Improve Mankind : encourage the Arts of Peace. 'Go-a-head' be your motto : *Ultra pergere*."—(*Washington*.)

"The World was all before them."—(*Milton*.)

Argument :

THE Story, in its present stage, affords an illustration of one of the most conspicuous social features of the *Æra*, reflected in the feelings, prospects, and regrets, of the Emigrant in his Exodus.

The Votary of the Spirit of Change and Progress, having now seen the objects of his Invocation (Book i.) thus far accomplished in the downfall of the Enemy of the Good Cause, is now called, by his Spirit Guide, to trace the movements of Alastor in leading his Brothers in arms to reap the fruits of their important victory.

Consistently with its Argument of Social Advance, the action of the Story, in the ensuing events, proceeds with the furtherance of this object and moral end. The new fruits of Victory are forthwith attained in the establishment of a New World of improved Institutions based on principles of Self-Government and Freedom, and rising upon the wreck of an "Old World" of Systems of Error.

Such is the proposal of the Chief to his followers, and such is his Mission, to be further illustrated in the inauguration of the "Golden Shrine" in a future stage of events.

The tide of Emigration flowing more steadily to the Australian Colonies, than any other (see Notes), AUSTRALIA is marked out by the Story as the goal of Alastor's venture. Independently of this, its importance as a feature of the *Æra*, demands its prominence in any picture or narrative of illustration: and as regards the various opinions of its Future, they are stated in Note 2 of the present Book. The New physical World is thus legitimately constituted by the Story, as the seat of the New moral World.

Alastor, accordingly, accompanied by Fidalma, his Betrothed, and followed by Guiscard and his Patriot comrades, proceeds on his departure. Nicander is led with them as a prisoner in order to await, at the fitting period, the "poetical justice" of the Retribution due to his hostility to the interests of the human race.

As they are taking their departure, their steps are suddenly arrested, in a brief delay, by a catastrophe in which Gorgian (who betrayed Alastor and his followers into an ambush for their destruction as related in Book 8) has—out of revenge for the public and social odium in which he has been held on account of his treachery—set fire to Armageddon, which thus meets with destruction.

Spirit of CHANGE ! thy Votary, now, more nigh

Mark'd I the goal where led my Guide ; while swell'd

Its joy my breast by love for Man impell'd :

Duteous, it hail'd, dread Pow'r, Thy throne on high ;

Glow'd o'er Life's Cause aveng'd, and Victory.

" Yes ! Freedom's hallow'd bark hath won her way

" Steer'd by the MASTER MIND ! * proud, dash'd aside,

" As scatter'd foam, Wrong's battling menace' tide :

" Thro' Doubt's drear ' rack '—Harms, lurking to betray—

" More dark the storm, more brave her pennons play ! "

And, as I bow'd me, wrapt in thoughtful trance

O'er future imag'd aims ; " Boons blissful still "

(Thus said my Guide) yields CHANGE with bounteous Will !

" Speeds o'er new scenes the human hive's Advance ;

" Calls forth new worlds, for Social growth's expanse.

* See Invocation, p. 2, B. I, v. 81.

"E'en now—His breast with purpose high possess'd—

"Secret inspir'd, the CHIEF, (blest instrument

"Of Fate's and Progress' mystic high intent,)

"Pours forth the challenge on his dreams impress'd,

"And calls on Man to aid his MISSION bless'd.

"Far stretch, from this proud height of Victory,

"Thy mental ken ! What maze so fair its view*

"Salutes ? where flow'rs of Mind shed wide their hue—

"Wreaths, Peace culls for her brow delightedly ?

"What maze, bright greets thy Vision's heart and eye ?—

"Tis Life's New WORLD." *There*, calls the CHIEF.

"Once more,

"Brothers in arms, we meet ! Our Right's dear strife

"Fate's Will hath bless'd ! Yea ; breath'd in it new life

"Thro' Britain's highest Voice.¹ Say ? is all o'er ?

"Or scan I yet, New Worlds our track before ?

"Homes ! Cradles ! (fond, as sad, recall'd)—Farewell !

"Would I could bid the bitter memory²

"Of all I've borne for ye, and in ye, die !

"Enough : in Freedom won, let solace dwell—

"And, with no sordid boast, our bosom swell.

"Yes ! Europe ! Home ; farewell ! . . . And will ye, then,

"Blot out with Me, the Past ? Meet Venture's face ?

"(Your looks speak answer !) Man's New Home embrace ?

"Tis well ! And, hark,—what lay,³ for outrag'd men,

"Pours balm, as solace voic'd o'er prison den ?"

"On, Brothers ! On ! Earth lies before us,

"On ! where the golden Visions play,

"And Hope lends broken hearts a ray,

"Flung from the Mother stern that bore us ;⁴

"On ! Brothers, On !"

* * * * *

* On the dramatic review of the scenes, visionary and real (Dante cited).

See Notes B. 1, 4, 5.

"I know thee, well-lov'd Minstrel in thy lay !
 "Nor yet forgotten, on my spirit broke
 "Those strains, hymn'd erst, where Life's best treasures⁶
 woke !
 "Thou, too, shalt speed, companion of the way
 "Brighten our path with thy pure⁶ spirit's ray.
 "If frown this world of worn-out Creeds—this clime,
 "The sad remembrancer of many woes,⁷—
 "Where Voices cry up from the blood that flows
 "O'er havock'd hearths—to speak of lust and crime
 "Oh ! let us speed where fairer brightens Time !
 "Where days of blest Security and Truth⁸
 "The Past shall soothe and be the Future's guide——
 "AUSTRALIA !⁹ Our new Mother !¹⁰ Change's pride !
 "To Thee I turn me—sway'd by hope and ruth—
 "That Age may find, what painful sought my Youth.¹¹
 "Australia ! thou New World ! from out the sea
 "Of Time, that hast rais'd up thy tow'ring crest,¹¹
 "E'en as some isle volcano-born o'er breast
 "Of Ocean springs, a refuge-mark to be
 "'Mid the deep's waste around—Such, hail we Thee !
 "And, thou, FIDALMA——Heav'n yet shapes amends
 "For thy wrong'd hour ! Lo ! humbles at thy feet
 "Thine and Life's foe. Yet (tho' revenge be sweet),
 "Heav'n still a fairer Retribution lends
 "Than e'er *He* taught for bloodshed's wanton¹² ends.
 "This shalt Thou prove, fall'n outrager of ties
 "That link the hearts of men in peace and love :
 "For Thee, what doom speaks Man ? or Heav'n above ?—
 "I stand God's¹³ instrument—thy destinies
 "To deal ! ATONEMENT'S Cause—on *Me* relies.

* See the words of the Emigrant Lay. Book v.

" Was it, because she spurn'd thy wrong and Thee—
 " The Moloch of thy mock'd¹⁴ Self-love sought blood ?
 " In the same breath almost, condemn'd and woo'd ?
 " Or, was it that She breath'd *my* name ? On *Me*
 " Dar'd¹² call ? and pray for conquest for the free ?
 " Vain have we striv'n, if unaton'd we see
 " Her Sex's Cause¹⁵ and Her's ! Thy 'porcelain Self'
 " So priz'd above Mankind's 'plebeian delf'
 " Forgets its *equal* clay-birth : nobler SHE—
 " For Soul is high in HER—but sham'd in Thee."
 Thus pour'd the Chief his mingled blame and ire :
 Proud still,¹⁶ tho' fall'n, the Scorners stood ; and look'd
 A stern disdain of taunt, impatient brook'd.
 Yet, his breast's struggle check'd the wrath's desire.
 Where stifled prey'd on him resentment's fire.
 " And, now, fall'n King—thy track is *mine*—Away !
 " Henceforth, know Man as Freedom's denizen—
 " No beast of toil—no brood of savage den.
 " Nay ! spare that frown : 'tis past, it's terror's day !
 " Life hangs, no more, on its caprice's sway.
 " Far other note salutes thee, *now* ! the first
 " That ever breath'd Truth's accent in thine ear—
 " Hark—know'st thou it ? awakes it Conscience' fear ?
 " Where, with one voice it's indignation nurst
 " Pours a wide world—not, now, an empty burst ?"
 " *Vengeance on the bow'd Scorners ! dawns the day*
 " *Of a New World in Retribution's ray.*"¹⁷
 He starts at that known cry—the once proud King :
 More near, more loud, speak Judgment's wak'd alarms :
 Nor shrunk he less 'neath Thy accusing charms,
 FIDALMA¹⁸—But away ! speeds Venture's wing !
 Round the lov'd Chief while patriot bosoms cling.
 Mark, too, where motley groups from many¹⁹ lands—
 Of many tongues, and varied garb and guise—
 Pole, Magyar, Gaul—flock round his track's emprise—
 Subtle Chinese—Exiles from Chilian strands :
 And, thus, mock'd chains flung off Sicilia's bands.

A Palermitan Carantella.

"Too good to be true."—"The Sleeper Awakened."

I.

(Duo.)—"I feel I live: Can it be true

I live, and not to suffer too?"

(Solo.)—"Some words there are, inscribed in Light,

Freedom, and Truth, and Love.

Some Men there are that show to sight

These Lessons from Above.

Me, too, those words forbid to weep?

Rouse, too, those Minds, my thralldom's sleep?"

(Chorus.)—"Can joy so great be true,

SICILIA?"

II.

(Duo.)—"I feel I live: 'tis something new

To live, nor groan the light to view!"

(Solo.)—"Rights are there the Soul's instinct knows,

Imperishable Creeds:

Innate, their light divinely glows,

And human footstep leads.

How know I, I'm no more a thrall?

Hear the chains clanking from me fall!"

(Chorus.)—"That music—yes—speaks true,

SICILIA."

III.

(*Duo.*)—"When things are at the worst, they'll mend :"

Can it be true, Life yields—a FRIEND ?"

(*Solo.*)—"Blinded too long the thrall of night,

I wake as from a dream ;

And see, yet scarce believe the light,

So dazzled 'neath its stream.

What hand wakes, Freedom's torch, thy flame ?

Hark ! shout they GARIBALDI'S name."*

(*Chorus.*)—"Bless'd Dream ! for once thou'rt true,

SICILIA !"

"*Speed ! Speed ! the reckless Spirit of the Time !*"

"*Where* * * * * " Sudden drown'd 'neath Terror's yell—

Yea—Death's despair !—*why* sinks that festive swell

What Fate whelms Life ? all fearful as sublime ?—

In all its bloom of Pleasure and of Crime ?

Oh ! "*in the midst of Life we are in Death !*"

Who of that reckless, giddy crowd, would think

Tott'ring he stood on th' Eternal brink ?

What hand false hurls him to the gulf beneath ?

While terror's cry starts blent with revel's breath ?

There trembling Age, and puling Infancy,

Beauty, whose glances spoke the heart's desire ;

Youth, with it's lofty hopes and thoughts of fire—

Matronly Care, and Manhood's dignity—

Doom'd sink they ! . . *Whence ?* the deadly blast sweep by ?—

As parts the Chief, those startling cries awake

To stay his step, while anxious turn'd his gaze

Where yon doom'd City whelms—the conqu'ring blaze !

Hark ! Earth uprent, those mines, wide bursting shake—

And Death and terror Revel's maze o'ertake.

* See excuse for the anachronism, Note 12, Book xii.

'Mid those gay hearts had *one* refus'd to beat
 In gladness' fellowship? Yes! *his*, erewhile—
 GORGIAN'S—the sullied thing²¹ of Treach'ry's guile—
 An outcast spurn'd from Love's, Joy's, Freedom's, seat
 He skulk'd—to find from Scorn a loath'd retreat.
 That joy *he* shar'd not!, madden'd 'neath the sore
 • “Mocks me their bliss?” (he cried) “yet not in vain
 “I writhe! 'twere sweet to deal them pain for pain!” . .
 Hark! bursts the mine—its spark the Traitor bore—
 And Armageddon's dream of pomp—is o'er.*

* Such is the tale of Armageddon, as the story shapes it. The City which it represents met with a fate not very dissimilar; for it was blown to pieces by the bursting of shells, and cannonade. As regards the acceptance of Armageddon from the Revelations, it was remarked in the Introduction (see note) that the title and city are altogether figurative: but, of course, a story is constrained to follow the more tangible and popular interpretation.—Ed.

THE VICTORIAD:

Book XV.

MAN'S NEW HOME;

OR,

THE NEW WORLD FOUND.

"Thus, thou hast seen one world begin and end."

"Man use these Gifts aright." "The Angel disappear'd."—(*Milton.*)

"Spirito, che mi guidi."—(*Dante.*)

Argument:

THE Argument here, in pursuance of that of the preceding Book at its opening, represents the Divinity or Power of Change as acknowledging the tribute there offered by his Votary, and consequent on the attainment of the New World of Social amelioration solicited in the Invocation, Book I.

The Spirit is accordingly heard by the Votary (through the characteristic Vision) to call upon Mankind to show itself sensible of the value of the boon conceded; and to beware of injuring its happy results by any exercise of untoward and selfish passions.

The Evil Powers again (as in preceding stages of the Story) show their impotent malice at the victory of the Good Cause, but are quelled by the ascendancy of the better Power, and ignominiously take their flight.

The Votary of Change, now resumes, under the conduct of his Spirit Guide, the review of those not less recondite than beautiful paths of Nature and the realm of Change, which have been seen to afford, in an earlier stage of the Story, an illustration of the Geological research of the *Æra*. The point which had been arrived at in a former stage (see end of Book x.) is now taken up again, in due order, to its conclusion. It shapes its course, ulti-

mately, through the Gold territory of Australia, with the object of arriving at the spot of general rendezvous, and final meeting of the Characters of the Story.*

The Spirit, then, having thus seen his mortal comrade to the termination of their track, and having conducted to its completion the Guidance enjoined him by the Power of Change in Book i., departs from the scene and disappears. Characteristic moral and physical scenes of the new region round him, now attract the attention of the Votary of Change: Effects of the Gold Mania: Future prospects. He now meets Guiscard, whom he recognises, and learns that this devoted partaker of the fortunes of the New Arthur, or "Alastor," had arrived in advance of the Chief—a herald, as it were, "to prepare the way before him." In execution of this duty, Guiscard had caused to be erected a spacious Temple of Worship and Hall of Council for the Chief and his followers, who are speedily expected, termed "The Golden Shrine." Meantime (in the interval, until their arrival), the Votary of Change asks of Guiscard a relation of his fortunes, with which request the Minstrel accordingly proceeds to comply in the ensuing Book.

Now, CHANGE's godhead from his star-gemm'd¹ throne
 Look'd on his mortal Vot'ry's homage bent
 To scan the fair Vicissitude² intent
 Of Fate, whose brighter page show'd Empire won
 Where Progress' beacon, still, had cheering shone.
 "What deem'st thou of the 'Wayward Pow'r' at last,
 "Mortal?" (as earthward bent his ken, exclaim'd
 The God, propitious :) "If, Pretension-sham'd—
 "Mock'd in Life's lie—We mourn'd Truth's brow o'ercoast—
 "Is not the sordid game's *worst* License past?
 "Say! met thy pray'r's my Throne—a *vain* behest?
 "Not so! . . . Sway'd have I, high Opinion's⁴ Strife
 "To grant the meed implor'd for outrag'd Life—
 "In Insult crush'd—in Freedom's gladden'd breast?—
 "Then! be it Man's to guard the boon, thus blest!
 "Hath my Alembic's magic fas'd the Plan
 "Of Life's Corruption? the adult'rate dross
 "Purg'd, and its baser metal's tinsel' gloss?
 "Bade thee, at length, with gaze admiring scan
 "The precious ore—true stamp'd—the sterling MAN?

* The scene of *Réunion* and *dénouement*—classically recognized as
 "Anagnorisis and Peripeteia."

- "The daws, so trick'd in borrow'd plume erewhile
 "Betray they, stripp'd, the mock'ry of their State ?
 "While shine, in their own light, the *truly* Great ?
 "CHANGE, sports not, here ! A vague 'Caprice's' guile !
 "No ! Life exalted brightens 'neath the smile.
 "Say ? sought it Sanctity, to find—Parade ?
 "Mark'd it the Priest,^s kiss sweet Saint Charity,
 "While still he gave the Saint (so sweet !) the lie ?
 "The solemn juggler of a saintly trade,
 "That secret mock'd the holy game he play'd ?
 "Hark ! hark ! like the inhospitable roar
 "Of some vex'd flood, the 'Old World's' voice,^s it speaks !
 "But vain around Truth's rock the clamor breaks—
 "Prescription's wail ! o'er the time-honor'd, hoar
 "Shrines of Abuse, where Pride was wont to soar.
 "But oh ! how sweet our 'NEW WORLD's' accent sounds,
 "Inviting Man to blest Self-government
 "Uncanker'd by Ambition's discontent—
 "Unwarp'd by jealous Fears—the hell-born hounds
 "Gnawing Life's heart with never-dying wounds !
 "What ? reign'd a blind Self-Will's worst mastery ? . . .
 "Tis past ! . . then bid Life smile, where blessings spring
 "Various as hues of my own rainbow wing—
 "Joy's, Freedom's, Concord's boon, 'mid harmony
 "Of grateful Vows, where dies th' Insulter's cry !
 "Life's round whirls by ! *My* new-wak'd Masquerade !
 "Where Kings' the anties are—seen from their height
 "To glance, like meteers, falling through the night
 "Of their own dark misdeeds ! . . See, with'ring fade,
 "'Neath Mind's wak'd light, their faded pomp's parade !
 "What then remains for MAN ? *Himself to know*—
 "And guard the blessings CHANGE in happier hour
 "Pours (Time's ripe harvest) in its bounty's show'r.
 "Truth, Freedom, Love—for Fraud, Prescription, Show." . .
 He said : while at the Voice adoring low

I bent me ; wrapt my breast in mute ovation
 And grateful joy : o'er all the phases wide
 Pond'ring, where Change's hues still mystic glide—
 Shaping all Being's beauteous transformation—
 And, fairest still, as now, Life's^s renovation.
 My soul with joy o'er boon so blest inflam'd,
 "Yes, Life" (I cried) "wakes in new charm ! and leaves
 "Its former Self—nor more with *shows* deceives !
 "To thee, blest Pow'r benign, it turns, self-blam'd—
 "Life some repentant fair—half-pleas'd, half-sham'd."
 Here, sudden, on my dream a yell arose,
 Envy's despair and wrath's ! it was the cry
 Of those bad^s Spirits' foul fraternity,
 Foil'd in their bitter game of mortal woes,
 Doom'd to the Night for e'er on them to close.
 They spread their murky pinions on the air,
 Shunning Truth's ray that triumph'd o'er their flight,
 No more to desecrate the realms of light :
 Fades their weird yell of pow'rlessness' despair—
 And Life ! thy brow (the fear gone by) smiles fair.
 Such Visions sway'd me : while my Spirit Guide
 In welcome radiance cheer'd my Dream : anew¹⁰
 Call'd o'er fair scenes where lur'd erewhile the clue
 Of mystic Eld, whose lore Earth's labyrinths hide ;
 "And follow !" (cried he) "where my pinions glide."
 If late,¹¹ o'er Earth's fair Future dream'd we pleas'd,—
 Now—those bright Visions vanish 'neath the glare
 Of flames, rife bursting o'er the rocky stair
 Down which we sped ! . . . All Nature seem'd diseas'd—
 A Hell, that battled by no Hope¹² appeas'd.
 For, lo ! as far as ken could stretch, I view'd
 A savage lake of fire,¹³ that angry boil'd—
 As ever and anon its tumult moll'd
 Spitting forth melted heaps—a lava flood !
 'Twas as tho' searching Ætna's wrath, I stood.

" 'Tis thus, Change works ! " (the Spirit said) " Behold !
 " From those volcano-springs bright Isles are thrown
 " Like lotus-flow'rs your azure seas¹⁴ upon.
 " New realms—that still my varying tracks unfold ! . . .
 " But mark ! the rock-vein round !—'tis sparkling¹⁵ Gold ! "

Along the brink of that fierce lake's expanse
 Awhile he led ; till o'er the rock-sides stream
 Rays, like a net-work's golden-threaded* gleam !
 And, curious, stood I in admiring trance—
 GOLD ! 'twas *thy* cradle's beamings round me glance.
 And smiling on me, stood the Spirit near,
 Rousing me from my spell : till upward led
 Its guidance* plac'd me on the sun-lit bed,
 Once more, of Earth : when lo ! I mark'd the sphere
 Of Wealth's " New World " to Venture's hope so dear !
 " New Destinies, new Empire, wak'd for Man
 " Here, trace ! new triumphs still of CHANGE's reign !
 " Far,—bid thy mental ken's inquiry strain—
 " Oh ! see ! 'mid wreck of worn-out Custom's span,
 " Rise o'er yon bound a Future's¹⁷ fairer plan."

He said : and o'er his words in thoughtful praise
 I mus'd : and fain had challeng'd more the lore
 That breath'd thro' them, and pour'd its prescient store.
 I look'd—but he had parted,¹⁸ and my gaze
 I turn'd to scenes where Hope's wak'd Vision plays.
 " AUSTRALIA ! Yes ! it breaks the Future's Light !
 " I see the tide of Nations flowing here
 " From by-gone Empire's and Prescription's¹⁹ sphere.
 " Mankind emerging from the mental night
 " That chill'd life's hour and Progress' ampler flight.
 " Fair Canada ! thy Clime wakes Memories
 " Dear to the heart : and awe's and rapture's sense
 " Hears, spell-bound, thy dread Nature's eloquence.
 " But here—a new-wak'd charm the spirit tries—
 " O'er mystic veil, where screen'd Might's FUTURE lies."

* " Telas tenui discreverat auro."—(Æn.)

Thus spoke my musings, as my footsteps stray'd
 O'er the lone sands, where calm yon waves repose :
 'Twas streak'd their azure brow with many a rose
 Flung by the hand of morn, that blushing play'd,
 While wind and wave harmonious concert made.
 Afar, 'mid stir, like ants, for Gold's priz'd ore,
 Men burrow'd Earth, in labyrinthine guise—
 But where, her golden-tinted *harvest's* dyes ?
 A healthier boast—the Plough—"it speeds" no more,
 And Famine²⁰ scowls 'mid all the golden store !
 "*Gold ! I have Gold !*" a wild cry rose : and One
 Pass'd, whose craz'd laugh bespoke the o'erfraught brain—
 Excessive joy had wrought excessive pain !
 "*The world is mine, since Treasure's world is won !*"
 So yell'd yon gold-mock'd wretch²¹ I mus'd upon.
 And now the Fury Passions scar'd mine eyes !
 Man, jealous, peer'd his neighbour's treasure o'er,
 And, wolf-like, prowld to snatch the envied store.
 Murder and Rapine, while Night deepens, rise—
 Scare yon "Black²² Forest's" slumber with their cries.
 I turn'd to soothe me : gaz'd—where calmly shone
 Yon azure deep : or trac'd the silv'ry line²³
 Writ on those sands'-brow by the ebbing brine—
 Like lip's-kiss on a cup : when sudden on
 My track, arose a form, not all unknown.
 Methought I knew that brow's intelligence
 Where spoke the soul of genial Charities—
 Friendship for Man mute languag'd in the eyes :
 While high 'Endurance'²⁴ prouder eloquence
 Held, in a spell of grateful awe, the sense.
 Many pure hearts had to those speaking eyes
 Made answer : hearts, that o'er the Exile dream'd
 After his step had pass'd. He little deem'd
 That e'er a gleam, less selfish-dimm'd, could rise
 O'er path where frown'd Life's chiller destinies.

Still Suff'ring, stern its characters had trac'd
 Upon the brow where stream'd the golden hair—
 Age's experience won too early there.
 "Art thou not *He*" (I cried) "that still hast rais'd
 The gen'rous lay for Truth's high purpose prais'd?
 "I know thee, Minstrel of the Patriot throng!
 "And art thou come the Herald²⁵ of *his* way,
 "The CHIEF's? for whom hath pour'd thy stirring lay?
 "Yes! I read answer in thy looks: thy song
 "Shall, here, a New World's welcome pour along—
 "A World by Truth illumin'd in the ray
 "That shall o'er vindicated Being rise,
 "Scatt'ring the sordid mists of Prejudice—
 "Crown the Avenger of the hard-fought day,
 "That won the Cause²⁶ of Mind's and Freedom's sway."
 Thus spoke I. . . "Well, I ween, this heart hath burn'd"
 (Guiscard replied) "to see the trophy's Shrine
 "Of vindicated Truth and Freedom shine!
 "Nor all in vain: I've mark'd the Bigot spurn'd—
 "I've mark'd the lost Astræa's²⁷ hope return'd!
 "Seest thou yon Golden Shrine that gleams afar?—
 "Lo! at ALASTOR's word I bade it rise
 "Consecrate to the Social Charities
 "For blest intent: far from the selfish war
 "Of Courts and Custom! . . . Happier gleams *our* Star!
 "'Tis here, anon, the CHIEF shall greet his own—
 "The Children led by him thro' storms of Fate
 "To the wish'd bourn of Life²⁸ regenerate.
 "Peace, Order (for themselves below'd alone),
 "Here shall they meet: . . Here Wrong its Crime²⁹ atone!
 "Already hath o'er Insult's City swept
 "Th' ALMIGHTY's ire! its 'ways are desolate,'
 "'Neath Change's whirlwind strown, and 'vengeful Fate:
 "ATONEMENT's work began,³⁰ when o'er it leapt
 "The flames,—tho' from a Traitor's hand they crept.

" Oft strikes with wayward weapons the Most High !—
 " The Youth who fir'd the sacrilegious flame,
 " Whelming th' Ephesian shrine, fond strove for Fame :
 " Here—shows the glare a Name's crime-sullied dye
 " For immortality of Infamy."
 He said : while thought I on the Captive King—
 And of the many bitter sorrows dealt
 On human souls that long the goad had felt.
 " Oh, joy !" (I cried) " 'neath Life's reviving Spring
 " Brighten its hues, for *Thee*, more blest to sing !
 " But tell me, in the dim and weary day
 " Of thy lot's trials, *what* the pangs endur'd—
 " To Persecution'sst ling'ring bane inur'd ?
 " Still foremost Thou, to stem the jealous fray,
 " And smile o'er anguish, Pride would ne'er betray ?"
 Tho' young, he had seen Courts—the solemn game
 Of Life's Convention ; and, with weary gaze
 (Too soon grown old), perus'd the fretful maze
 Where he, too, once fann'd Emulation's flame ;
 But, now, his heart was chang'd—nor Life the same.

THE VICTORIAD:

Book XVI.

GUISCARD;

OR,

THE SOUL OF ENDURANCE.

"Suffering for Truth's sake

"Is highest Victory."—(*Milton.*)

"Marry, bear we, then, the Standard of the Lion Heart to this Sacred War."

(*Sir Michael of the Moss.*)

Argument:

GUISCARD, in compliance with the request made to him, proceeds with an account of his career, illustrating "the combat for Truth's sake" which determined spirits encounter for the benefit of human interests. A feature is here presented of the Victorian Æra of Intelligence, in which the Genius of Enterprise has so successfully combated antiquated Prejudices. The family and party feuds, heretofore noticed (B. iii. and iv.), which had led to his joining the fortunes of the War, and which, indeed, meet with constant reflection in the annals of all "Wars of Opinion," are touched on. His Minstrel's province in the Story having been incidentally appealed to, he glances, characteristically, at those literary features of the Age, which had attracted his attention, and which belong to a general and comprehensive picture of it, such as that which is now under illustration. He points out the obstacles he had encountered in his desire of extending his advocacy of Truth, to its recognition, as regards purer models of Taste, in contrast with an impure license tending to degrade the standard of Mind. Reminiscences of the Bufos, Scylaxes, and Malbeccos.

His recital being concluded, and the principles by which he had been guided acknowledged by his companion, he now addresses himself to giving a reception to Alastor, who, with Fidalma and the patriot followers of the Chief, arrive, forthwith, at the new home of their destination. Nicander is brought a prisoner, to await the retributory sentence due to him. Their route has been *via* Antioch and the Euphrates, by the Persian Gulf to India and Australia, by Rail and Steam-Ship.

Awile he paus'd, as led on mem'ry's stream—
 And o'er the harp-string vague his fingers stray'd,
 As tho' the wild winds' sweep had o'er it play'd :
 When stole it, thus, the language of his dream,
 As strays thro' wintry sky a wand'ring gleam.

The World's Response :

A REMINISCENCE.

I.

"This is my well-lov'd home !" (I cried)
 "And long-known scenes are dear to me !"
 "Thy home ? Oh ! where ?" (the World replied)
 "Here are no *hearts* that beat for Thee !"

II.

"Thou chill, truth-telling World ! Oh, wall,
 Too well, thy joyless tale—it spoke !
 Thy scorns may weaker spirits quell—
 Not yet, my heart ! Thy pride is broke.

III.

"Up ! seek in Stranger hearts a home :
 If none be found with thee to beat—
 Follow where Freedom's¹ love cries "*Come !*"
 Or Death yields best, a home's retreat."

It ceas'd—the Minstrel's lay : when proudly, now,
 The Youth (as tho' the bitter memories
 Of by-gone feuds, whose darker shadows rise,
 He strove to drown) thus spoke : while cheer'd his brow
 Its Truth—nor abject knew to droop or bow.
 "Yes ! I have borne—and, in my time, have known
 "What 'tis to combat with a hostile world.
 "Yes ; o'er a sordid throng my lip hath curl'd
 "In scorn. Against the stream I still toil'd on ;
 "Defied, untiring yet—and stood alone.
 "E'en home was lost to me : a father's hate!
 "Proscrib'd me : 'gainst me shut the well-known door—
 "Freedom's stray child ;—my Father's Son—no more :
 "Disherited—cut off—the sport of Fate,
 "Whose Envy's thirst my harms seem'd ne'er to sate."
 A moment, his voice falter'd : o'er his cheek
 A tear spoke, furtive, of Remorse—not Sin ;
 Mute, of the broken heart he hid within
 Spoke, more than words (a Sire's scoff bade it "break") :
 A smile's ray strove : Pride rous'd him, soon to speak.
 "Kinsman in blood—not heart (oh ! best forgot) !
 "Scarce 'cater-cousin !' 'mid the Little Great
 "Skill'd or to stab with whisper or worse hate—
 "What boots thy State ? Wealth ? Pomp ? they buy thee not
 "One hour from the stern grave where all must rot.
 "Oh ! there's a Moral in thy game, good Death !
 "Thou leveller sublime, that grinn'st to see
 "How men—thro' life far sunder'd by Degree,
 "Rank, Fortune, Aims, while crawl'd they things of Breath—
 "All, thralls alike, Thy mast'ring yoke beneath !
 "Without one genial spirit's smile or sigh
 "To answer mine—no heart on which might rest,
 "In commune's confidence, the solac'd breast,
 "Upon the outside of Humanity
 "I seem'd to live : and wish'd, for rest, to die—

- "To quit the weary consciousness of pain
 "Life still had been to me : what others call
 "*Life*—the glad whirl o'er this our earthly ball—
 "I little knew : if chid me Pleasure's strain,
 "Strove the smile's answer still—and strove in vain.
 "All, but a Mother's love, their dudgeon's sore
 "Heal'd in my blames—my war on Error blind !
 "*Her* heart but look'd my fairer aims to find.
 "Her gentle Spirit hath left *Life's* vex'd shore—
 "Still, sooth'd, I've deem'd my path it hover'd o'er.
 "O'er Mersey's fond-sought wave I see it brood
 "A hoar roof : once my home—now, thine, Decay.
 "I look'd my last—for e'er to turn away.
 "Flow past (as all I've lov'd) thou reckless flood !
 "To leave me, as that roof, to Solitude.
 "An Exile, now—the Nations' wail of woe
 "Struck on my heart : I snatch'd my ready brand,
 "Sought Fate or Fortune in a foreign strand ;
 "Proud (as my sires of old) to strike the blow
 "In Right's high Cause—teach Kings themselves to know.
 "More would'st thou seek my Fates ?—they speak the tale
 "Of One, that scorn'd to court a venal Muse ;
 "Firm, still, in face contending of Abuse :
 "With Will that knew not how to flinch or quail,
 "And daring Hate, where brows less proud, turn'd pale.
 "List yet—the Social³ traits were spotted o'er
 "With plague-sores—License', Fraud's, Prescription's, hue :
 "In shame and grief, I turn'd away my view—
 "Scorn ill-disguis'd. How rose th' avenging roar⁴
 "Of the vile things that batten'd on the sore !
 "A Stranger next, I gain'd a well-lov'd shore⁵
 "And look'd where, once, a beauteous⁶ Temple stood.
 "Alas ! the alter'd site !—'twas Solitude.
 "The Muses' radiant fane—it shone no more—
 "Its hallow'd site, the rank weeds cluster'd o'er.

"An insult-havock'd wreck and desolate
 "It droop'd ! while met my eyes a pile grotesque,
 "Ungainly deck'd with grinning heads burlesque
 "Shame of a ribald Age ! at that strown Gate
 "Where woke high harps—buffoons and babblers prate !
 "Not if new Homers limn'd another Troy,
 (I cried) "could they the chords of feeling sway—
 "Rouse it, to kindle at one prouder lay.
 "No more the Visions' glow of lofty joy !
 "Scoff,' sneer, are all a canker'd Age's toy.
 "Thus on the Social taint my scorn found vent—
 "When, lo ! as tho' of wolves that hunt their prey,
 "Met me a yell :—yes ! human wolves were they—
 "The 'Lycanthropes'^a—upon my Life-blood's scent.
 "Yet, *what* my sin ? . . . TRUTH's outrage to resent !
 "And none was there to feel with me—no home
 "Of hearts whose voice responded to my own—
 "Hated while fear'd " (and bitter laugh'd he) "lone,
 "With honest pride's best solace, turn'd I from
 "The plague-scar'd haunt, on track more bless'd to roam.
 " 'Alas ! there is no Providence for me,'
 "Oft have I said, as smarting 'neath the wrong,
 "I've pour'd my scorn upon that sordid throng :
 "Life—an 'Experiment'—fails aught to be'
 "But Fate's drear jest, if hear I true, and see."
 "In sooth " (replied I), " 'twas no Clime for Thee,
 "Where ribald License and the jealous Sneer
 "Stemm'd Mind's best aims to purer spirits dear.
 "Bufo amid the Scoffer throng I see ;
 "Malbecco, too ! the living libel, He.¹⁰
 "Him, too, foul mouth-piece of the Bigot crew—
 "Mistaking sneer for strength—for wit, abuse—
 "Scylax I see ! and the soul's sin peruse
 "That works those spleen-distorted features thro'—
 "Blist'ring those livid lips, their venom dew ! "

"Yes ! yes ! thou seest Malbecco—foe to Truth,"
 (Rejoin'd the Youth) "Assassin of the pen,
 "Spitting forth venom from his sordid den,
 "Unaw'd by sense of Shame—or gen'rous ruth—
 "Yes, venal he pursu'd my life"—hopes—youth.
 "Malign'd for others' harms, too, in *thy* lie,
 "Spurn'd Scylax ! thro' a kindred"—sounding name—
 "Fair fame, pride, station, brawl'd* at, in false blame.
 "Alas ! for each, his *own* drear Error's sky
 "Frowns all too sad—not so in Scylax' eye.
 "Yet, I endur'd ! Endurance ! 'tis Truth's pride !
 "What ? hath he stabb'd me ? I arise more" strong
 "To urge my spirit-struggle stern along !
 "Like swimmer battling with the angry tide,
 "Flinging the waves, that seek his life, aside.
 "Or, like that fabled Princess, struggling still
 "Towards the glitt'ring guerdon of her way—
 "Long envied her : the golden magic spray.
 "Unwav'ring She, 'mid clamor, fain to chill
 "Her heart's desire !—proud, thus, strives on my Will."
 "Well hast thou striv'n !" (I said) "still, onward strive !
 "Seek Truth, how distant e'er, her pinions fly—
 "Above the glitt'ring stars, or azure sky :
 "Or, down 'neath Ocean-depths," to snatch her, dive—
 "The bars of Space for meed so precious rive,
 "And show her proud to MAN !" . . "Tis all my dreams
 "Have sought thro' spirit-communings severe
 "Held with celestial whisp'rings, dread as dear—
 "Where turn'd it the 'rapt soul, as o'er it streams,
 "Gushing, the balm diffus'd of blissful Themes.
 "And what they bring from Heav'n ; my dreams indite
 "In the stern, simple language of the lay
 "That scorns Truth's gen'rous spirit to betray
 "To flatter Custom's slaves : the lofty fight
 "Its own best guerdon—in my foes' despite.

* Scylax means brawler, or barker.

"Little think *they* that strew the Muses' path
 "With 'Fancy's' flow'rs" the heart's glad off'rings gay,
 "What thorns entangle her severer way :
 "The anxious thought—the pangs Endurance hath—
 "The malice of a world—the Sland'rer's wrath.
 "Heedless, my Muse (tho' lowly) in the eyes
 "How looks it of the spirits she disdains :
 "Nor one proud thought for fear of *them* restrains—
 "Unaw'd by all their ribald rancor' cries—
 "God has pour'd bliss, that past *their* malice lies !
 "What ? can they rob me of Thought—free as air ?
 "The joy that speaks it ? joy, too, that I draw
 "From Nature's world around of charm and awe ?
 "Imagination's mine of treasures fair ? . . .
 "Their petty spleen—these charms can it impair ?
 "Nay ! there are moments, when the solac'd heart
 "Contagious gladness from the laughing sky
 "Catches thro' Nature's realm of harmony,
 "And flings the sense of worldly strife apart,
 "Half-reconcil'd to those that wak'd its smart !
 "If aught, in sorrow and in Solitude,
 "I've sought Thee, thou chaste as awful Muse,
 "Oh ! let me, now, thy cherish'd lore peruse,
 "To soothe what jarring memories intrude
 "Recalling Life's long war and struggles rude.
 "The Muse, to me, is as a sacred store
 "Where I have hous'd the varied" treasures wrought
 "Thro' Thoughts', Sensation's mystic labyrinths sought—
 "That I may look back (sweet as bitter lore)—
 "And transient wake the Spell so lov'd before."
 But, starting, cried he—"Up ! to meet the" CHIEF !
 "Up ! the heart beats to follow to their goal
 "Our Venture's fates—the aim of Virtue's soul !
 "Enough of Self ! in prouder themes relief
 "Seek we, above or Fortune's harms, or grief.

"The Magic" that makes Distance—nothingness,

"Brings him! . . . If, restless, Soul from Self would fly

"That magic let it seek! swift winging by

"In flight that flatters the mind's restlessness—

"And, hence," wins Moral Sway's persuasiveness—

"For, it seems kindled with Mind's energy,

"Mast'ring brute Nature's sluggish barriers fast!"

He speeds—the Chief. Now Stamboul's mosques fade past—

And, now, o'er Phrygia's plains fond Memory

Wakes scenes, and forms the Muse forbids to die."

On! sweeps that Pow'r, that in its iron chain

The East²¹ links to the West! They meet and kiss!

New Sisterhood in bond of Peace and Bliss!

Tok'ning sublime Confed'racy of Gain

By Commerce hail'd, while Nations swell the strain!

On! sweeps the Pow'r! and glimpses start to view

Of Moslem forts, stern frowning o'er the flood:

Of mountain height and forest solitude—

The Syrian bound—whose features take their hue

From Mem'ries, sad or gay, yon scenes renew.

Now, Antioch fades: and wastes spread wide and sad,

Where seeks the Chief Euphrates' storied tide.

On! . . . past the Gulf where Indus' waters glide—

Till now, Life's busy scenes, wake rife and glad,

As greet his view, thy tow'rs, fair Hydrabâd.

With conscious pride of Virtue's struggle done,

On! o'er the wave²² he speeds! while glow'd the thought

Within his breast of Conquest dearly bought—

Of Hope, still baffled,—still unquell'd! . . . till won

The long-sought goal his ken had strain'd it on.

And, still, his virtuous joy reflected shone

In looks, with which Fidalma's glance repaid

The debt She ow'd him! and sweet answer made

To the proud smile that play'd his brow upon,

As wak'd those thoughts of meeds—so dearly won.

Near them, stern brooding—mark the royal “Slave”—

Ay ! *Slave*—(so call him) if the love of breath—

(The sordid choice²² he sought from nobler death)

His spirit sway’d. . . . Free only, are the Brave :

Kings are but Slaves, whose hearts are Honor’s grave.

THE VICTORIAD:

Book XVIII.

THE GOLDEN SHRINE;

OR,

THE NUPTIALS OF ALASTOR AND FIDALMA.

(The New Arthur and New Ginevra.)

"Faith, ay, is strong, and true love most of might;
Forthy, faire Prince, your's be the Damozell
In wedlock's happy bands, after long pain."—(*Faëry Queens.*)

Argument:

ALASTOR, together with Fidalma—bringing with them the Captive King Nicander, and their suite—meet Guiscard, and the Patriots with him, in their New Home. The scene of rendezvous is that of the Edifice, called the Golden Shrine, which has been erected by Guiscard as a Temple, ultimately, of Worship,—at present serving, also, as a Hall of Council, as was related by him in Book xiv. The Chief expresses his devout hopes for the prosperity of the New World; and thanksgivings are offered by his followers and himself to Providence for their attainment of it. "Jubilate of the Wanderers."

Alastor, now, further proposes an Embassy to offer their homage and grateful acknowledgment to the Queen of the Isles, Victoria, for the aid she had afforded the aggrieved Nations in resisting their common enemy, and achieving his overthrow (see Book ii.). This Embassy is proceeded with in the next Book. At the name of the King the people are clamorous for his death; but at the generous intercession of Alastor, his life is still spared (as it had been after the revolt of Armageddon); but he is admonished that, now, the

merited Retribution speedily awaits him. First of all, however, the Embassy to Queen Victoria is to be undertaken. Meantime, the Nuptials of Alastor and Fidalma are celebrated amidst the universal joy : and, here, the symbolical "Truth and Faith" of the ancient Legend and Allegory, are united in the Union, or Nuptials, of the "New Arthur" and the "New Ginevra."

'Mid a vast-spreading theatre arose
 Of circling heights their giant forests crown'd,
 Rob'd ever-verdant,¹ sombre brooding round—
 In golden pomp a Fane : and joyous glows
 Its vault august, where Welcome's echo flows—
 'Twas the joy's greeting 'twixt the CHIEF and those
 That, true, had link'd their fortunes to his own !
 'Twas Guiscard's chord inspir'd the Welcome's tone
 Due to the Chief and his Betroth'd—the rose,
 Lov'd flow'r ! that next his heart, worn dearest, blows.
 A rushing torrent pour'd its echoes hoarse
 Thro' the deep bow'ring shades and caverns hoar,
 Blending with Welcome's burst their deep-ton'd roar :
 Gales murmur'd bliss : all Nature's strains lent force
 To Exultation's pomp, and swell'd its source.
 "Yes ! it is He ! the gen'rous, the enduring !"
 (The Minstrel cried) " 'Tis He, Life's arduous Plan
 "Hath led thro' thorny ways : a Guide to Man—
 "To Freedom's Home desir'd—the anguish curing
 "Of much-wrung hearts : their wav'ring hopes assuring !"
 From the Chief's eye, it starts, th' unbidden tear,
 To meet his fellow-suff'rers thro' the day
 Of trial, doubt, and peril's hard-fought fray—
 Tried followers of his path ! Yes ! spoke they dear
 Those heart-pour'd greetings—music to his ear.
 "Thou'rt come," (they cried) "Self-exil'd ! nobly fled
 "Hast thou, from Country—(but 'tis now no more !)
 "A Beacon to us all in this far shore !"
 When thus the Chief : "Yes ! Heav'n, the way hath led !
 "Then—by past trials—mem'ries of the dead—

"Call me not *exil'd*! 'tis I^s cast away
 "The dross and shame—like serpent's cast-off skin—
 "Of canker Custom—hood-wink'd Reason's Sin—
 "Bane of a world we've left—to hail the sway
 "Regen'rate wak'd of Life,* in Freedom's day.
 "It seems, that from a hideous dream I start,
 "Recalling the foul workings of a world
 "Of Fraud and Force—too late in downfall hurl'd!
 "Oh! grant us to hold closer to our heart,
 "Blest Heav'n, the boon we foes shall wrest apart!
 "Hail blest Self-Government! ^{!*} Ambition's lust—
 "The Selfish Spirit's struggle—fly afar!
 "Oh! know ye Freemen for yourselves ye war,
 "Battling to guard the social sacred trust!
 "Else—see yon Freedom's 'Golden Shrine'—but dust.
 "Turk, Christian, Jew! here at one Altar bend!
 "Since, all are helpless^t 'neath One Pow'r above—
 "Since, all draw blessings from One Fount^t of Love!—
 "And, since, of all alike, is God the Friend—
 "Friends be ye! ^{!*} for our common welfare's end."
 He said: upon his words the plaudits rise,
 And Brother's heart to Brother's, back again
 Re-echo'd glad the mutual Concord's strain.
 Life lights their world with new-wak'd energies
 For Social Bliss^e—the goal of their emprise.
 But mark that maze—where the rejoicing ray
 Look'd on yon gorgeous Fane: th' Ephesian shrine—
 Nor, that, where sway'd the blue-ey'd^d Maid divine—
 More vast, more fair, reflected back the day
 Than This; where, now, sought Heav'n, its vot'ries' lay.
 Rich pile! from out yon native glitt'ring Mine
 Its golden gleam sprung cheering heart and eye
 No more, like Merit lost, doom'd hid to lie.
 A beacon, bright illuming paths divine—
 Its fairest boast—'twas rais'd to God, the Shrine.

Yes ! like a golden mountain, soar'd the pile ;
 "TO GOD, THE NEW WORLD."—On the portals shone
 These characters, the marble blazon'd on.
 In awe the Chief survey'd the Fane awhile—
 As o'er his brow exulting stole the smile.
 There, too, in awe the eyes of myriads dwell,
 While with one heart their bursting accents rose
 By Guiscard led ; as thus the tribute flows,
 Thro' distance, ling'ring far, its solemn swell,
 The thanks to Heav'n of Man's New World, to tell.

Jubilate

OF THE WANDERERS.

I.

"Mid these deep wildernesses' distant bound,
 "What mystic hand, invisible, hath led
 "Our dubious way from Wrong and Bondage fled ?
 "The struggle long, tho' late, with guerdon crown'd ?
 "And for our wand'ring step blest refuge found ?
"Jubilate Domino, Jubilate."

II.

"God ! 'twas thy hand ! and while glad Nature's lays
 "Hymn thee—yon fountains' gush, and zephyrs' sigh—
 "Those deep woods' sweep of mournful harmony—
 "One, with their note, our heart the strain shall raise—
 "These wilds—the "Wand'ers' Home"—be taught thy praise.
"Jubilate Domino, Jubilate."

"Oh ! fresh'ning to the heart those accents wake !"
 (Thus cried the Chief) "Sick with the sense of wrong
 "'Tis bliss to turn to Heav'n with grateful Song !
 "This, is the soul's true music !^o echo'd o'er
 "Nature's free scope, God's boundless throne before.

"I tell thee, not a spirit-strain, than this,
 "More blest, breathes in Earth's harmonies around!
 "Not in the gales that skim Heav'n's azure bound
 "And carry fragrance' tales with them and bliss—
 "Nor sighs of all the blossom'd sweets they kiss!"
 He said, by high Devotion's sense inspir'd.

But mark yon Captive King—not in *his* heart
 That strain found echo! Far *his* thoughts apart
 Wander'd unblest, o'er lusts of Sway desir'd,
 And mock'd the heart's pure glow those accents fir'd.
 Chill* turns his glance around the blissful maze :

While, now, the Chief confronts him, near the Shrine
 Where no false* mask disguis'd God's brow divine—
 Where freemen's hearts the proudest Altar raise
 Tho' rich the Fabric! golden all the blaze!

"*What doom for Life's Task-master?*" thus the cry
 Wild pour'd yon throngs; as now, before them stood
 The bitter source of tears (how much!) and blood.

"Judgment upon his head! the penalty
 "Earth's outrage claims to heal its injury!"

Still, stern unmov'd,* that scene the King survey'd;
 Yet One fair form was there and grac'd the Shrine—
 A form he shrunk before—FIDALMA, thine!

Deck'd with a Bridal garland stood the Maid,
 And every heart, that beat around her, sway'd.

"Well may'st thou shrink before that beauty's brow"
 (Thus said the Chief) "and wish its wrong undone—
 "Sham'd by her triumph" o'er thy license won!

"'Tis now Thy turn before that form to bow,
 "Be SHE the Sov'reign: and the Vassal—Thou!

"What is Nobility? "'Tis in the Blood"—
 "Prescription cries! Oh, no: 'tis in the Mind,
 "In all the Virtues that exalt Mankind!

"Which is the nobler? SHE—the great, the good?
 "Or Guilt's crown'd minion—in his palmiest mood?

"Know! while I lov'd her, at Love's shrine I swore*
 "Thy license should Her wrong and Man's atone :—
 "Then bow thee at her patriot's Spirit's throne!
 "Know! Life's new dawn shines all impartial o'er—
 "Ennobles forms it cast in shade before."
 And, now, a cry rose, eager, for his blood;
 But gen'rous speaks the CHIEF :—"Ye brave, forbear!
 "Teach his poor malice the proud bliss—to Spare!
 "The bliss (*he* knows not) of the great and good—
 "Now! yield him to his scorn and—Solitude.
 "The day draws nigh of Retribution yet :
 "Atonement's shadows o'er him press! for *You*,—
 "For ills—Fidalma and her Country rue!
 "But, first, I speed to pay our hearts' dear debt
 "At England's throne, for aid¹⁴—we ne'er forget!"
 Upon his words approving murmurs ran :
 Tho' hard to spare—they curb'd their wrath, and led
 From sight the Captive. As his presence fled,—
 The thoughts, too, slept of his long Insult's¹⁵ span,
 And bitter Mem'ries, haunting, loath'd the Man!
 Sound, then, the festive strain! reliev'd the sense
 Of pain, each heart breathes free! and bounding flings
 Its glee forth, from the waken'd rapture springs—
 Call'd forth o'er Love's, Pride's, Beauty's, eloquence—
 Glad as Spring's Song, amid her redolence.
 That morn—had wak'd the BRIDE, Joy's nuptial strains :
 Their harmonies had floated o'er her dream
 And sweet surpris'd her, 'mid morn's golden beam ;—
 Breath'd solace o'er her heart for all its pains ;
 Call'd it to bliss, where Love with Virtue reigns.
 Oh! glad conspir'd the Nations'¹⁶ motley throng
 Of varied tongues, to swell one note of praise!
 See, yon rude native forms in savage grace
 (Sable their hue) the dance, wild, lead along,
 And flourish spear, and bush-craft's ya-marong.¹⁷

* See end of Book III., part 2.

Joy hails the BRIDE! At yon Shrine, rose-entwin'd,
 There, 'mid the sylvan theatre, they stood—
 The CHIEF, with Her—FIDALMA! Hand clasp'd hand;
 And their vows made them One!—one heart—one mind!
 If binds them Love—their Suff'rings dearer bind.*

* NOTE.—A distinguished commentator on the Revelations, remarks, on a passage in them, "This divine romance departs from the usual custom of ordinary story (which closes with a marriage), in celebrating the solemn Nuptials of the Mystical Bride and Bridegroom, *before* its arrival at the final catastrophe." A gratifying confirmation is here, again (as previously, Book xii., xiii.), afforded of the plan of the present narrative, which seeks a higher interest for its final scene than that of a Nuptial Celebration, however elevated its actors may be, or objects, even, of the popular enthusiasm of the Story. This interest belongs to the more solemn sources of reflection sought in the stern Moral of Retribution, and in the "poetical justice" dealt on the head of a "splendid culprit," in the face of a world which he had injured.—ED.

THE VICTORIAD:

Book XVIII

THE LEGEND OF VICTORIA;

OR,

"THE FAIRY CHANGELING."

"Thou fairie nurselinge deare
From Britomart the warlike Mayde whileare,
And that fam'd Briton Arthur is deriv'd
Thy race, O Queene."—(*Fairy Queene.*)

"The changeling child, Titania sent
From fairy land."—(*Shaks. Mids. N. Dream.*)

Argument:

REJOICINGS in England over the downfall of the enemy of social interests in the fanatic King of Armageddon, illustrating those of the Peace in 1855. The Nations who have achieved their liberties in his overthrow, through the succour of the British Queen (accorded in Book ii.), offer their thanks to her through Alastor. The Chief's interest is mainly excited by the devotion of the people to their Sovereign: in this he acknowledges the strength of her power and a lesson to Kings. Guiscard who had accompanied the Chief on his embassy, addresses Her in the name of the people (after the example of Queen Elizabeth's time), in the "Legend of Victoria," or "Fairy Welcome." Alastor contemplates the growth of Intelligence and Advance, under the auspices of the Sovereign of the Victorian *Æra*. He sees the pomp of her Naval Reviews (as in 1856), and her "Railway Progresses" through the land. "The Triumph" (to use the old term) of Victoria. The Legend introduces the incident of the "Queen's Dream and the Spirit of Wellington;" and, at its conclusion, instances the Legendary "flight of the Fairies," whose empire of Magic is resigned to the New Genius of Change and Progress, whose instruments are the agency of Intelligence, and the Power of Mind, for the happier conduct of Life.

Nor joy'd they less in Britain's free-soul'd Isle ;
 Nor fail'd Alastor the glad voice to pour
 Of Nations, grateful cheer'd the mem'ries o'er—
 How, when their sorrowing heart the trammel vile
 Of bondage wrung—SHE cheer'd them in her smile.
 Oh ! deep it rose, as of a mighty tide,
 The voice of the unnumber'd human host,
 Where form and feature, indistinct, were lost !
 Echo on echo still one Name' replied
 VICTORIA ! In that sound all others died.
 'Twas the wide joy-shout, heralding her way,
 Shrin'd in her spirit's grace where pass'd along,
 'Mid a World's love, that Queen'—and Concord's Song.
 From her brow's light men caught the blissful ray
 While hail'd her, thus, young Guiscard's² Legend-Lay.

The Legend

OF

VICTORIA.

"The Queen of Fairy to her list'ning throng
 "Of Faes, as ministering glad they shed
 "Roses from bow'rs unfading o'er her head,
 "Thus spoke : and paus'd they, spell-bound, as o'er Song,
 From their sweet work, to greet Her sweeter tongue.
 "Ye know the day when from its cradle bed
 "One of our race we took, an infant birth,
 "And chang'd it for a denizen of earth
 "In Britain's royal halls ? Time's wing hath sped
 "Over the FAIRY CHANGELING's² sacred head,
 "And plac'd Her in the sway of that fair Isle
 "Set like a gem amid its azure wave—
 "Meet empire found Her o'er the fair and brave !
 "Say ! would ye see your queen-dight Sister's smile
 "Shed more than earthly grace o'er earthly style ?

"I read your wish in your approving eyes !
 "Speed, then ! transport ye, where yon star-crown'd height
 "Commands Earth's scope outspread to Spirit' sight—
 "And joy your gaze." The radiant conclave flies
 To own, with smiles, a sister's crown'd disguise.
 It was a day of pomp ; and borne along
 The queenly fairy-birth 'mid welcomings
 Pass'd of the living maze : and Angel wings
 Mystic brood o'er her, amid seraph song ;
 Guard her—unseen—as when o'er dreams they throng.
 "Lead on ! lead on !" thus sung that festive maze,
 Hymning the pride and glory of her^a Day—
 Intelligence ! the magic of Thy sway ;
 Whose beam, while far, it sheds its radiant trace,
 Still draws its tribute from HER fount of grace.
 "Lead on ! lead on ! the Age's eager course
 "Speeds whirlwind like ! 'Tis Venture's dread^a disease—
 "'Tis ardor's strength, o'erwrought in Mind's increase !
 "Who ? on the sweeping tide of Progress pores,
 "But marks, with awe, Life's bark snatch'd on its force !
 "Speed 'neath our Queen ! Who would arrest the way
 "Of the glad, anxious, pleasing, restless Time,
 "Bearing to deeds, in act, as thought, sublime ?
 "Where he who flags but in a brief delay—
 "Swift distanc'd, lies, flung past as scatter'd spray ?
 "Live Queen ! still brighten Earth, like radiant brow
 "Of Summer kindling Nature's fruitfulness,
 "For 'neath Thy' smile, Life's maze the blossoms dress
 "Of every Art ; and looking up, as now,
 "Into thy face, their lustre's fountain know.
 "Still live ! untir'd we bend thy presence o'er,
 "For Virtue wreathes thee in a richer crown
 "Than the East's diamonds ! Deserts, late^a unknown,
 "Pour at thy well-lov'd throne their barb'rous store :—
 If, much thy might—thy People's Love—much more.

"The shout of multitudes, the pomp of show,
 "The roar of 'terrible Enjoyment's' tide
 "Lashing against the world's rous'd shore ! its pride
 "Whelming the sense—o'eraw'd beneath its flow—
 "(Our 'individual weakness' taught to know)—
 "Oh, *now*—that giant burst of joy and pride
 "Springs from the big heart of a Nation's love !
 "Fair Queen ! 'tis, *here*, thy might ! far, far above
 "The hollow greatness—loath'd while deified—
 "Where Force is Sway—while tempests mutt'ring chide.
 "When from Life's scene Heav'n calls thee, Queen, away !
 "Fond, we could deem, thy spirit sought some Star
 "(So *some* have dream'd) and look'd on us from far !
 "Still should we keep in sight, in that fair ray,
 "THYSELF—and name the Star—'VICTORIA.'"
 Such met the Fairy choir those welcomings
 Pour'd o'er their queen-dight Sister : as they said,
 "Meet, hail yon crowds our Fairy Changeling's head !
 "Twould seem, as tho' some secret whisperings
 "Reveal'd to them her brighter Being's springs !"
 Still its fair freight those human surges' swell
 Bears on !¹⁰ 'mid wide delights, where the sense aches
 O'er every bliss in sound or sight awakes.
 See ! garlands strew her way : and starting tell
 Murmurs of Song, o'er hearts her cherish'd spell.
 Should, haply, some fond Seer cry "Queen ! Beware !
 "I see th' Invader's treach'rous harm steal nigh !"
 Instant, springs England arm'd,* before her eye ;
 As tho' on each one's efforts, pending are
 His Country's fates : each burns the foe to dare.
 And hark !—again it wakes, the tribute strain—
 Far echoing o'er yon wave, it hails her state
 "QUEEN OF THE ISLES" o'er Britain's seas elate.
 'Mid yon proud fleet, it dearest claims her reign,
 And hails her, Queen of Freedom and the Main.

* See B. vii.—The Volunteer rising, 1860.

"Queen of the Isles ! still proudest rear thy throne
 "Over the wave, where lies thy greatness' way—
 "The wave that, gladden'd, seems to own thy sway,
 "In the deep swell, where speaks its Spirit's tone !
 "Queen of the Isles ! its Sov'reign, and our own !"
 Thus spoke, as one, the myriads, o'er the tide
 Where, tow'ring in their menace' pomp and might,
 The floating walls* of Britain aw'd the sight :
 Those monster hulks seem'd things of life to glide
 As native of the deep and speak its pride.
 The joy a Sov'reign's brow beam'd forth the while,
 Reflected shone in all those myriads round—
 Glad—as yon wave in liquid diamonds crown'd
 'Neath suns that lit its dimples' countless smile,¹¹—
 While gales harmonious sigh'd their murmur's guile.
 Thus mark'd the Faes their Sister Queen's array
 Thro' varied scenes where pass'd She—bright as bow'rs
 Of their own home—and Her's ! while rose-wreath'd Hours
 Lit every spot—now,¹² heath-clad height and grey—
 Now, blossom'd Isle in summer garland gay.
 'Twas here, the breezes fanning soft her cheek,
 They mark'd where slumber, 'mid the golden calm,
 Now, o'er her, shed its spirit-soothing balm :
 Their angel-spirits, hov'ring o'er her, seek
 Her Soul's pure shrine—and to her spirit speak.
 And thro' her radiant dream they saw her smile,
 As seemingly she heard the harmonies
 Of their sweet voice, and to its strain replies.
 She seem'd borne on their Spirit-wing awhile—
 As one of them,—where led their fairy guile.
 Anon, they pour'd bright Visions o'er her sight
 Of Fairy realms, where now the graces start,
 Beauteously stern, of dauntless Britomart¹³
 (As legends paint) in arms resplendent dight—
 Parent of Albion's sceptred sons of might.

* The Naval Review, 1856.

Lur'd by the charm while gaz'd she ; o'er her dream
 Clouds envious stole : the sun of Britain's Sway!¹⁴
 O'ercast she saw ! its Freedom's garlands gay—
 Fall seer'd to Earth, pale drooping mark'd to stream—
 A spectre of its former beauty's beam !
 The sick'ning land around, where shone its pride,
 A darkling host of locusts foul o'erspread,
 Batt'ning where, now, its health and charm were fled.
 "And what that loathly mystery ?" she cried,
 As from the sight her brow she strove to hide.
 While, hast'ning on, she sought a sacred dome,¹⁵
 And, entering, saw in sweep august arise
 Her sceptred sires before her awe-struck eyes.
 Benign they smil'd to soothe her, "Are ye come
 "To bless ?" (she cried) "Oh ! from your spirit-home
 "Grant me our Albion's coming fates to know !
 "What storms are low'ring round ? Shall roses strew
 "My empire's path ? or bloodshed's baleful dew ?
 "Oh, speak !" But vain her words : those shapes are flown—
 Yet, point they where a Warrior Shade stood, lone.
 She look'd ; and knew that laurel'd hoary brow—
 "And dost thou still" (she cried), "blest Spirit, stay,
 "Succour, and guide, to aid Victoria's sway ?
 "If e'er her name was dear to thee—oh ! now,
 "Still bid thy counsels' sacred warnings flow."
 "Still near thee would I wait" (replied the Shade)—
 "Still fain would Well'sley's spirit guard thee, Queen !
 "But tempests frown, and Strife that ne'er had been
 "Had Fate yet spar'd thy servant's hour delay'd :¹⁶
 "But now—Earth's startled scene its storms invade.
 "Ay ! burns the lust of Universal Sway,
 "Fanaticism's bane the spark illumines,
 "And envied e'en thy Island empire blooms."¹⁷
 "Say ? was my name a spell that held away
 "(While life was mine) the harm ? . . Now,—low'rs the day.

" Britain may proudly, like herself, repel
 " The wrong. The foe hurl'd back, may sheathe the blade
 " And Havoc's tempest, transient, silenc'd fade,—
 " But heed ! 'tis but an illusory spell !
 " The foe still waits¹⁸ his hour—as sure, as fell.
 " Be warn'd then, Queen ! Security were weak :
 " Remember ! 'tis Fanaticism's vow
 " Pledg'd at the Bigot Shrine where bent its brow,
 " To watch the hour—a world-wide blow to wreak !"
 So said the Shade, and parted. With flush'd cheek
 And beating breast the royal Slumb'rer starts—
 " What bodes thy voice, blest Shade ?" (thus speaks her pain)
 " Say yet ! and calm the battling doubts as vain !" . .
 The Fairy train had fain, with kindred hearts,
 Sped to assuage her warring spirit's smarts,
 And whisper succour in the threaten'd fray.
 When thus Titania :¹⁹—" Cease ! New Genii rise :
 " New Magic²⁰ works, and with our empire vies.
 " Spirit of Progress ! CHANGE's Pow'r ! thy sway
 " Rules Life for prouder aims than War's²¹ dark day.
 " Now—fades Our reign : Our Fairy visitings
 " To Mind's best magic leave and Thine,—Life's scene ;
 " Pluck from its heart (*Our* spells too weak have been)
 " Pow'rs guilty greed, and viper Passions' stings !"²¹
 She said : while dream-like, fade those fairy wings.

THE VICTORIAD:

Book XIX.

THE CHIEF AT THE GANGES;

OR,

THE SEPOY REVOLT.

"That faytour herd

"With murderous disdain doth rave."—(*Faëry Queens.*)

Argument:

THE scenes at which he had been present, and the impressions made on him, elicit the reflections of the Chief, who is now about to take his departure from England. His return to the "New Home" of Australia being by the Overland Route to India, he finds the Indian territory in a state of Revolt against British authority. Consistently with the "Unities of Action" (see Introductory remarks), he is thus constituted the chief actor in quelling the outbreak. His presence at Delhi and Lucknow: the Tomb of Havelock: Tribute to Campbell: the modern Lucretia, and thoughts on the site of the Well of Cawnpore. A tribute is further paid to warlike reminiscences of preceding events, and to the Memory of the Conqueror of Scindè,—Napier.

Alastor arrives at length at the "New Home" (whither Guiscard had preceded him), and relates to his comrades and Fidalma the scenes in which he had been engaged—not omitting his visit to England (in the preceding book), with a due tribute of praise to the Sovereign of the Victorian Æra, to which all respond.

Now that all the characters in the action have finally met together, Guiscard offers, on the part of himself and the Patriot Cause, an acknowledgment to the "New Arthur" for his vindication, under the auspices of a high Destiny, of the objects of his sacred Mission: the only duty which remains being that of the final Retribution and Moral with which the action concludes in the ensuing Book. Meantime, the Minstrel's retrospect celebrates a comprehensive view of the Chief's Social Victory in establishing the New World

of Intelligence and Freedom of Thought on the downfall of the Old World of Prejudice, Fanaticism, and Mental Slavery, as heretofore illustrated : a Victory achieved by him, as the representative of Public Opinion, and instrument of that Spirit of Progress, whose genius impresses, and whose features characterize the Victorian *Æra*.

So spoke the Legend : and its warning strain

None in that Presence heard, but laid to heart.

And as its boding accents fading part,
From the Chief's sight pass'd, now, that queenly train ;
Oft, in his thoughts' fond clue, retrac'd again :

'Twas thus he mus'd : " Alone the Future's day

" Oh ! Queen, God's eye may pierce ! On *HIM* rely.

" The quicksands shun of blind Security—

" Tho' *Thou* forbear—worse spirits may betray !

" Well spoke the Warrior Shade to guard thy sway.

" Like *Una* with the lion by her side

" Go fearless forth : Good Angels hover nigh :

" The Spirit, erst, that bade th' Armada fly—

" That rous'd thy heroes' might o'er land, o'er tide—

" Still, *BRITAIN'S* Genius shields thy Empire's pride.

" And Mem'ry dear shall prize, fair Queen, this day !

" Still at our Golden Shrine shall wake *thy* Name !

" A high soul's praise ! a more than Monarch's fame."

He said : and bent him on his homeward way—

Till far—by Ganges' wave his footsteps stray.

When sudden met a cry his startled ears—

And fires his soul the Rebel guilt to crush—

Deeds, bidding heart to mourn ! and cheek to blush !

Too soon spoke true, fair Queen, thy boding fears !

And worse than Phantoms—pangs, but nam'd thro' tears !

" What *Dæmon* " (cried he) " celebrates his fell

" And fatal orgies thro' the frightened Land

" Far echo'd, Ganges, o'er thy blood-dy'd strand ?"

Alas ! not all thy flood's polluted swell

Can wash the stain out ! . . . Hark ! the tocsin-kneil

Dismays the bound, 'mid Hawc's yell, Despair,
 And hoarse Revenge—the Wives', Babes', Mothers' strain
 Piercing the ear of Mercy's Pow'r—in vain !
 Where men are rabid tigers in their lair,
 And traitors hide the knife—while speak they fair.
 And *whose* the hand, erewhile, had lit the train—
 Insidious kindled fires, wide soon to burst,
 Fann'd by Fanaticism's breath accurst ?
 'Twas *thine*,^s fall'n king ? By Britain's arm again,
 Hurl'd back thy Wrong, that fraudulent strove in vain.
 What ? art thou *fall'n* ? the bane yet lurks behind
 Of thy fell secret workings ! like the sting
 Of venom'd snake our mortal combating
 Hath fell'd : too soon the deadly harm to find
 As thro' our veins the treach'rous pulses wind.
 With beating heart and burning brow, the Chief
 Springs to the succour.—Delhi's, Lucknow's need :
 Action swift waits on thought ! gives wings to speed !
 His Spirit ev'rywhere breathes round relief—
 Now leads to Glory, and now softens Grief*
 Brave hearts ! that strove in hope's yet doubt's suspense—
 Brave English few, 'gainst the fierce multitude
 Like whelming waters of a yelling flood. . . .
 “ But hark—a Gun——'tis He ! . . Joy ! pain !—intense !
 “ That gun——ne'er spoke such welcome eloquence ! ”
 Now, mark'd he tombs of all the glorious dead—
 Of Havelock. “ Behold, thy Sepulchre—
 “ One,^s with the wide East !—thy Fame's theatre ! ”
 He said ! as swell'd the tear ; while rev'rent tread
 His steps the sod, where rests that honor'd head.
 'Tis past : . . . Now paus'd he, where a City* stood—
 Where, once, rife glow'd, the busy haunts of men :—
 Where, now, the prowling tiger seeks his den ;
 But worse than tigers where the human brood
 With coward glee had delug'd it in blood.

He shrinks before a spot . . . Oh ! dark the shade
 O'er it, of Mem'ry—more than those wan boughs !
 Where, o'er yon gulf,¹⁰ its veil the Cypress throws !
 Yon gulf—where, proud, dar'd death, the British Maid—
 Where lives Her Virtue's garland, ne'er to fade.
 And lonely thro' the havock'd wilderness
 Its marble height a sable Column¹¹ rears
 And speaks a tale—Well may o'erwhelm those tears
 His tongue, as sought it utterance to express
 The Englishwoman's fate of bitterness !
 Beneath that marble, let its sorrows sleep—
 Yet, on the stone engrav'd *One* name he reads,
 LUCRETIA !¹² fair in form as great in deeds.
 Now, ease thy swelling heart ;—turn, Chief, and weep—
 Unless for tears thy sorrow be too deep.
 But a world pours its indignation's cry
 O'er human fiends—a worse than fabled hell !
 Heav'n ! where wert Thou, when, lost, thy suppliants fell ?
 O'er scene of their past outrage, mournfully
 Their hov'ring Spirits' plainings seem to die.
 And, now—blest Chief ! thy hand the turmoil's stream
 Hath stay'd. See, now, 'neath Might's and Mercy's Law
 Bow rebel hearts for grace, in shame and awe.
 From their own deeds they shrink—the Past's dark dream—
 EMPRESS !¹³ to hail thy blest tiara's beam.
 Nor left he Scindè's plain untrack'd. How lone
 That wide, waste bound ! but full of Memories
 Whose whisper o'er the British heart ne'er dies—
 Nor spoke unheard by Him : and in its tone
 A Napier's name he proudly dwelt upon.
 " Oh ! Britain has her giants, *yet*, of might,"
 (He cried) " Of Chivalry's and Glory's Cause !
 " Ne'er be her Eagles frustrate¹⁴ thro' her daws !—
 " Pretenders thwart her great ones ! Her worst fight
 " Is 'gainst their envy of her native might.

- "The globe scarce wide enough for her great Name—
 "Wolfe! Clyde! from icy North; to torrid South,—
 "Names wake on names, thro' time, the trumpet-mouth
 "To fill, of her still-soaring, bright'ning Fame :
 "Still, British bosoms beat,—aspire,—the same."
 Such, CHIEF, the scenes had mark'd thy glory's way
 Ere on thy Brothers, in their new-won home,
 Beams thy return : and dear, at length, 'tis come.
 Eager they press to hear those scenes' dismay—
 By turns, the breast, as wrath or anguish sway.
 Much, too, they ask Thee "of that well-lov'd Queen ?
 "And *who* o'er Britain's Right held up the shield ?
 "And *whose* th' ignobler spirits fain to yield
 "Her sacred Cause ?" "The Chief paints all the scene
 Of Might, he late had scann'd, and festive sheen.
 But the tale past—with joy th' exulting crew
 Hail'd him return'd, while proud his spirit knew
 Its dearest guerdon from their love it drew !
 Spoke, too, Fidalma's joy her blushes thro'—
 As clasp'd his Bride the Chief his bosom to.
 And Guiscard¹⁸ hail'd him—"Sire of a New World
 "Regen'rate ! Founder of yon Golden Shrine
 "In purest spirit rais'd to Love Divine !" "
 But list : He speaks (his lip the smile proud curl'd)—
 "Yon Shrine, 'tis rais'd o'er Insult's¹⁸ throne down-hurl'd.
 "To God, to Freedom, Concord, Love, 'tis rais'd !
 "No living lie, no sordid love of Self,
 "Sway *here* ! no Minions rank of pow'r or pelf.
 "The sacred reign of TRUTH alone be prais'd
 "Man's loftiest Law." Then, silent round, he gaz'd,
 As 'rapt in happier musings. . . "Yet, if e'er,
 "Mid thrones of Earthly pomp, shine forth a trace"
 (He said) "of well-sway'd Might or Spirit's grace—
 "Ne'er be the tribute hush'd ! Oh ! welcome fair
 "One Name ! the guerdon of this hour to share !

"VICTORIA! Thou! that ne'er hast wrong'd thy trust!"—

"Thou! that hast wielded pow'r with sway benign!

"Thy Soul, in eyes that chastely, awful shine,

"I've read: nor found vain Will's nor Passion's lust

"To bid me ask—'Are Kings but painted dust?'

"Meet, wakes yon Freedom's Shrine to greet thy Day!

"Yon monument of Times" that boast thy Name

"Hails thee, with dearer than a Monarch's fame!"

He said: and now blest leads his Bride away:

While Guiscard's joy thus pour'd its votive lay.

"As one that long hath sought some unknown bourn,

"Or wreck of Eld, or Nile's dark cradled bed—

"Mid doubt and pain, not all unpleasing led—

"At last—to sight it breaks the wish'd sojourn,

"And his long weariness forgets to mourn:

"So I, with present joy, forget the pain

"That wrung my heart with long Endurance tried

"As lives the Vision proudly verified—

"Fram'd erst, of a New World! where mock'ries vain

"No more dim Life's pure brow with sordid stain.

"Lone—by the world forgot—albeit, Content

"Is mine:—I've hail'd this victory of MIND—

"Fate's one best boon. What yet remains behind?

"The wish—in painful musings eloquent—

"To die,—forgiving.* False friends! foes! relent.

("Does Death lead to *undying* spells? So deems

"Fond Hope, and shrinks from sad Oblivion's dearth:

"Yearns, too, Man's wish, that when he parts from earth,

"His deeds shall be remember'd. Life, its *Dreams*

"Make liveable! Truth's shadow mars their gleams.)

"Yes! I have liv'd to see the growth of Mind,

"Like an increasing current, stretch its way,

"Whelming the barriers vain of Error's sway.

"Men! tell your Sons, how Thought (too long confin'd)

"Now, freely breathes, and freshly as the wind."²¹

* See Guiscard's Farewell, B. ix. Also, 'False Friends,' B. xvi.

"E'en Superstition's beacon that erewhile
 "Blaz'd but to lead astray from God's true home
 "Man's wand'ring step—it fades! O'er Leo's Dome
 "The guilty²² lustre of its splendor's guile
 "Wanes 'neath the beam where Right and Freedom smile.
 "AVENGER! Thou hast conquer'd! Mind's control
 "Hath striv'n in Thee, o'er Force', o'er Fraud's dominion!
 "In THEE lives emblem'd 'Public dread Opinion'²³
 "To vindicate Truth's sov'reignty of Soul,
 "Long as Earth's pillars stand, the planets roll!"

THE VICTORIAD:

Book XX.

THE RETRIBUTION;

OR,

THE NEW BRITOMART.

"Till Britomart revenge had wrought
"Of the late wrong, upon their common foe."—(*Fairy Queen.*)

"Merope ! vengez vous, et vengez à la fois

"Les lois, et la nature."—(*Voltaire.*)

Argument :

THE Captive King is discovered in his tent, at night, in the Black Forest, on the Australian coast : his slumbers are startled by dreams, in which he is haunted by the mockery of the Evil Spirits, who once (Book II.) flattered the Fanaticism that suggested the restoration, in himself, of the empire of the ancient Cæsars and Rome. After their departure he is met by Visions of those Potentates who have paid the penalty of their crimes to Society, with the forfeit of their lives. These warnings of Conscience being over, he is met by Alastor, who now admonishes him that the hour of Retribution has arrived,

The sacred elevation of character of the "New Arthur" is shown in a high forbearance and clemency, that are above seeking "blood" (as is the case for the most part, with morbid human passion) as a penalty. His legendary impersonation of the Virtue of Magnanimity, as in Spenser, (not to cite Geoffrey of Monmouth, and others)—is kept in view. His superiority is shown over the moral weakness—in other words, the false pride of the "Spornier"—the creature of artificial privilege, conventional license, and Prejudice. He invites the "fallen Man" to cast off the "Old Adam" and effete creeds of a worn-out Old World, and to enter the New World, for a recognition of

Self, and a participation of that "practicable Fraternization" (see note) constituted by equal rights under impartial laws, and an absence of irresponsible power or exclusive privilege. Such is the lesson (a conspicuous feature of the *Æra*), offered by the Narrative to Kings—to the ruler and the ruled.

The proposal is rejected with the characteristic scorn of Nicander, who is consistent* with himself to the last: and while he is an object of mingled contempt and compassion to the magnanimity of Alastor, he is no less an object of increased indignation to the People.

The fate of Nicander, now, hangs in the balance: an incident affecting the individual injuries of Fidalma and her Father—the Polish Prince who had been dethroned and exiled to Siberia by Nicander (as stated in Book iv.)—decides the result. The death of the aged Prince in the arms of his daughter works much on the feelings of the Populace: and amidst universal acclamations, Fidalma is recognized as the Chief agent in the Moral result of the Story. As the representative, yet more, of the legendary Britomart (the impersonation of "retributive justice," and coeval with the "Briton Prince" Arthur) She is, consequently, consistently represented as the instrument of the merited Retribution.

"*Nicander ! Cæsar !*" dæmon-like,¹ what cry

Wakes o'er thy startled slumber, fallen One ?

Mocks it thy once proud Dream, for ever flown ?

"*Rome's lord ! the World's !*" . . It spoke : then hurried by
'Mid laughter-yell in fiend-wak'd mockery.

Dark, *now*, thy dreams ! less dark, yon forest-maze²

Night's shadows veil ; where dart their lurid stream

The watch-fires, o'er yon tent, in fitful gleam.

Say, Captive ! what new Vision mournful strays

Round thy pale couch, where weird, that glimm'ring plays ?

Chill wakes the dream of thy unrest before

A train with crown-girt brow where sorrow spoke

And self-reproach, and in these accents woke.

"Well, may we mourn thy hour of downfall o'er,

"The grief participate, the doom deplore—

"We, monuments of Misrule's judgments dread—

"Scorn, Outrage, Death ! . . Before thee Julius stands,

"With ill-starr'd Charles—with Capet : by the hands

"Of that wild justice Vengeance boasts, we bled :

"Ay ! bow'd to lust of blood, our sacred head !

* "Et sibi constat."—(*Hor.*)

"Mark us in fear, in ruth! Oh, happier thou,
 "Birth of an Age more genial; when, no more,
 "Wrong'd Justice blazons her decrees in gore,"
 "But spares at least, breath's boon! thus much avow
 "As dwells thy gaze upon our blood-stain'd brow.
 "Kings were we! and the lesson learn'd too late
 "To know the Sway of—'Self!'" . . . They faded past
 Scann'd by the Slumb'r'er thro' his dream aghast—
 When, sudden wak'd new forms! the show of State,
 And well-lov'd gauds its pomp that decorate.
 'Midst it, accosts him One with cringeing brow
 And honied breath—he knew the Parasite!¹
 But *now*—those honied words wak'd no delight—
 On his school'd heart they pour'd but mock'ry, *now*!
 "Spare thy knees' homage, *here*! ay, elsewhere, bow!
 "Bribes for thy sordid worship have I none!"
 (He cried; and thought)—"Not Monarchs are more vain
 "Than Ye, who feed their Vanities? *Your* strain,
 "Lures into what he *is*, Pomp's crown-deck'd Son:
 "And thro' *his* loss, your selfish game is won!"
 Now seem'd he on the hill of Constantine
 To stand: The Phantoms rose that erst his way
 Had call'd to Rome restor'd² and world-wide sway.
 'Neath the wan light once more their spectres shine,
 In yet worse mock'ry hail'd him *now* "Divine!"³
 The gorgeous domes, the golden minarets,
 Of the proud City gleam'd before his eye—
 (Prize, how desir'd! how lur'd the splendid Lie!)
 It spoke, the foil'd⁴ career of his regrets—
 Where vain Ambition's Sun for ever sets.
 And then, again, that dæmon, ribald, cry
 Rung forth; "*Nicander! Caesar! 'Tis thine own—*
 "*Rome's renovated world! The Cæsars' throne!*
 "*Arise! be all thou would'st!*" . . . Then, hurried by,
 Drowning his vain reproach, the mockery.

And, now, it seem'd, a wild and savage throng,
 Madden'd with Freedom's new-fill'd cup, swept past,
 With rabid clamors, like the yelling blast—
 In his dream's ear, as pour'd their tempest-song,
 Thus loud, thus fierce, those figures swept along.
Ha! Ha! (thus woke the yell of scornful glee
 Where voices cried 'mid shouts of laughter-scoff)
 "Hail Roman Birth! Imperial Romanhoff!
 "*Rosh, Mesheck, Tubal,** are they not to be
 "Centred for universal sway, in Thee?
 "Is *this* He, 'neath whose frown our hearts have died?
 "Creatures, (he call'd us) of his wrong and scorn!
 "Life's dregs! like beasts for vilest uses born!
 "A lawless herd, still snatch'd on Frenzy's tide—
 "Where Crime and Ignorance rave side by side.
 "Thus mock'd he us? this idol! at whose shrine
 "Self-outrag'd bow'd we*—made us less than Man—
 "While *him* we made a God? . . . Speak! is thy span
 "Of Godship dwindled? Where, the ray 'divine'
 "That, late, so proud, illum'd that clay of thine?
 "*Ours'*, seems as precious *now!*" . . . (Such seem'd to rise
 Like fiendish orgies—amid wood and cave,
 Those cries, weird blent with moaning wind and wave) . .
 "Where, now, thy halls of Pomp?—Yon frowning skies!
 "Thy Revel's strain?—The blast's weird minstrel'sies!
 "*These* are thy Empire, *these* thy Flatt'ers *now!*" . . .
 Thus fearful yell'd the vision'd multitude,
 That seem'd to overwhelm him like a headlong flood :—
 While rude hands dragg'd that form where awe should bow—
 And snatch'd him to a barren snow-capp'd brow :
 "Come! bid the snows melt quailing at thy nod
 "Like Courtiers' hearts! Shiver'st thou? dost *thou* pine?
 "Why! so did *We!* and now—our lot be thine!" . .
 Thus, 'mid their scoffs they left spurn'd Pageant's¹⁰ God
 Pale, senseless, gasping, on the ice-cold sod.

With panting breast and struggling breath, ('mid cries
 Confus'd of "*Mercy! Spare!*") the hapless King
 Thus, Phantom-wrung 'neath Conscience' sharpen'd sting,
 Sprung from his slumber of unrest. . . *What* eyes
 To meet? as from those Phantoms' scowl he flies? . . .
 Lo! o'er him bends a solemn brow, severe—
 Reproachful, yet compassioning the moil
 Of that vex'd agony, and spirit toil.
 'Tis He, ALASTOR," wakes before him there—
 Stern witness of his struggle's guilt and fear.
 "Calm thee!" (the Patriot said) "No savage band
 "Bears 'gainst thy life, the murd'rous blade."¹² Arise!
 "Nor scar'd, look round thee with Suspicion's eyes.
 "Yet, calls for thee ATONEMENT's hour—at hand!
 "But hush thy fears—She bears no blood-stain'd brand.
 "What? raise thy brow! if less thou'rt, now, than 'King'—
 "Yet, more art Thou—a Man! to see the grace
 "Of Truth, undimm'd by Custom"¹³ face to face—
 "To know thyself—to bid thy thoughts take wing
 "To Heav'n's blest fount, where Man's best yearnings spring.
 "Hear gen'rous Vengeance speak! the whispers dread
 "Hush of false Pride, and '*Men, as equals, know*
 "'*Neath equal Laws!*' before *this* Sentence bow!
 "And, own, as dew thrice bless'd, our bounty shed
 "(For all the blood spilt by thee!) o'er thy head.
 "What? thou'rt but Man—as We! tho' long a crown
 "Hath blown thee up into a God! No more
 "Wander the day-dream's vain Elysium o'er—
 "A sceptred pigmy, big by surfeit grown
 "Of blood, to monster semblance. . . . Spare that frown!
 "Crush'd thy throne's Wrong—be, this, our guerdon best:
 "Be thine—from Us, to learn *true* pride's intent.
 "Thy neck of Pow'r—if not of Pride, is bent.
 "*This*, from thy heart, more fain were we to wrest,
 "Than the vain life-spark struggling in thy breast.

"The stubborn Will in nobler grace unbend
 "Before Man's high Tribunal! *This* hath grace—
 "The best—to *spare*! unwilling to re-trace
 "The barren Past. Rise! hail Mankind—as 'Friend.'
 "E'en *SHE*—wrong'd worst—her voice shall gen'rous blend—
 "FIDALMA :—Mingle with the social hive ;
 "Meet men as 'fellow-workers : ' glad dispense
 "Honey instead of gall! the eloquence
 "Hear of no flatt'ry's Vow! and prouder live
 "Man's aid, than in his outrage darkly thrive.*
 "This were to rise from out thy fall'n estate
 "To a yet brighter being! Pomp, Pow'r, Pelf,—
 "What are they to the mastery of SELF?
 "By SELF be nobly conquer'd—truly great.
 "Our fair New World, appeas'd—no more knows hate."
 Gracious he spoke: when from the gloomy lair
 Of Passions vain, and spirit-strife's unrest
 Jealous, that mark'd Life's bliss, itself unblest—
 Thus, brief, the Scornor. "Your tale—false or fair—
 It boots not: lost on ME—it melts in air."
 Sullen he turn'd: with eyes averted stood.
 Incens'd those throngs, Forbearance' ill return,
 Murm'ring, resent: anon, the cry is "*Blood!*"
 Alastor's Self, scarce stems the menace' flood.
 What stays its course? . . A bow'd Old Man they bore—
 (See!) yonder forms: while stretch'd he, to embrace
 Fidalma's form once more: and on her face
 Turn a Sire's⁴ dying eyes. His hoar brow o'er
 Bends she, as down her cheek her sorrows pour;
 While faint thus spoke the Sire. "If I have known
 "A life of Exile, Sorrow, Loss, and Pain—
 "If these worn limbs have blam'd the captive chain—
 "Yet, somewhat for the wrong my fates atone
 "If grant they still to clasp my Child—my own."

* Such have been the lessons which the Voice of the New World has, in the present *Æra*, spoken to rulers.

And who is he ? the trembling, bow'd Old Man ?

Alas ! see *once* a Prince ! See One who sway'd

O'er willing throngs : whom happy homes obey'd !
Mark, too, yon shame of Kings, whose jealous ban
Condemn'd to loss and shame the Exile's span.

" Alas ! " (he said) " lov'd Child ! the fated day

" That from thy Mother¹⁴ bore me ; saw her fade—

" Lost, lone, bereav'd, till came Death's friendly aid.

" And for my Sons—all, all, were swept away—

" Yes ! since their birth was from *my* ill-starr'd clay !

" Thou, yet, wert succour'd by the great, the brave—

" But ebbs life's tide :—still—fond, shall hover near,

" My Spirit round Him (as Thyself e'en) dear !

" And bless'd be Heav'n my hour's poor span could save

" Thus far—to thank Him ere I found a grave."

Strove falt'ring tho' his tears the lab'ring breath

As turn'd he to the CHIEF : the sorrowing train

Press'd round him—shar'd the Exile's—Parent's—pain.

One more embrace—he sinks the pang beneath—

He's gone.—But hanging o'er that form of death

Fidalma pour'd in sorrow forth her heart,

Till, now, to Grief a sterner pang succeeds :

Tears flow no more :—her bosom inly bleeds.

Mark ! o'er her cheek the hues indignant start,

Rous'd for her own, her Country's, Parent's smart.

" This, is *Thy* work ! " she said, where sullen stood

The dealer of those harms—the graceless King :

" This, is Thy work ! too blood-polluted spring

" Of my Sire's wrong—the wise, the brave, the good !

" Bless'd—till Thou mad'st his realm—a Solitude.

" Not my own wrongs I'll name :—My Country's woe—

" My Sire's—ask yet, a sterner Judgment's doom—

" A Sacrifice o'er their accusing Tomb !

" Tell them—FIDALMA bade¹⁵ thee seek them ! Go—

" Heav'n thro' *my* step thy harm o'ertakes, tho' slow :—

"A World's, a Parent's Spirit, speaks in mine!

"Take scorn for scorn! Atonement, yet, is lent!

"Heav'n finds in ME—in ME, weak instrument!"

She said; while brighter all her beauties shine,

Lighting her form from earthly to divine,

While swift her steel, Mankind, hath struck thy foe.—

O'er his fall'n form, in beauteous scorn she stood¹⁶

While throngs press'd round, where in that guilty blood

An outrag'd World's wide expiations flow,

And Nations vindicated hail'd the blow.

'Like a New Britomart'¹⁷ they saw her stand:

For, Justice won new beauty from her eyes—

Stern loveliness: Truth wore a fairer guise:

As Nature's charm in lightnings shrin'd more grand:

Severe, her beauties grac'd ATONEMENT'S brand.

NOTE.—Although it is requisite, for the sake of due legendary consistency, that the chief female character in the events described, should be the representative of a Britomart (coeval with Arthur) in her province of retributive justice,—still, there is another object, no less requisite, to be kept in view. This is, the vindication (as proposed in the Introduction) of those higher attributes of mind and feeling, of which the female character—the dignity of the Sex—is cognisant. And here, it may be remarked, that modern Story requires no aid from by-gone, although illustrious, examples, however interesting they may appear as presented to us by the genius of a Voltaire, or Maffei, as in Merope: not to mention the instances of Medea, Electra, Portia, or Arria, in the hands of Metastasio, Monti, the classic Alfieri, and others, British as well as foreign Dramatists.—French, Spanish, and German.—ED.

M' Cuboy

TO

THE SPIRIT OF CHANGE.

"The Spirit of Change swayeth all things : Truth alone is immutable."—*Bacon.*

"This world who can deny

"But to be realm of Mutabilitie."—*Fairy Queens.*

Argument :

THE Votary of the Spirit of Change and Progress, who had offered the Invocation at the opening of the Story, now, consistently, offers a farewell tribute to the Power through whose agency the New World has been established, and the Cause of Social Advance vindicated. The disappearance of the New Arthur is memorialized according to the Legends showing a similarity of circumstance to that of the Apotheosis of Quirinus, and other instances. Legendary Memories of Arthur's Castle of Tintagel.

The Moral proposed by the God of Change, in responding to the Invocation of his Votary (Book I.), is here accomplished in the acknowledgement to him, by the Divinity, of the Sovereignty of TRUTH.

"Again, dread Pow'r of CHANGE, I meet thy throne

"Shrin'd 'mid this universal world, in dyes

"Still shed by thee, 'neath rarest masteries.

"Hark ! where invokes thy name a mighty tone—

"VICISSITUDE'S¹ wide echoes—as in One.

"All² I have seen and pass'd thro,' seems a dream

"Bewild'ring sweet the sense in strange delight !

"I had seen by-gone Worlds, Oblivion's night,³

"Unveil'd to me : yet more, the glimpses stream

"Transient as beauteous of the Future's gleam !⁴

" I had heard mystic steal, the Prophet Lay—
 " Far echoing, guile Life's wide-lost track's distress
 " To no inhospitable Wilderness*—
 " Again, to find itself! as, erst, the way
 " Led the dread Shepherd, † for his flock astray.
 " I had seen boasted Empire swept away
 " By Mind's o'ermast'ring tide, too little bas'd
 " On Public Love that best its might had grac'd!
 " I had seen Truth's New World rise into day,
 " And rescu'd Man, regen'rate, bless the ray.
 " E'en Rome's departed Genius wakes anew!
 " Rome lives again—glows in Italian hearts!
 " Her glory-spark, where smould'ring slept it, starts
 " From her drear ashes, to a World's joy'd view—
 " Lighting fair Freedom's torch—more pure, more' true!
 " [To Thee, too! sad, as fair, Queen‡ of the Sea
 " She calls: thro' thy realm's silence,* whispers rise,
 " That speak the patriot love that never dies:
 " From thy gloom's spell I see Thee start to glee!
 " Italia's Brotherhood wide hails Thee—' free.'
 " TRUTH's empire sways: yet hark!—what echo hoarse
 " Wakes on my Vision from the dark* 'Abyss,'
 " Mingled with the 'undying Serpent's' hiss?
 " 'Abaddon's Curse' 'gainst Truth's high throne it pours—
 " Tho' fades, thro' Darkness' depths, its baffled force.]
 " I had mark'd Progress' foes* to her bright face
 " Turn round—to smile—and bid the ice relent
 " Of Prejudice, that numb'd Mind's priz'd intent:
 " Ay! gen'rous spring on Emulation's race—
 " Wipe the dark stain out of the Past's disgrace.
 " Thine is the work dread CHANGE! I've trac'd Thee sweeping
 " With thy wild wing the Star-worlds; now, for bliss;
 " Now, for destruction thro' the void's" abyss.
 " Hast thou, at length, o'erta'en the tardy creeping
 " Progress of Right, upon this Earth-ball sleeping?

* Rev. xii., Isaiah xli. See New Home, B. xiv. (Australia).

† Wilderness of Sinai (*Exodus*). ‡ Venice.

"Lo! rampant insolence a world¹² o'erran,
 "And fond Self-glory sought to stem the tide
 "Of destin'd Progress with its tribute's pride—
 "The unslav'd Mind! But vain, the puny span,
 "Twould bound Fate's will and Thine—Life's COMING MAN!"¹³
 And where is HE, the CHIEF? . . . An Angel-light
 I mark'd enshrine his brow—A Voice cried "*Come!*
Man's New World won! Rise, to thy Spirit home!"
 And while it spoke—as slumb'ring 'neath calm night,
 The Sacred Warrior's spirit, soft, took flight!¹⁴
 Died, from his soul serene, Life's sorrow-wail—
 (Chill, as the melancholy plashing surge
 That seems to pour o'er heart of Earth its dirge
 For lives its gulfs betray'd!)—Heav'n lifts the veil
 So let HIM pass, whom Seraph warblings hail.
 Woke too, a Voice, heard, mystic, o'er the roar
 Of waves that lash Tindágel's haunted Keep,¹⁵
 "Welcome again to Heav'n! THOU, that the sleep
 "Of the dark Tomb didst burst!¹⁶ a balm to pour
 "The wounded heart of mortal durance o'er."
 "The vision'd murmur fades o'er yon grey wall
 Where Ruin, weird, holds place where, erst, sate crown'd
 The Briton Prince, and Knights in conclave round.¹⁷
 And Legends whisper—at the Wizard's call
 Their Shades still glide in spectral festival. • • •
 "But mighty Fashioner! all mast'ring Sway
 "Of CHANGE! all infinite, enduring, vast!
 "One with the Present, Future, as the Past!
 "Indelibly thy Name's emblazon'd ray
 "In Being's features new, shall ever play.
 "Life's hour whate'er may try of joy or ruth—
 "Still, 'tis to THEE it turns! and drinks anew
 "Fresh Action's springs! still varying lives Thy hue
 "Radiant as deathless in unfading youth;
 "Of all things, victor, THOU—save changeless TRUTH."

Heard me the God ; and said : " Well hast thou crown'd

" Truth's Conquest !" She, *alone*, disdains my sway.

" *HER* throne untouch'd—I speed my wayward way,—

" Worlds, Empires, wide, draw with me in the round,

" Monarch and Mover thro' the endless bound."

NOTES.

Book I.

1 The moral agency of Change, and with which the Story has to deal, is here instanced in the new aspects of life, and the contrasts it offers to what it was half-a-century ago.

2 As silently declared in the *strata* of Earth's revolutions : fossils, alluvial tracts, &c.

3 The Cause of the Spirit of Change and Progress, and that of Man, are one and the same, as at present invoked, and hereafter vindicated, in the rising of the aggrieved nations.

4 (See advertisement.) The hostile power, and (a few lines further on,) his opponent—the “Master Mind”—the two leading characters in the action, are thus placed before the reader in the outset, together with the moral and social objects of the Story, as invoked in the vindication of Social Advance. See note on *Armageddon*. Intro. Remarks.

5 In reference to the scene on the Riviera, from Nice to Genoa, where the Story first suggested itself, together with the arguments for its objects.

6 The opponents to Progress utter a great fallacy here. It may be true that our nature is vitiated by principles of selfishness and bad passion ; but that is *no reason* that improvement should not be aimed at. To stand still is to retrograde : the worse we are, the *more* we are in need of efforts for improvement. The opposition offered by the “savage beasts,” in the outset of his expedition, will be remembered in Dante. These were “emblems” of social injuries.

7 The terms “Scoffer,” “Scorner,” “Insulter,” “Spoiler,” “Despoiler,” are all Scriptural designations applied to the “Pharaohs” of earth, whose hearts are hardened against the well-being of mankind, and, therefore, consistently applied to the King of the Scriptural Armageddon.

8 *i.e.*, The incidents to be illustrated are based on history and real life.

9 Revelations (“A Voice came forth,” &c.) and Milton. See advertisement, as to the Provencal example, and its followers, and adopted in its present visionary ascent. See Dante (*Paradise*).

10 Astronomers attest that in South African latitudes Systems of Worlds, of the greatest variety of colors, are discernible. This circumstance is approached in a remark in Fontenelle's *Plurality of Worlds*. (Humboldt and De Saussure on "Light and Color.")

11 See Dryden *passim* for "choir" for purposes of rhyme.

12 In illustration of the Geological inquiries of the day, the different phases and stages of created worlds are depicted. The present instance exhibits a world rent asunder by volcanic explosion, like the predicted extinction of our own Earth. See Burnet's conclusion of his theory of the Earth, so praised by Addison. For Geological facts (see Portlock).

13 The *nebulae*, or first luminous *nuclei*, also called nebulous rings of a nascent world, are here portrayed. These are now, by some Geologists, considered not *germs*, but indistinct masses of developed worlds. See Feyer, Brewster, Chalmers, and others.

14 The Mahometan fable of the Angels and Peris rainbow-bridge from Heaven to Earth.

15 All these varied effects are borne testimony to by South African astronomical research. See note 10 above. In the present and ensuing lines, the varieties of tint depicted are the *effect* of different luminous bodies surveyed through different *media* of light. They exhibit the different aspects of growing, and also of convulsed, matter.

16 The different luminous effects, again, of volcanic action in the extinction or transformation of a world.

17 *Scintillæ*, struck off in the laboratory, as it were, of Matter as the *germs* of minor spheres round a Sun. All these phases or effects are amongst our more recent geological theories.

18 Milton says (B iv.),—"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen," &c. The doctrine is referred to of our being attended by evil and benign Geniuses, or Spirits, respectively, for good or contrary influences. See Socrates and his Dæmon.

19 The classical personification of Mythology is followed here.

20 See Milton's *simile*, "to be the mast of some great ammiral."

21 The sublime transition from the third to the second person in the Book of Job will be remembered. The same feature will be remembered in Pindar: indeed there is a Lyric characteristic about it. So the "lofty" impatience of orators—in Demosthenes: Cicero.

22 "The earth is thy footstool."—Psalms, Job. The appeal to the God of Change, to "pause in his restless round," is in aid of the purposes of the Story, whilst he replies to the invocation of his mortal Votary, to whom, after reviewing the intellectual and social Progress of the *Æra* under his own Spirit-influences, he promises the desired Vindicator, or New Arthur of Tradition.

23 "*Palluit audax*," says Horace in his beautiful picture of Europa: and again,—"*Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas*."

What would Horace say now?

24 The principle of Lightning, viz. : Electricity, controlled by the hand of Science, as in the Electric and—yet more—the Submarine telegraph, illustrated in the ensuing lines. See Arago's "*recherches*." The Storm telegram may be added—a great boon to seamen. Air Navigation is a renewed attempt by Prof. Lowe, of New York.

25 The diffusion of Knowledge. The Age is here indebted to the enterprise of the Messrs. Cassell, following in the footsteps of C. Knight and Chambers.

26 Man has invented such sweeping powers of *wholesale* destruction, that it would seem almost that, if he did his *utmost*—his *best* or *worst*—the annihilation of the human race is nearly in his *own* power: a *suicidal* act which would seem, by a slight effort of fancy, to render *unnecessary* any destructive visitation on the part of Heaven,—such as a Deluge or the expected General Conflagration. See note 28 below.

27 "Nature's journeymen."—(*Shakespeare*.) "Nature's 'prentice-hand."—(*Burns*.)

28 See note 26, preceding, which illustrates the destructive power of the Armstrong and Whitworth inventions, to be fully illustrated in a future stage of the Story (B. viii.). The minor arts of "destruction made easy"—reckon the Colt revolver, which place eight or ten lives in our power; and the *Minie*, Enfield, and Lancaster Rifles, long and short. The "crushing" power of the Steam Ram is illustrated (B. v.), and "fire-ships" ought not to be forgotten. The age is, indeed, inventive in the Arts of Destruction, no less than of Peace—*utriusque Minerva*.

29 It is implied here that human speculations, and "*scenes of social interest*," are *widened* by the results of modern scientific Genius.

30 The "Genii of our modern magic" are assuredly our Engineers—our Stephensons, Brunels, Telfords, Rennies—in their mastery over Time, Distance, Space, and Matter. Truth is, indeed, more surprising than Fiction: see note preceding. The latest variety, as regards Steam locomotion, is the Earl of Caithness's carriage, constructed to run on *common* roads, 1860.

31 See note 7 preceding. The term "Error," in the preceding line, implies *perversion* of true government and just moral and social principles.

32 In reference to the evil effects on society by a blind fatuity and fanatic self-will, such as that of the enemy of Social Progress, to be contended against: see note preceding.

33 The words "I AM" are not solely applied to the Jehovah of Holy Writ, but represent any *ubiquitous* or omnipresent power: bearing the same purport as "Alpha and Omega,"—the first and the last. The letters were applied to Pan, in classic literature, and originated in Hindoo Mythology: and *hence* found their way into Hebrew texts. They are even met with in the old "Central American" titles of worship. (See Stevens and Buckley.)

34 A moral is here profounded which is met by the solution hereafter, in the *unshaken* basis on which Truth rests, and which is alone uninfluenced by the caprices or vicissitudes of Mutability (B. x.):

35 "Custom and Prejudice." The mistaken fatuity and weakness of keeping up practices or ceremonies—not because they are *good*, but—because they are *old*, is here specified. Social Advance has scarcely a more serious impediment than is offered in the "time-honored observances of a dogged Routine or Prescriptive Custom.

36 See Introductory remarks, as regards the consistency of opposing the New Arthur—a Child of *Fate*, and Character of *Destiny*—to the potentate of Armageddon, who comes before the world as a verification of *Prophecy* and Sacred Writ.

37 *i.e.*, The Cause of Social Progress rising above the Social imbecility of a System of Prejudice and constrained Ignorance (see notes 1 and 35).

38 A classical term : see Greek tragedy and Homer. "Mastix" and "mastigo-foros."

39 And the guidance continues through the future scenes of the Story. (See Introd. : on Dante.)

40 See note 6.

41 Hinc exandiri gemitus. *Æn.* vi., and imitated by Dante (*Inferno*).

NOTES.

BOOK II.

(1.) See note 7, B. 1. So a Bourbon of Naples.

(2.) ALL the aggrieved nations appear in the Gathering. B. III.

(2.) *Non ego perfidum dixi Saramentum.* Of course the story regards the *inviolability* of the Alliance as sacred to the interests of the course it vindicates of Social Advance.

(4.) "Rare words brave world," says Falstaff. Scripture interpreters, or rather *distorters* say, that the French Emperor was *insincere* in the Alliance with England, being impelled by his *destiny* to invade her, some day, in his way to the sovereignty of the earth, predicted in Rev. (see note 6.)

(5.) Because he once saved France from herself, and her own excesses, he has now to save *himself* from the suggestions of any mistaken ambition as e.g. the annexation of Savoy and Nice. The term *Parvenu* lower down is used honorably, citing his own words, "I know myself, I am 'Parvenu.'"

(6.) Scripture interpreters flattering the Emperor's notable announcement "that he had a destiny to fulfil," find that he is to represent the "Personal Epoch" of power; after which Christ's epoch of bliss (also called the reign of *Right*, because Christ will be *visible*) will take place in the Millennium. (Rev.) To this result the aid of the Christian cause in Syria is leading, with restoration of (Zech. xiv. and Isaiah LXVI.) the Jews to Jerusalem. Meantime the Papacy is to fall beneath this "destined" Prince (see Rev. 13, 17, 20, 12. Isaiah 11). If he is a fatalist as Napoleon I. was, who made some "fatal mistakes," let him remember *Felix pueri faciunt aliena pericula castum* (*Hor.*).

[The reader is referred here to a host of commentators, Joseph Mede, Enghyminus, Zoranas, Cedrenus, Fenadentius, Bossett, Newton, Faher, C. Walmsley alias Pastorini, Hales, down to Cumming.]

(7.) Votary and his guide—note 39, B. 1.

(8.) The well-known *self*-contradiction of the "Secret Cor" in the late Czar's archives.

(9.) "*Force du mot.*" (note 7, B. 1.)

(10.) The dreams of Muscovite ambition first inspired by Peter (the Great) and cherished by Katharine, Nicholas (the "prototype" here)—of usurping Constantinople as the seat of a "Universal dominion" are illustrated in the present scene (see Int. Rem. fulfilment of Ezekiel 38.) To dispel these dreams the Alliance was formed (1854). More recent interpreters (1860) look to the above result through a new political combination, *viz.*, the aid of France in dismembering Turkey. France to have Asia Minor for its pains (see note 6). See Pastorini and the Bishop of Arles, 1610, roy. lib. Paris. Jones, bp. of Kildare, 1775.

(11.) Where men have no rights, where thought is crushed, we say nothing of progress.

(12.) See note 10. The "Fanatic" is here called to the seat of the Caesars.

(13.) Ruins of old Byzantium (Hippodrome, &c.) See Clarke, Wheeler, Hobhouse.

(14.) Milton.

(15.) Sycophancy has called the "Romanhof" scion a growth from the Roman stock, perhaps as figuratively as flatteringly.

(16.) The Evil Spirits that encounter the agency of happier change are here introduced as a component part of the Machinery of Action (see int.) See Dante, "My guide rebuked them. Back false spirits."

(17.) In arresting the growth of intelligence exercised for the advance of mankind.

(18.) The worst mist of Prejudice.

(19.) So termed emphatically like 'Scornor,' as envying Good and Progress. For further development of this character, uncompromising Selfwill and the Pride of Defiance, see next book, 14.

(20.) Himself the idol of fanatic Sycophants, and god of their worship. See b. III.

(21.) See Marquis de Custine's description of the "Cimmerian darkness" here. See Morell also.

(22.) Hopes are expressed here which have been subsequently to a certain extent verified in the amelioration of society and serfdom by Alex. II., and a more enlightened policy.

BOOK III.

PART I.

(1.) The abject soul-less exterior of the population speaking the slavery of mind.

(2.) See B 1, note 7. *Hybristes*, Greek tragedy.

(3.) The character of the *Vindicator* "Alastor," and redresser of Wrongs is conveyed in this appeal of the "New Arthur," of whose destined return to establish a New social World. See int. rem. He is as often termed "Patriot," as the leader of patriots, and as in the Legends.

(4.) "*Audist et Tristis lacus*" *Audist*, &c. *Æn.* VII, 516.

(5.) See note 1 above.

(6.) See Scott's *Ivanhoe* as to the Saxon character for "unsteadiness," with which the French allies used good humouredly to taunt their British friends in the Crimea.

(7.) A female devotee and princess, an ally of Schamyl, the steadfast opponent of Russian intrusion beyond the Caucasus. He was followed by the Bashk Bazaraks and other wild chiefs. (See Camilla, *Æn.* VII, *ad. fin.*)

(8.) Applied to the double Eagle, and emblemizing the grasping spirit of Nicander's policy. Rev. Also, the black Eagle is Russia (see Bossuet on Rev) 17 Ezek,

(9.) Poland offered a barrier to the tide of Muscovite inundation. The device emblems this circumstance.

(10.) Throughout Venetia, Romagna, and Naples this circumstance has been felt.

(11.) The position of eminence taken by the besieging forces of the story against Armageddon answers to the Inkerman heights. A similar position is described in Tasso's Jerusalem; and a recent similar instance is that of Garibaldi's position on the heights near Palermo.

(12.) The recurrence here like the burthen of a song will be remembered in the Incantation story. Virgil's and Theocritus. Also in Greek tragedy. The term "Man's Betrayer," is consistently applied to one who sacrifices the interests of Civilization to his own Self-will.

(13.) A product of Siberia (see Milton), so Nicander had ample store of it, together with Malachite.

(14.) The degrading Jesuistry of the Talleyrand and Metternich school is instanced here; viz., that speech is given to man as a *disguise* to his thoughts, and to enable him "to lie for the good of his country." (See portraits of the Court, b. 11.)

(15.) See note 3, above. The "poetical justice" of the story. As to the Watchfires on the heights, they remind us of Garibaldi's night bivouac on the heights near Palermo.

(16.) The British press was the great object of alarm to the late Czar Nicholas, a potentate altogether of the "Old World." The story here shapes its Nicander according to the historical model. The tribute due (in any illustration of the Era) to the power of the "Fourth Estate" is offered in a future stage of the story; B. XII. Its denunciations against encroachments on the Law of "Balance of Power" were "thorns in the side" of our prototype.

(17.) On the fanatic dreams and *destinies* on this subject see B. 11, notes 10, 12.

(18.) The familiar sneer, and *soubriquet* of the "Sick Man" applied to a powerless Monarchy. The maintenance, however, of this by England and France was to maintain the "Balance of Power." See note above 16, and note 10, B. 11.

(19.) See note 15, B. 11.

(20.) Ezek. 38, 32, v. 26. Moscow and Tobolsk. Rosh is from the Araxes, see Hales on Prophecy; he reads Armageddon "Har-Megid-don." See 17 Ezek. "the great waters," viz., Black Sea.

(21.) A fortunate descent on the "*British Isles*" is here inferred. See Isaiah, Ezek, the isles so interpreted (Isaiah 60, Hale). England has been coveted by a succession of invaders. Phenecians, Celts, Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans. A "descent" was *secretly discussed* between Denmark (on the north), Russia (on the east), France (on the south); but the attitude of England in her volunteer rising, both checked France (made her *talk* of Peace), and caused Russia to coquet with her again. Ezek. shows that Gog of the North is to be powerful, but to be discomfited by Tarsish, which is England, "the Isle." See Cumming, Chamberlain. Hale says, *maritime* England is to aid in restoring the Jews (Isa. 60).

PART II.

(1.) The "return of Arthur" is the favorite belief of Tradition (see Int.), and it was to be in some *living* character, but this result was so indefinitely postponed that the New Arthur remained a Myth. The interest of this uncertainty or mystery is best preserved for the purposes of Romance, the *reality* being afforded in an *impersonation* of Public Opinion. (See Int.) *Necesse qua redit hora*, St. Luke.

(2.) See note 2, part I, above.

(3.) As well as the King of Armageddon, a *consistency* (B. I.)

(4.) The test of Civilization, the source of Social Advance, and claim to Self-Government.

(5.) Disinterestedness is the principle which ought to characterize a "Public Man." Washingtons are scarce. Garibaldi has eminently exhibited this virtue.

(6.) The next war will be "of opinion," Canning predicted.

(7.) The "Man and the Hour," Scripture.

(8.) Note 4. "It is the best Government where Man is *fit* for it," Pitt.

(9.) The reference here will be found in a future stage of the story as applying to Nicanor's persecutions. (B. IV.)

(10.) Little did Victor Emmanuel, at the period in view, think he should be hailed by a Garibaldi, "King of a United Italy." 1860.

(11.) See note 5, B. 11. So Louis Napoleon honourably designated himself. As to the disinterested principles and historical *novelty* of the war, see Int. In the contrast between Napoleon I. and III., disinterestedness is opposed to ambitious aggrandisement.

(12.) "Cankers of a calm world." Henry IV. See note 12, B. IV.

(13.) It is painful to hear *professions* of peace in the face of preparations for war. The *uncertainty* here unsettles all engagements in Commerce or Speculation. (So, Russia, 1853. France, 1859. Note 21 above.)

(14.) Viz., the hindrance contended against of social advance.

(15.) See note 16, B. II. The Bad Spirits opposed to happier Progress, and true demons are not worse than Men. (B. I., in the opening).

(16.) Our great "quell" (Macbeth).

(17.) "Spectamur *agendo*." A *practical* mind is worth all the clever theory or paradoxical sophistry decked in tinsel eloquence in the world.

(18.) And hence the *power* of the people.

(19.) This character represents the office of Minstrel in old romance, not to use the hackneyed term Troubadour: the last was Teutonic in *oc*; the first Norman in *out*. Like Guyon, in Spencer, the companion "who with brave King Arthur on Adventure went," he is the friend of the Chief, and devoted to his fortunes. His *soubriquet* in Italy was "*Norman* Gui-scald," from family descent. (See Boccaccio, Gibbon); his ancestors being companions of Cœur de Lion in the Crusades.

(20.) Virelay: was of a "stirring character," a "rallying song," as here See Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, and Jardin de Plaisance, Pt. xii. It differed from Lay which indicates a narrative; and from Rondel, which was characterized by the beginning and ending being the *same*. The present Virelay might be also called Rondel.

(21.) Note 11, above; principles of the present War.

(22.) The maintenance of this Brotherhood, as of the "Sacrament of Concord," B. II., is essential to the cause of Social Advance indicated in the story.

(23.) As an English character, he is *consistently* acquainted with party spirit. An illustration is here offered of those party and kindred feuds ever characterizing "Wars of Opinion," whether as regards English, Italian, or others. The higher attributes of the present character are shewn in a future stage of the story. (B. IX., XVI.)

(24.) The female character in its highest attributes of devotedness, purity, and mental fortitude is represented in the Fidalma of the story. (See *Int. Ginevra of the Legends*). *Previously* to the War, she had sought the aid of the Vindicator in behalf of herself, her father (a dethroned Polish Prince), and of her nation. She became the "betrothed" of the Chief. See (Spenser's *Alma*). As in the case of many of her distinguished country-women, she was in captivity; females under the code of a Nicander (or of a Francis of Naples), being objects of persecution for their patriotic *opinions*. (See note 18, B. IV.)

BOOK IV.

(1.) "The selfishness that slumbers over suffering" (*Barrow*).

(2.) Peculation and bribery, the besetting sins of Nicander's officials (see *Morell*). "Oh, Simon Mago! oh, miseri seguaci."—*Dante*.

(3.) See note 14, Part I. Book III.

(4.) Reference here is made to the Evil Spirits opposed to the Good Cause. See B. II. note 18, and Book III. note 15; the Notary is speaking to his guide as heretofore.

(5.) *i.e.*, the people have been taught to know their strength, through means of an increased intelligence and diffusion of knowledge—which is power.

(6.) The name denotes "barker" or "brawler," lavish of invective, and fomenter of disputes.

(7.) The portrait here exhibits a "time-server," and "truckler," as well as "railer."

(8.) A portrait of sycophancy, which performs sordid acts—for a "consideration."

(9.) The press under Nicander's dictation; according to which Malbecco spoke. Nicander and his satellites, or tools, might envy, but they never could imitate the pride and principle of England's press, which they dreaded. (See B. IV., Part I., note 16.)

(10.) This character (a creature of Nicander) and mouth-piece of his license, was a Polish Jew, who originally avoided the indignities inflicted on his countrymen by a compulsory apostacy. This might, under the circumstances, have been forgiven, but for his unseemly intemperance, exercised for the suppression of all wholesome Advance and Freedom.

(11.) The "bold, bad man" (Spenser and Shakspeare) who fearlessly supports unpopular doctrines; he is also a priest (like Scyllax) of the "Holy Places." (Priests are politicians in most countries). He altogether represents the Old World hero, in advocating the Law of Force, and upholding War as *maintaining popular subjugation*.

(12.) "Peace is a very apoplexy."—*Coriolanus*, act 4, sc. 5. "Cankers of a long peace." *Hen. IV.* act 4, sc. 3. (See note 12, B. III., part II.)

(13.) See note 2, above.

(14.) "The Devil can quote Scripture for his purpose."—(*Mer. of Venice*.)

(15.) The amelioration of mankind; the vindication of its injuries; are the functions of the New Arthur, who is the *instrument* of the Spirit of happy Change and Social Advance.

(16.) See *Inter. Rem.*, and note 34, B. III., Part II. An instance, not only of the best virtues of her sex, and one of a race of prescribed princely houses in Poland, but a leading character in the story as the Bethrothed of the Vindicator Chief and friend of patriot spirits, as seen hereafter. (B. IX.) By the power of her beauty and intelligence she is recorded as having become the object of "Nicanor's" passion (a similar tale exists as regards Napoleon I.), which she (B. IX.) resented, and over which she triumphed. He did not, however, forget his persecution (B. XIII.). Her betrothal to Alastor had been (following the legend) *previously* to the outbreak of the "War of opinion," as the ensuing words of the text express. Of course circumstances and characters are shaped to suit the purposes of the story: the privilege of which is to give a coloring to the historical outlines afforded it.

(17.) The Knout, the Gaol, Serfdom, Exile, with and without torture (shackles and labor) were all features of proscription and persecution. Her father's Exile to Siberia, after being stripped of his throne, is hereafter spoken of, where he is introduced in the final scenes of the story. (There are features here that may remind the reader of Madame Cottin Elizabeth, or Exile of Siberia). Buonaparte had prosecuted *females* (Madame de Stael and others) for their *opinions*: but Fidalma suffered under a yet worse power in this respect.

(18.) In reference to the indignities offered the Polish ladies of distinction, plundered of their property and imprisoned at Minak and other places, under pretence of placing them in religious houses, where their helplessness was taken advantage of; the popular name for them being the "Nuns of Minak," Fidalma, from her more commanding character, is consistently represented as resenting not only the injuries of her countrywomen in particular (of which she had been a witness *previously* to her being conveyed to Armageddon by Nicanor), but she further represents the Cause of her Sex when a prey to injury. And it follows, to remark here, that in an illustration of the Era, it would be impossible to omit, where an opportunity was offered, glancing at the "Social Evil," as the prevalence of female sacrifice has been termed. The diminution of this continues to be a subject of painful interest to the political and social Economists of the Age; more especially as the "Traviata" source of interest, reflected from French sentimentalism, has so much engaged attention of late: it has been even largely sympathised with and almost encouraged by the more influential circles of society: and the reader will do well to refer to the stringent and pure admonitions addressed to society by the Public Mentors, speaking through the columns of the *Times*, *Post*, and other journals (1859-60). The females to whom Fidalma refers as having come under her observation, were indeed eminently deserving of a wide compassion, for they were betrayed into supposed places of security and refuge—convents—the better to place them at the mercy of lawless officials. Two or three sad instances of suicide occurred, which may remind the English reader of the miseries of Cawnpore.

(19.) The Spirit of Progress summons up the aid of Electricity to learn tidings of the Chief's object of solitude; while Prince Arthur, in the legend which is followed through with modern features, is obliged to travel far and wide to seek "his heart's best object." Faery Queens.

(20.) The colloquy on the scenes as before. Note 7, B. II.

(21.) See note 16 above.

(22.) See Alcorn's Ode translated by Sir W. Jones. These sentiments have been nobly illustrated in the present Era, in the instance of a Garibaldi, "It is the people have need of ME, not I of them." The Italian editor in a note

subjoined to this Book traces many pictures local as well as moral of analogy in Garibaldi's case to those of the story here. His remarks were made *antecedently* to the Self-Surrender of Naples; the surrender of which was (as he says) *imposed* by France, who countenanced Francis II. more than the Constitutional hope in Victor Emmanuel. Meantime France, under plea of being eldest son of the Church has much over-ruled the spirit of freedom and maintained the Papacy.

(23.) Forbearance and a Peace policy have been advocated by all better minds, from the late Sir R. Peel to Garibaldi. Their policy is the spirit of non-intervention.

(24.) Note e, B. III, part 2.

(25.) Note 20, above.

(26.) The hero (as in the old legend) combines the characteristics of personal prowess with the calmer duties of modern generalship. The story requires the concentration of the interest in the leading character (see int. rem. on the unity of *Adlon*.)

(27.) See note 19, B. 3. part 2.

(28.) A picture is here given of "favoritism," characteristic of the "Old World" System of Corrupt Government and institutions. A court and royal favourite is here introduced. Some men have been favorites on account of their talents and usefulness—as the *Menshikoffs*, for example, and *Orloffs*; others, less gifted, have been favourites—as seen in the incompetent individual in the text. In this character is portrayed a "semi-barbarian type." He is an "incapable" in any position of command; and upholds a picture of sensuality, mistaken by his "*déesse barbare*" for refined indulgence. It is a character that may be regarded with *curiosity*, as it is hoped that this spread of civilisation is improving it. As regards its feature of favoritism without merit, it is to be regretted that this is an example often to be met with in more States than the one in view. (See the next note, "*Riot*.")

(28b.) *Riot*. The reports of the day say, "In the Prince's tent were found more of the symbols of Omphale than Heracles; affording us a picture of *thoughtless riot* more than any other demonstration," and reflecting the misjudging intemperance of semi-barbarism.

(29.) See *Custine-Morell*. "Their crapulous feasts reminding us of the gross sensualism of a *Vitellina*." Such is the *mistake* of semi-barbarism as regards the nature and spirit of Civilization; which it fancies exists in mere Indulgence of the Senses, not in Refinement of the Mind.

(30.) A counterbalance is offered to the barbarous inanity of the Slavonian Chief in the *self-made* Man of Genius: a tribute is here paid to *Todlaibn*.

(31.) The reader will recognize the "*Malakoff and Redan*" batteries.

(32.) *Alma*: the order of events and of the day of engagement is shaped to answer the purposes of effect and succinctness in the story.

(33.) Overlooking the *Alma*. With justice, the tribute to the British contingent offers itself on this occasion, in particular. Of course Romance must make the leader *Alastor* the most prominent feature in the fortunes of the fray (note above, 26).

(34.) A glance at the grievous sufferings of the Crimean winter and the Swamps of Varna.

BOOK V.

(1.) The story adheres to the Provencal example (note 9, B. 1) of a visioned fight as not only consistent with the character of the Old Romance on which it is founded, but as affording the requisite scope and comprehensive view of the world-wide novelties and features of change which distinguish the Era.

(2.) See Dante's *Paradise*, where Beatrice defends as requisite the visioned flight, which Dante was excusing to her; he having been assailed by the opposition, which he often had to encounter and rebut; and which is referred to in the present line:—

“Non dei più ammirar
Lo tuo salir.”

(3.) The Darien Canal linking the Atlantic and Pacific.

(4.) Her gold discoveries have originated a new Era in her history and importance.

(5.) The enterprising Cook would little recognise the savage wilderness which he explored in the present aspect of Sydney or Melbourne. He was assassinated by the natives of Owhyhee.

(6.) A tribute is due to Lord Elgin for his efforts in 1857-8, at breaking through the barrier of Chinese exclusiveness. Christianity had a few years ago made some progress in China; the rebels were *reformers*, and their reform was Christianity.

(7.) See note preceeding.

(8.) A beautiful natural effect on the north-eastern side of the Pefho estuary.

(9.) The phenomenon of destructive science in the steam-ram, and its instantaneous execution. Scripture interpreters find that this aquatic Infernal Machine is the Leviathan of Job, which is further allowed to apply to all large iron-cased vessels.

(10.) The “new Bude-light,” as it was first called, but now termed the “lime light;” it is produced by the action of two jets of gas—one hydrogen, another oxygen on a small ball of lime. It throws gas comparatively into the shade. It was seen over ninety miles, from Ben Lomond to Knock Lade.

12. See note 2 above.

(13.) *Pæan*: A strain or chaunt of ancient rejoicing at public ceremonies or inaugurations of Shrines and Temples.

(14.) As being dedicated to works of Merit and Art, which are the inspiration of God's spirit, aiding the light of Genius.

(15.) The aggressive spirit that, like that of the Nicander of the story, keeps the world in arms, and mars the interests of the Arts and Social Charities.

(16.) Man, when he shows his gratitude to God, and exercises his faculties for elevating the social condition, *answers* the challenge which God gives him in conferring on him the light of Reason and Genius.

(17.) Every work of mind, evincing its divinely inspired gifts, may be termed God's “blazon.”

(18.) This is truly the result of evoking the latent energies of men in the *emulation* excited by the Exhibition of Art.

(19.) The principles of friendly rivalry for the most enlightened objects of Social elevation.

(30.) The mastery of Passion over Reason. War and Destruction, rather than a cultivation of humanizing influences, and the Social Graces and Chatties in the ensuing line.

(31.) The surprise of the humbler visitors at the works of art, as if they had been now first informed with a soul (like Cimon gazing on Iphigenia) constituted the chief interest of the Exhibition.

BOOK VI.

(1.) In anticipation of reverses of fortune in a future stage of the story.

(2.) The long ridge of cliff to the eastward of Armageddon washed by the sea, and where it was bombarded by vessels of war. History points out the name of Captain Lyons most eminently in the sea-batteries of Sebastopol.

(3.) It has already been seen (B. III.) that the confidence of Nicander in his "destiny" and success was commensurate with his spirit of scornful selfwill. See B. II. and III. as to his fanaticism.

(4.) The Bastile of Armageddon and the luckless State captives. We are reminded of Naples and of Milan, when under Austrian domination.

(5.) *Femineis plangoribus.* Gen. II. see B. IV., notes 16, 18, as to the prosecution of females, especially Polish ladies of distinction, for their political opinions. "Nuns of Minak."

(6.) See notes 16, 17, 18, Book IV. "At domus interior gemitu miseroque transmit, Misceatur." Gen II.

(7.) Often instanced in Sieges. The story seeks of course its interest in scenes shaped for its purpose. The escape of the prisoners from the Old Bastile of Paris (1794) will be remembered; the walls had been shattered under a cannonade.

(8.) See note 2 a, B. III. Guiscard, here, through his privilege of "minstrel," was enabled to carry on communications where others could not. History records many instances of this "professional privilege," the most favorite ones are those of Alfred's access into the Danish camp Blondell's admission into the Austrian fortress in search of Cœur de Lion. Also, the remonstrance against favoritism addressed to Edward II.

(9.) The best known instance of this is the Rhone, through the Lake of Geneva. So the classic Arethusa, and the Mole (sea, Spenser and Milton). Windermere has a stream through it, so the Pontick.

(10.) One of the Cemeteries is here described, as at Soutari, so remarkable for its majestic and melancholy vistas of Cypresses.

(11.) Guiscard takes up the record of the engagement from the point at which it last was described. See B. IV., at end.

(12.) This was the well-known night assault upon the sleeping and unarmed British soldiers on the plains of Inkermann, where Cathcart fell. The enemy was speedily repulsed, and driven across the plain and river Tchernaya. A similar *surprise* attack on the unguarded Garibaldians was made by the soldiers of Francis of Naples (1860), with a similar result of discomfiture and disgrace.

(13.) This was the standard of the helot soldiers of aggression. This furtive attack was made under cover of a deep mist. The attack was "dispersed" quicker than the "mist," by British resolution.

(14.) See note 12 preceding. The "Rondel" was a song or kind of lay, which had its commencing words or "burden" the same as its ending, either of each stanza or the whole song. See note 2, B. III., P. II.

(15.) The gallant defender of Silistria, on the Danube (1853), previously to the main action. The anachronism will be pardoned, it is hoped, for the sake of the merited tribute.

(16.) A tribute is here due to many gallant brothers in arms of all nations. Omar Pasha, La Marmora, of Sardinia; Felliastier, Bosquet, Canrobert, Wyndham, Markham, Codrington, Cardigan (of Balaclava), Campbell (of Lucknow, subsequent fame, see B. XII.), Brown (of the Alma), Evans (of Spanish volunteer celebrity), and others. Nor shall young Massey, of the Redan and Malakoff batteries, be forgotten; his name, like young Salkeld's, who fixed the powder-bags on the gates of Delhi (1857), is amongst the bravest.

(17.) Many of the nations in the action were especially fighting for their country. Note 3, part I., B. III. Title of "Patriot Chief."

(18.) The annals of the reign of Victoria will enshrine the sovereign's name together with those of the brave spirits of the Era, during which she held sway. "They" blossom in the dust."—*Shirley*.

BOOK VII.

(1.) See notes 1 and 2, Book V.

(2.) The story here, for the sake of consistency, refers to the fictitious Chief Alastor, on whom the unity of action, making the main incidents and interest, rests. (See introduction to Book III.) History records the name of General Williams, as regards this garrison of Kara, driven by famine and failure of succour and supplies, to surrender to General Mouravieff.

(3.) As seen in the previous engagements. (Books V. and VI.)

(4.) The English characteristic, so admired by other nations, is here exemplified—the firm unflinching perseverance.

(5.) One of the most painful instances of official "unreadiness, and defective administration of the period, (note 9, below). It was said to arise from some petty jealousy.

(6.) "Una dies Fabios ad bellum miserat; omnes
"Ad bellum misos, perdidit una dies."

(7.) "Multa super Priamo rogitant, super Hectore multa." (En. 1, Dido.)

(8.) Book IV. at the end (Alma); and see the siege of the city, and the battle of Inkermann. (See Book VI.)

(9.) See note 5, above, and note 24, Book IV. "Sufferings horrible and heartrending."—*Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons.*

(10.) Note 6, above.

(11.) The epitaph over the Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ. (*Herodotus, Polym.* ix. ch. 228.) As regards the English who fell in the eventful Crimean struggle, a Church, after the designs of Burgess, at Constantinople, is considered the most appropriate monument to their memory.

(12.) Those who pretend to interpret prophecy inaptly for the fates of England, say, that the "Son of Destiny," as they term Louis Napoleon (see note 6, Book II), "bides his time" for assailing her. She has, happily, anticipated such an assault; and prevented it, by shewing in her volunteer movement that she was prepared to repel it. She has, since this movement, heard no more about "Invasion;" on the contrary, the French Emperor has cried out *peccati* in his State *bulletin* of July, 1860, in which he asserts his sincerity in the "Sacrament of Concord," illustrated in Book II., and in the Bordeaux avowal—"L'Empire c'est la Paix," in 1856. Prophecy, however, according to Cumming, is full of happy assurances for England. (See note 21, Book III.)

(13.) "Nought shall make us rue

"If England to herself do rest but true."—(*King John*).

This spirit is exemplified in the volunteer movement (1860)—See note preceding. This spirit brought Russia, our old enemy of 1854, as now illustrated, round to us again, from France, with which it had been entering *secretly* into a League for our hoped Invasion. (See note 21, Book III., part I.)

(14.) See notes 12, and 13, above. France has received two checks to her spirit of aggression: the first in rousing England to arm herself—(note 12); second, in raising all Europe against her by the error (ambition over-ruling astuteness) of the Savoy and Nice annexation, under the Jesuitical plea of geo-graphical necessity," to adopt the affected jargon of diplomatic cajolery. This was much to the grief of Victor Emmanuel, and that noble native of Nice—Garibaldi. See Signor Bivarra's note subjoined to Book IV., and the remarks on it in Book IV. note 22. How much greater is the disinterested Regenerator of Italy, Garibaldi, than the intriguing stiffer of her freedom, and propper up of the Papacy, by French troops, for many years since—Louis Napoleon—(see Di. Biv. note.) The excuse for this by the Eldest son of the Church was the same as the old cant of Russia about protecting the Holy Places. England has kept the peace by being prepared for war, and by her treaty of commerce—not so much in her own favour as that of her ally. Signor De Bivarra's note (above referred to) might have added, as another proof of France not being a friend to United Italy, or the cause of Freedom, is the allowing conquered Austria to retain Venetia and a strong fortress, at the Villafranca negotiation, 1859. All this double-dealing is seen through—to the ruin of any greatness of character.

(15.) Such are the altered circumstances of our *insular position*. The Spirit of Change is indeed manifested wherever we turn our eyes.

(16.) England, in originating the steamboat, has given an enemy a powerful instrument *against herself* as regards invasion of her shores; justly, therefore, is an ally branded with the charge of *ingratitude* if he not only treacherously breaks his faith, but uses against the "friend" he is betraying the very weapons his friend first showed him the use. "If" we say. What is said here is founded on the state of feeling *previously* to the volunteer movement. Since this, we have heard less of Invasion (see note 12 above). The argument of the story being that of the vindication of Social Advance. It is necessarily jealous of any intrigues that may affect the continuance of Peace. (See note 3, B. II.)

BOOK VIII.

(1.) History records the overthrow of powerful States by treachery or by force: but the greatest inherent strength and guarantee against overthrow are free institutions: a self-Government conducted by a people fitted by intelligence for it; and a discipline by which safety for life and property is secured. This is legitimate freedom: the moment it is licentious, it ceases to be Freedom, it becomes the worst tyranny.

(2.) The treachery of Georgey and Rem, in the Hungarian rising under Kossuth, is an example here, neither that of Simon or Judas could be more artful or base.

(3.) See note 3, B. VI. Security

"Is mortals greatest enemy."—*Macbeth*.

(4.) Consequently, the most convincing appeal to Alastor that his artifice could use to lead the Chief and his friends into the snare.

(5.) See note 11, B. IV. "The choicest spirits of Armageddon." "Victorious Simon, incendia miscet. *Insultans*." (En.)

(6.) The *masked battery* was the worst of the ambush here, as it was at Lucknow in the Indian revolution, and in other instances in history. See note 8.

(7.) *Viz.*, of the mines. See note preceding.

(8.) The construction, by Todleben (see Ergates, B. IV.) of the Malakoff and Redan batteries is here illustrated. A similar construction has been followed in the batteries of Kertah (the ancient Pantopseum) on the sea of Azof. (1860.)

(9.) The English disasters under the wholesale slaughter of the Redan batteries will be remembered.

(10.) The Votary to his guide. Note 7, B. II.

(11.) Which it was his mission to work. See note, B. III., Watchword.

(12.) See note 22, B. II.

(13.) See Saturnalia of Helots in B. XIII. Naples may respond to the words here.

(14.) The execution effected by the rifled (raye) ordnance of Armstrong, and (at longer range) by Whitworth (see note 18 below), is a marvel in the annals of destruction; and promises such a feast of death, that it may not inaptly be termed the "Whitworth and Armstrong Carnival." The slight anachronism of their mention will be excused, it is trusted, in an illustration of the Era. Armstrong cannon were first used by Louis Napoleon at Solferino, 1859; and in 1860 by the English in China. See note 28, B. I.

(15.) See Orlando's denunciations on the "devilish tube" (*infame*) as he sinks it in the sea. (Arioste.) Similarly see Spencer (Faery Q.) B. I., P. II, note 13. In this more advanced age of civilization, it may be added what a contradiction it is to both Civilization and Christianity that man's ingenuity should be as much wracked to invent destruction and misery as blessing and peaceful benefits. Lame progress this (see B. I.) Progress foes,—their argument.

(16.) The opposing Evil influences hostile to the cause of happier progress are here again introduced, as in B. II, and III., and as rejoicing over the destructive novelty of the "deadly invention" and its sweeping effects. Of course they claim the merit of the slaughterous inspiration, as "hell-born," in Arioste's words.

(17.) *Viz.*, retarding Civilization (note 15 above), here is the mischief of War, it throws Society back so much, and thwarts all hope of settled progress. History is one record of its triumphs being frustrated and relapsing into darkness through wars.

(18.) Whitworth rifled cannon carries five and a half miles, and an 80 pounder from it penetrates four and a half inches. The Armstrong penetrates one and a half inches (in iron plates). Many hope that destructive power being so sweeping and wholesale, will lead men to Arbitration to settle differences. The extent of mutual extermination will render them willing to spare such a losing game, or negative victory. Extremes will meet. The infernal machine

becomes a Peacemaker. Peel and Garibaldi will not have spoken in vain. The "Scientific Conference," it is hoped, will lead to this Arbitration and to diplomatic conferences for pacific results. Prince Albert is president. (1860.)

(19.) "*Solitudinem faciunt: Pacem vocant.*" Tautus.

(20.) It is a philosophical belief that the next Revolution of the Earth will be the abode of an improved race of beings, and order of existence. Such is the induction from Geology. See B. X.

(21.) See the Argument, B. 11, note 16.

(22.) The revolution occasioned through agency of British press (see B. III., B. X., notes) in the revolt of Armageddon, is a future stage of the story, where the moral is illustrated of the superiority of moral over physical power. The force of Public Opinion (B. XII).

(23.) Every great and good Spirit recorded as rising to vindicate Social Rights is marked out for bitter sufferings, as the trial of his constancy and Virtue in the cause he has undertaken. Prometheus in the Greek fable. Buddha in the Hindoo annals; and in those of Christianity, the example of the Redeemer is above all.

(24.) See B. III., IV. Nicander's Court of Fanaticism and Sycephancy. It is now seen as temporarily triumphant; since the recent success of their arms.

(25.) "The beast with many heads butts me away."—*Corio*.

(26.) See note 30, B. IV.

(27.) See note 1, B. IV. The captivity of the Polish princess, and renewed (B. VII.) after the "lost opportunity" of escape. B. VI.

BOOK IX.

(1.) Here are expressed the kindlier reminiscences of earlier days, before the severance in feelings and affections consequent on party dissensions took place, and which ever characterise the features of a War of Opinion. Gulsard's feelings in captivity turn to the past, now that his death, under sentence from his enemies, is imminent. The situation of the Minstrel is similar to that of Rochford, the brother of Anne Boleyn, who solaced his last hours with his minstrelsy, and the measure used in that instance is here adopted, it is called the Rochford quintet (see Int. Rem.) It is not generally known that Voltaire's confinement in the Bastille in his youth, led his mind to those contemplations of Truth against systems of error, that subsequently rendered his name illustrious. Tasso's meditations in imprisonment will also be remembered.

(2.) See note, B. 3. The philosophy of endurance against the rancour of party spirit, bigotry, and error, is the character here portrayed.

(3.) The emancipation from old abuses, prejudice, and solemn imposture fraud, and force.

(4.) Jesuistry and mental slavery, the reign of Fraud. "Faith" implies consolation, the beauty rather than terror of religion.

(5.) See "Moral" of the Action, as in the "Watchword." B. III.

(6.) Such illiberal and fanatic Governments as those of a Nicander,—or as seen in Austria, Rome, Tuscany, Lucas. The Vision of the text has been already verified as regards Napoleon, and some of the above States.

(7.) As to his English birth (see note, P. II., B. III).

(8.) See B. III., IV.

(9.) Oh for that warning voice which he who saw "the Apocalypse heard cry in Heaven aloud." (Milton, B. 4, and see Rev., ch. 54, 5 c.

(10.) He implies that as a British subject his efforts in the cause of Truth, Free and Social Advance, are a tribute due to the Sovereign of the Victorian Era of Intelligence.

(11.) The mysteries of State-craft, the tricks of political "trade," the solemn imposture in which reason is blinded. See B. I., 3.

(12.) See note preceding.

(13.) The Sin of Satan and Prometheus is that of enlightening ignorance, making humanity self-sufficient; teaching it what it was *not intended* it should know.

(14.) The old doctrine of divine right and prerogative, for which for example Charles the First suffered. So in the delegation of spiritual power through St. Peter from Christ, a representation of divinity, a super-human authority is advanced. See B. IV. The choice spirits and their sophistry.

(15.) The story now brings us back to Nicander and his love for his fair captive Fidelma. The Soldan, See B. IV.

"That damsel held as wrongful prisoner."—*Every Queens*.

As to the Sycophancy of his Court. See B. III.

(16.) The palace of the Kremlin, and at Naples, and the palace and prison on each side of the Bridge of Sighs, at Venice, are instances here of the *vicinity* of suffering and indulgence.

(17.) Vix., the cause of her captivity; the suffering for her "Opinions." (See notes end of B. III. and beginning of B. IV.) As to the elevation of her character here, it supports the remarks in the Introduction.

BOOK X.

(1.) As heretofore (B. IV.)

(2.) It is generally spoken of as if it were at the base of Earth, "with the Shades below." "Descensus Averni." "He descended into hell." This mode of parlance characterizes both profane and sacred authority. See Dante (*Inferno*). Of course it is no where *materially* visible; but exists in a spiritual world of anguish, where God deals his retributory judgment.

(3.) Of course this is the effect of a Globe suspended in ether, and revolving by the laws of attraction amongst other worlds—there is no side of it lower than another.

(4.) The realms of Change illustrated are, at one time, those of Nature and Space; at another, those of Artificial and Social Existence. (See B. I., at end. The story embraces both the *visionary* flight and the *real* survey, as illustrative of the research or character of the Era.

(5.) The megelothoria and pleiosauri of Cuvier's third Revolution of the Earth's Surface.

(6.) The doctrine of "Causation," as it has been called, is shewn in the circumstance that each system of life, in each successive Revolution of the Earth, is intended by its *decay* to form a new soil and atmosphere, as a fit *recipient* for a future improved order of beings. So works the purpose of Providence to effect such an ultimate result as this, a *very long lapse* of ages must take place—hence, those who are looking out for the end of the world (to use their own expression)

may be relieved of their fears; for by the comparatively short lapse of time it has hitherto endured, it must necessarily exist many ages longer and until God has worked out his purpose of a new Revolution: for it is reasonable to argue that what he has planned *Adharto*, he will plan again in the future phases and revolutions of our globe. (See notes *infra.*, 23, 25.)

(7.) The department of the realm of Change which we are now approaching being that of the geological wonders (newly classified of late years) of the Earth's *interior*: this part of geology succeeds to that we illustrated in our introductory book; and in fact unfolds to us the greatest results of the geological research of the present era.

(8.) This is a different idea from that of the German superstition (see Peter Schlemyl), which regards persons who are supposed to be possessed by the Spirit of *Evil*. The presence of the Angel or Genius here is one of *Light* and incorporeal; and, therefore, shadowless from its purity. (See a picture of Raphael's in the Palace Barberini at Rome, of the Angel in the Prison, where this effect is exhibited.)

(9.) We are here in that track of the Earth's mutations traced by geologists through the Lime formations, which here exhibit their most picturesque aspect and variety of combinations—as in spars, mica, rock crystal, alabaster, marble, alum, gypsum.

(10.) The Power of Change is spoken of here as a "deity," for the sake of personification, as in Book I.

(11.) See note 9 above. We may here include the family of "gems"—emeralds, topaz, sapphire, ruby, diamond, &c.

(12.) I. e., the formation of new surfaces from decay and dissolution (*debris*) of a former surface of earth: (see note 6 above, as to the *progress* of formation.

(13.) The *primary* granite formations. With respect to the *subsequent* Revolutions of the Earth's surface, much controversy has arisen. The older school or Wernerian (the most originally popular and followed by Cuvier) explains the matter as in our text. A more modern school gives the new hypothesis of the *same* mass of matter *changing places* only—viz., what is lowermost becoming uppermost, and *vice versa*: (see Sedgwick.) Either doctrine equally illustrates the argument of Change, and the discoveries of Science during our present era. Adhemar says (1860) that the globe has been subject to periodic deluges after intervals of 10,000 years; after each of which is a new Genesis down to Redemption and Dissolution. The body or mass of the globe, however, *still* exists: this favors the Eternity doctrine as in Toulmin and others.

(14.) The earliest materials of the Earth (after the primary granite) bear traces of the action of *fire* (as seen in flints, &c.), and of having been in a state of *fusion*. This is *confirmed* by the existence of great bodies or lakes of fire now in action in the *interior* of the earth: the action of which is perpetually pressing the body of the Earth *outwards*. After this early fusion by fire, the action of water is traceable (as on the pebbles of the sea shore). The convulsions of earth were occasioned by the alternate action of fire and water disturbing the position and levels of the globe.

(15.) The different successive *strata* may indeed be termed "pages" of the Earth's "Volume." The primary granite, the secondary formations of conglomerate formed by the *debris* of older *strata*, and the new accretions of lime or decayed bone (*phosphate* when burned). Then the *tertiary* formations of modern sand-rock, etc. To look at a stratified cliff, seems as though perusing a gigantic volume which recorded the Earth's history, written by the hand of God and Nature, mystically speaking to man: (See B. I., v. 10.)

(16.) Here the fabled both of Southern and Northern Nations are instantiated: the seat of Elf or Gnome exists in the darker cavern or fairer grotto—according to the Rosicrucian superstition. The geological formation, here, is the fairer one of jasper, yellow and red porphyry—rock alum or crystal.

(17.) A coal formation out of the *debris* of forest growth is instanced here: the process of petrification preserves the very grain and *fibres* of the wood.

(18.) See Buckland's researches: The climate of the tract since known as England, was that of the torrid zone, with a tropical vegetation and those beasts of prey that are natives of hot countries. See the caves at Kirkdale, and at Berry Head and Torquay, in Devonshire.

(19.) See note preceding.

(20.) Ovid says in his *Metamorphoses*:—

Vidi ego quæ quondam fuerat solidissima tellus
Esse fretum: vidi factas ex æquore terras."

(21.) The monster births of a primeval world include the Mastodon and the Megalotyrion on land, and the Megalosaurus in the waters: (see Cuvier, Murchison, and Sedgwick on the fossils of the Silurian (west of England) range. The pristine race of wild beasts inhabiting Britain were also of a larger size than the present. (See Portlock.)

(22.) See next note. Also, see Milton's relation of the havoc of Disease.

(23.) The principle of Creation seems to be to call into existence no new race *until* a soil and atmosphere are formed *fitted* for its reception. For instance, the atmosphere in the older formations had not oxygen enough for the existence of Man. An improved structure has an improved vegetation; the decay of which has a chemical effect on soil and atmosphere (see Portlock.) (See note supra 6.)

(24.) Here are traced the four gradations of improved Organization. 1st, the Testacea. 2nd, Mammifera. 3rd, Quadrumana or Ape. 4th, Man. See the correspondence of vegetable and animal progress, traced in "Vestiges of the Creation."

(25.) Philosophers and Geologists surmise a yet further progress of improved future births; arguing from induction of what *has* been in the order of Nature, which still pursues an onward and progressive course. But this must be at a very distant date of course, chemical agencies must be at work to improve both soil and atmosphere for an improved and rarer race than Man. Therefore, the idea that the "end of the world" is soon to take place, is absurd and groundless. If past conditions of earth have each existed *so long*, we may suppose the present one also will endure for ages. As to moral perfection and its obstacles, see note, B. I.

(26.) See note preceding, which shows that no unsubstantial dream is encouraged here, but a just philosophical speculation. Note 6.

(27.) The result of a less complicated System of organs, by giving a body more akin to spiritual essence, argues that a happier as well as purer race would exist, as being *unpolluted by passion* or grosser appetites.

(28.) A return is here made to the events of the story in the promotion of which the spirit of change is no less an agent, than in developing to his mortal comrade the features of a changed world. See Dante's Vision.

(29.) See note 22, B. 9.

(30.) In reference to those streams (like Arethusa of old, and the Nile in England) that disappear and rise again. See note 9, B. VI.

(31.) "*Where there's a will there's a way*," says the old adage, which represents a determined spirit in conquering the obstacles to its success.

(32.) See the Destinies of Arthur. He is the "instrument of change," or social amelioration. Introduction.

NOTES TO L'ENVOY.

PART I.

(1.) *L'Envoi*, or "Farewell" at the close of Provençal pieces. See Chaucer, Spenser, and other older writers in *oc* and *ous* Teutonic and Norman (see Sir W. Scott's note in *Ivanhoe*). It is addressed by the votary of the Spirit of Change, as in B. I.

(2.) "Who is the King of Glory? It is the Lord strong in battle." Psalms. See the introductory remarks as to the *Legendary mystery* of the New Arthur; which is characteristically appealed to here in the *L'Envoi*.

(3.) Like the veiled Prophet of Oriental romance, the New Arthur was always a Myth, and the uncertainty as to what *living* character he was to animate formed the interest of inquiry after his return. His Avatar was sought in the son of Constance, Edward the Black Prince, Henry V. of Monmouth (see Geoffrey). See Int., and note 1, Part II., B. III.

(4.) Independently of the New Arthur's impersonation of Public Opinion he is the type also of the *generous* character of the British nation, of which indeed the Argument of the Story is illustrative. Both in Spenser's picture of Arthur as representing Magnanimity, and in the Moral Atonement for which he contends here, as the object of his sacred mission—his character is seen.

(5.) Induration is the order of Matter, and its increase; nebulae of Space become through the lapse of ages crusts of Matter (see Cuvier, see Herschel). Sands become rock. Lime-particles, rock and marble. So in human and all animal systems; cartilage hardens into bone, and bone itself increases.

(6.) *Qua fugit color et Venus*, says Horace, in the same vein of feeling, and after him Prior in his imitation. But the true *Moral* is not only the mortification of self-love, in feeling we are not what we once were, in gayer, younger days—but the remorse after, and repentance over that self-condemnation which is conveyed in the consciousness of a wasted career; when it is now too late, to redeem the errors of the past—the *irrevocable* past!

(7.) The Eternal *Seals*, viz., God's New Testament in the blood of Christ (see Rev.). If it was not for the Promise and Prospect of a *Hereafter*, how lamentably circumscribed would be the views of us petty earthworms; how confined to the mere routine of clay! There are no where in philosophy reflections more beautiful, exalted, and consoling, than in Cicero, on this subject,—of course from Plato.

(8.) See note preceding.

(9.) *Viz.* in the spread of intelligence throughout all orders of society, and of free institutions, through the power of public opinion speaking particularly by the voice of the press of England. See B. XII. The Fourth Estate.

(10.) As regards the interpretation of Ezekiel's prophecy in favor of Nicanor's aggrandisement see Int. Rem., and notes to B. II.-III., part I.—The King of the North, The Isles, viz., Britain.

(11.) The consistency of opposing a character of sacred Tradition, corresponding in importance to a Child of Destiny and object of Prophecy, was pointed out in Int. Rem.

(12.) The Legend inculcates the belief that the Spirit of the Sacred Briton Prince is ever on the watch to rise in defence of the menaced safety or interests of the land he loved—England. (See Geoffrey of Monmouth.) The old wizards would have said that his spirit manifested itself with this object in the Voluntary patriotic rising of the country (1860), and that this was one of his returns.

PART II.

(1.) The Steam Bridge, as it is not inaptly termed, across the Atlantic to our American brothers, is a main feature of progress.

(2.) Those nations oppressed by Nicander's aggression. See note, B. III., The "Gathering."

(3.) See B. IX, Where he is commissioned by Fidalma (after her liberation of him from the prison) to join Alastor.

(4.) The most painful perhaps of the "Tales of the Atlantic," is that of the mysterious loss of the President steam-ship in 1843. No trace of it was ever found.

(5.) The tale or legend is formed on the circumstance here mentioned—viz., that of a mother who took leave of her son on his departure from England to America by the ship President. On his not returning according to expectation, her anxiety deprived her of reason. "She used to go down to the sea shore and sit upon the beach (the account of the circumstance thus speaks) watching for the promised return of the ship with her son, till she died." The Duchess of Richmond and others had to mourn in sympathy with the "Mother" in the legend.

(6.) The grand and vast size of the vegetable world in the Western Hemisphere, in its primeval forests may be imagined from the fact of trees having been known to measure nearly 90 feet in circumference, and to attain a height of more than 200 feet (some mammoth trunks of trees have been dug up in the Far West of a girth of 100 feet. 1860.)

(7.) The expansion of mind and elevation of thought gained from the contemplation of Nature's magnificence and the freedom of space, has been already borne testimony to in Books V. and XI. in their opening. These sensations are fully experienced in the primeval solitudes and vast forests of America.

(8.) This contemplation flatters the purposes of the story here; and our interest is appealed to by a picture of generous sympathy and brotherhood of freedom; otherwise it is well known that Brother Jonathan's morality is, that "Charity begins at home." Neither his sympathy nor his dollars can be too readily elicited, and his caution, assuredly is praiseworthy.

(9.) Naturally enough, the thoughts of our Patriot Chief revert to the memories of the distinguished actors and guides in the American war of Independence. Here Franklin is memorialised.

(10.) Lee's jealousy of Washington casts unhappily a stain on one of the bravest and most ardent spirits of the period. He failed to support a movement of Washington's, was dismissed the army, and died in obscurity on a little farm.

(11.) Paine.

(12.) The inconsistency of free institutions with the recognition of slavery is painful. The slave-owner is as much degraded as the slave. The question of *property* has been the bar to its abolition with the slave owners; and to effect a sacrifice of this was found, so difficult that it endangered the stability of the Union. This was Washington's difficulty; and has been that of subsequent statesmen.

(13.) This sentiment may be expected as *consistent* with the character speaking, but as to its realisation—it is impossible ever to predict.

(14.) May licentiousness never ruin the cause of true freedom by inducing anarchy and the necessity for force to preserve order. That such a state of things is *apprehended* see de Tocqueville and Macaulay.

(15.) Here is paid a tribute due to the memory of Washington. His estate of Mount Vernon overlooked the Potowmac river, and the independent troops of America first gathered round him on this spot.

BOOK XII.

(1.) The independence of the British press is the great boast *par excellence* of England and our New World; and is offered here by the story in *contrast* to the mere historical and constrained political mouthpieces of other countries. The Public Opinion of his country is impersonated or embodied in the Vindicator Chief. See note 12, below.

(2.) See Book IV. Note on the high-mindedness of the British press. In this character the *contrast* above specified is again exemplified.

(3.) The term "Brother" is used ironically for the creature of despotism and hireling tool; although he may be a "public writer," he is not to call himself a "brother" of high-minded and honourable men. So Swift says of a blundering lawyer.

"The booby Bettsworth
Who knows in law, nor text, nor margin
Calls Singleton his "brother Sergeant."

(4.) "If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue."

—Sir W. Raleigh's answer to C. Marlowe.

The Political Shepherds here govern their flocks by distortion of truth, or suppression of it. See next note.

(5.) Othello's occupation's *gone*. See B. III., note 14, on the "Old World" principles, or rather no principles of political Jesuitry, "Speech to disguise thought." See also B. IV., "Court of Nicander."

(6.) See notes B. III. and IV., on the character of the War. The "Vindication sprung" here refers to the *English* resistance of aggression, self-will, and fanatical violation of right, and was the *foundation*, by its *example* of the subsequent risings in Sardinia, Sicily and Naples, against fanaticism and oppression. See Int. Rem.

(7.) See note 6, B. I. Consistency.

(8.) The agency of the Spirit. Note 39, B. I. Both as to the Physical and Moral world of Change.

(9.) See Invocation, B. I.

(10.) The incidents of the story here exhibit the peculiar features of a barbarous political system of Punishments, exhibiting the character of a Nicander (and of the other "Nicanders" of the Old World creed) in its most revolting aspect. Such a being as a Nicander, or a Peter the Great (see his life) who lashed his first wife with the knout, exhibit in themselves a Star-Chamber, or High Court of Commission, or a Spanish Auto da Fe. The Knout or Lash as applied to females on account of their political opinions existed at Naples under a Francis; and was exercised by a Haynau of Austrian notoriety. See also in the life of Strozzi similar enormities in Alessandro, in a conflict of love and hate as here: the reader will recognise the account of Serena in the Faery Queen, tied to the stake for execution, and her rescue. To the shame of past. England records Henry VIII. the revolting persecutor of woman, brought them, it will be remembered, to the block and the stake.

(11.) See B. IV. Where the passion of Nicander for the Polish princess his captive is expressed, and again from his own lips. Book IX. The usual result of a slighted passion in seeking a solace, or rather refuge, in hatred, for its mortified pride,—is here instanced

"From Love to Hate,
A change of Evil choice,"—*Faery Queene.*

The memoirs of the Stanislaus family (to which the Fidalma of the story belongs), represent a princess of the house as of a beauty of singularly contrasted features: "her eyes were dark, her complexion being of the fairest, and her hair a rich golden or auburn." (See the portrait given of her in B. IV.)

(12.) The anachronism of a reference here to a Garibaldi it is trusted will be excused, on account of the singular reflection in himself of the disinterestedness of the Vindicator of the story: "It is the people have need of me, not I of them;" and (the Emancipation achieved), the Liberator retires from the scene. (See note 1, above, as to the superiority of moral over physical power, as effecting the self-surrender. With respect to the apostrophe to Sardinia, see the Italian Editor, Signor di Bivarra's remarks in note subjoined to B. IV.; and see note in B. VII. As to the sincerity of France regarding the Unity of Italy, the leaving Venice to Austria, the enemy of freedom—and the armed French force in Rome to support the odious Papacy, do not favour the idea of much friendliness towards the Italian Cause.

(13.) A passing regret is expressed here as regards Italy, where Nature is all lovely, but Life and Society so wretched and degraded; such is the effect of a selfish narrow minded Ecclesiastical and Despotic Misrule. Filicaja's lines will be remembered:

"Italia, Italia,
Tu cui die la sorte
Funesta dote di bellezza,
Ond' hai . . . infinite guai."

(14.) This is taken from a living and later instance—Neapolitan. "They much her piteous cries compassioned."—*Faery Queene.*

(15.) See *Faery Queen*: "But she, forsaken ladye, faithful still."

(16.) "Ah, my long lacked lord,
Where have ye been so long out of my sight."—*Faery Queene.*
See also the rescue of Serena:

"With that he thrusts into the throng
And lays the torturer dead."

(17.) "Their loud rejoicings hail'd his prowess' deed."—*Ibid.* Fiction has the advantage often of History in awarding a Retribution where it is due. The story adds the coloring of the scene here to the causes that brought about the Self-Surrender of Armageddon.

(18.) See B. III.—IV.

(19.) Story again has the happy privilege of awarding redress and freedom to the aggrieved nations in its action; which History does *not*, especially as regards Poland.

(20.) See B. II. "The Phantoms of Fanaticism."

(21.) Coriolanus: "Like lonely dragon in his fen."

(22.) See B. III.

(23.) In reference to the *hypocrisy* of religious fanaticism, B. II., III, "Woe unto ye Pharisees—hypocrites" (*Scrip.*)

(24.) Alastor's patriot forces and his American subsidies were all ready drawn up ready for action without the city; but this had been rendered unnecessary by the spontaneous surrender. (See note 12.)

(25.) Such was the revolution inspired in the breasts of a helot population by the generous denunciations of mental and physical Serfdom by the British Press. (See note, B. III., P. II; and note 1, above.)

(26.) Not only had a great portion of eminent and proscribed persons been banished by Nicander to this wilderness, but among them was the royal captive, the father of Fidalma. (See note, B. IV.) Of him the story speaks more in its final scenes.

(27.) See note preceding.

(28.) This is an incident recorded of a distinguished Siberian captive, to whom the reprieve came too late.

(29.) See B. III., P. I, and B. IV., for portraits of Bufo, Malbecco, Seylax, Therites, the Court Bigots and Sycophants of Nicander. "The day was now over of both Master and Men." So fell the Lands and Staffords with a Charles First. Our story contents itself with consigning them to oblivion.

(30.) See B. IX. Gaislard had nearly paid for their rancor with the forfeit of his life.

(31.) See Int. Rem. The contrast between the Old and New Moral and Intellectual Worlds—Ignorance against Intelligence, Prejudice against Progress.

(32.) Those who have forfeited a previous good name with the public, by subsequent treachery, and "turning round on themselves."

(33.) *Viz.*, "the illustrious obscure" amongst them,

BOOK XIII.

(1.) "Be ye opened, ye gates, and the King of Glory shall come in."—*Psalms*.

(2.) See Washington's character and conduct: so the principle of Disinterestedness; in the New Arthur, Part III., B. IV. So Gaisbald in his retirement to Caprera, like Cincinnatus.

(3.) The Oriental emblemizing by shrub or flower of the mind and feelings. The Cypress vale of the Cemetery is the Scene in B. VI. The Emblems of abjectness are changed for those of a happier condition.

(4.) The scene here is the Hospital for the Wounded Soldiers, as at Scutari in the war of 1854. Florence Nightingale (an honour to her sex) is represented by Fidalma in her Devotedness—as shown in B. IX.

(5.) The Hospital as at Scutari looked on gardens down to the sea.

(6.) Like Dante's play on the name "Michel Angel divino:" so that of the Benefactress (Nightingale) is memorialized. The fable of the nightingale's love for the rose is cited.

(7.) The recurrence of the festive chorus after classic example as cited in B. II., *Watchword*. So the "Io Pœan" in the *Athenæum Bacchanalia*.

(8.) The Opera of Armageddon is here noticed; and a tribute paid to the great solacers of life—the Rossinis, Mendelssohns, Beethovens, Meyerbeers.

(9.) See Pinel on Insanity: an effect of music in dispelling an inclination to Suicide.

(10.) The Asiatic Shawl-dance. The Ballet succeeding to the Opera: Paris and London are reflected.

(11.) Pleasure excursions by Railway: the greatest privilege of either modern recreation or the communications of Commerce. Its evil side is its forming an *unsettled* habit often of pleasure-seeking.

(12.) And in this respect the railway possesses almost a *moral* attribute: so the steam-ship, a line or two further on. (See note, end of B. XIV.)

(13.) See Fournier's illustration of Solomon's text, "There is nothing new under the Sun." Old things exist under new forms. Man was always (as to inventive power) the same animal. However, the Sun would seem to be weary of looking on *sameness*, for it is said he is about to *expire*. This result is shown by the spots on his disc; and as these spots have been known to precede the extinction of other spheres, so will it be with the Sun. *Life will cease with Light*: and here is one picture of the "End of the World." Herschel and Schwabe recently have, however, concluded that the spots are merely obscure shadows caused by openings or clefts (*crevasses*) in the luminous surface of the Sun.

(14.) See note preceding. In addition to which it may be remarked that Discovery is acting in two ways: first, in *finding* some apparently *new* marvel; and secondly, in discovering that the new-looking things are really *old*. What would Sir Isaac Newton say could he hear his theory of Attraction voted a *mistake*? and that *Repulsion* is the principle by which the Spheres are kept in their due courses? (See note 19, below.)

(15.) For illustration of a "Crystal Palace," see B. V.

(16.) A new "Century of Inventions" meets us. The ingenious feats of mind in Science and Art may be indeed termed "mental gymnastics." See the instances of chemical and agricultural experiment, and the *transformations* produced: Steam and Electricity have been heretofore memorialized. Again, speaking of the progress of Mind, the *Diffusion of Knowledge* occurs to us: and singular is the *anomaly* of the love of reading and mental cultivation and spread of vanity in dress. The fact is, the mischief of what is called *Fashion* spreads its contagion into the humblest hamlets, and the poor peasant women are dressed out in hoops, German rolls, and fancy jackets; but are often as intent on the penny journal, or novel in penny numbers, as on their trumpery finery. One evil in this Diffusion of Knowledge is, it often *spoils* the poor for their occupations and their station. But what good is there without an evil?

(17.) In bodies, liquids, soils, and the altered and improved effect of their produce. (See *Lect. Polytech. Instit., Paris and London*.)

(18.) A great curiosity of the Age. Photography, originally called Daguerrotype (from Daguerre, its first propounder), although Fournier would say it was *not new*.

(19.) Modern astronomers, and Waterson, the meteorologist, have discovered that the *exhaustion* of the Sun is supplied by meteors which feed it with their light, and then fly away, or it would be an extinct crater (see note 18, above),

the extinction of Life and the World being attendant on the extinction of the Sun's light. At that rate the end of the world may soon arrive, if the loss of light is so possible and apprehended. As to the new theories of the earth in the ensuing lines, some say it exists at intervals of 10,000 years, after a periodical deluge. (*Adheima.r*) Others that it is *Eternal*—but not under *identical* shapes. The *Present* is all we are sure of; and all earth's dreams are but short lived, and evanescent.

(30.) *Quæ me surripuit mihi.* (*Hor.*)

(31.) See portraiture of the Celtic Prince, B. III., p. II. Milton gives the dark type in Adam "his hyacinthine locks," &c.

(32.) The spirit and feeling best characterising a Social Benefactor. See B. III., p. 3.

(33.) "Religion a trade." See Court of Nicander, B. III-IV.

(34.) Ben Jonson in his play of the "Devil is an Ass," shows that human sin eclipses that of the Devil (see *moral* of the song.)

(35.) Reference to the Nicander of the story: in a Neapolitan mouth to a Bomba or Francis.

(36.) "There is nothing certain but uncertainty," might be the motto of change and vicissitude. "Man, indeed proposes, but Heaven disposes,"—as to human plans.

(37.) See note 11 above. The incentives to whirl about: the transformation of the English character is remarkable.

(38.) The Social weakness is to live at a high standard, rather than a safe one; under a feeling of false shame, and fear of the Sneer. A characteristic of the age.

(39.) Like a diseased appetite that leaves wholesome food for rarer eates and delicacies, so the overated mind strains after subjects beyond the sphere of sense and reason. Spirit Rapping (see Dale Owen's Footfalls, &c.) The Millennium (see note 6, B. II.) and the "End of the World," (see note B. X, and note 13 above) are all topics in vogue, the last existed in our Lord's time (see St. Austin). A periodical deluge may or may not accelerate it. Cumming (speaking of 1867) is no authority here.

(40.) Propounders of Spiritual novelties, who take advantage of the fatuity of a Delusion-seeking world—

"Surely the pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated as to cheat."—*Hudibras*.

"For every knave is born a fool."—*Ecc. adage*.

(31.) An illustration of the Spirit of the Era is here offered in its two leading principles of Social Progress, popular excitement, and indulgence. On the one hand attracts us, its love of speculation and the exercise of "monied power," on the other, its indulgence and pleasure-seeking attribute. The first is particularly conspicuous in those great combinations of means by which all our social benefits are achieved in the establishment of railways, clubhouses, and a variety of speculation. In truth if "Knowledge is Power"—no less certain is it that "Money is Power." If an anomaly present itself it is still a characteristic of the Era. See note 16 above. The excess of speculative pursuit, seems to require an excess again of relaxation for the mind. Hence the devotion to pleasure is not less all absorbing. The picture of Armageddon is here that of London or Paris, as before. Note 8.

(32.) Indeed Philosophy may extract virtue from premises that at first sight might appear to lead to very different conclusions. The next lines reflect the

spirit of Speculation; which, is often extravagant. The public and Social Advance—are often *gainers*; and if on the other hand it *fails*, an *individual* Bankruptcy is not much thought of.

(33.) The words of a poor Polish culprit as he expired under the Knout. The next verse reminds us of Tacitus—"Pacem vocant"—solitudinem faciunt.

(34.) An example of a fanatic of which history affords many: a character that exhibits itself in any great public calamity, or event, or revolution. Instances occur at Christ's Advent and Death,—at the death of Julius Caesar,—during the Rebellion in England, and the plague in London, &c., &c.

(35.) "Disease."—*mentis mala gaudia la Vir.* Dante.

(36.) The epithet applied to Nero. "The common fury and pest of mankind."—*Pliny*.

BOOK XIV.

(1.) The power of Public Opinion speaking through the British press. B. III. P. I., and B. XII. The Fourth Estate.

(2.) See the preceding events of the story and its action. And as to the sufferings at home, occasioning Emigration (see note, B. I.). Not only is Australia the most important Colonial feature historically of the era, but it is invested with more solemn and sacred attributes. It is pointed out in prophecy as the "Wilderness of refuge. Isaiah 41, 48. Rev. XII.

(3.) Their mingled regrets and hopes characterize the Emigration Lays, and give them interest like the lights and shadows of Irish melodies. The appeal of the Lay is here characteristically made by the Minstrel Guiscard to his compatriots.

(4.) See note 2 above.

(5.) In reference to the happier "strains of Peace," and its fairer features of Life. B. V.

(6.) For Guiscard's character see B. VII., and hereafter B. XVI.

(7.) The sentiments of how many aching hearts of Emigrants and Self-Exiles.

(8.) See note 1, B. VIII.

(9.) See note 2 above.

(10.) The whole life of the British Prince Arthur is shown by the Legends to be one of exploration of Truth and Social redress (see Faery Queen), and the New Arthur's career is consistent with this—indeed its *raison d'être*—in the return of Arthur." See Int.

(11.) In illustration of its sudden growth into importance at the period of the Gold Discovery (1851-2). Its interest is of the Future, much of Canada's is of the Past. It has every element of greatness and political Economies, looking at its magnificent harborage as assisting its commerce; its rich pasturages, and wool produce, its fisheries, its wealthy mines,—augur highly of its Future power and greatness; then there are its free institutions, and those who augur gloomily of its prospects in consequence of a state of partial demoralisation arising from the unhealthy speculation of the gold fever, take but a narrow view of the question.

(12.) In less enlightened Systems of Government, capital punishment is

universally the sentence. There is less of *provident prevention* of crime. See the magnanimity of the Chief, B. XX:

(13.) The attribute of the Vindicator is asserted, and his social mission. See note and B. III., Part II.

(14.) Fidalma's repulse of Nicander's advances, preferring her captivity and his persecution to liberty and his "good graces."

(15.) The attributes of the higher female character are exemplified in Fidalma. See Int. and note B. IV. The sufferings of females for their opinions. B. XII. and end of B. III. The important feature in social advance shewn in the elevation of Woman's condition is not the least interesting one of the era.

(16.) The unsympathising and defiant self-will of the "scorners" character is consistently kept up to the last.

(17.) The moral of atonement expressed in the "Watchword of the Nations," first heard by Nicander in B. III.

(18.) He might well be conscious of some compunctious visitings as regards his treatment of the captive Princess, for whom he had once expressed so much. See B. IX., B. IV., and XII.

(19.) One curious feature of Australian colonization is the motley and picturesque variety of its members; from the Chinese to the Brazilian; from the refugees of European despotisms, to those of South American Republics. The followers of the Italian Liberator, Garibaldi, are almost as various.

(20.) The sounds of the city revelry are still heard by the Chief, who with his troops and followers was now a little outside the walls, with a view to departure.

(21.) See the treachery of Gorgian causing Alastor reverse [B. VIII.] and his destruction of the city from revenge. B. XII.

BOOK XV.

(1.) See Throne of Change, B. I.

(2.) Vicissitude as regards the alternations or the globe, the prosperity and decay of empires, down to human affairs; not least the change from the Old to the New Systems; and of Australia from a desert to a flourishing colony.

(3.) The happy influences of the Spirit of Change are great; and if the "world is as bad as ever"—as some say—the sin of human nature is to blame. See B. I., "foes of progress."

(4.) See "Character of the War." Note, Part II., B. III., and Int. rem.

(5.) See the Jesuitry and sycophancy of the Court of Nicander. B. III. P. I.

(6.) The clamour raised in defence of old abuses—of the "Old World,"—and "Ancient Error." So Juliet says, "Ancient damnation." See B. III. P. II. Self Government, and B. XIII., XIV.

(7.) The contrast between the representatives of Self Will—(such autocrats as the Bourbon and Hapsburg fraternity)—and that of the English monarchy governing *according to law*, is interesting; the last endure; the first fall.

(8.) The value of Fiction is to awaken the mind to a sense of the duties of life—to what *ought* to be, whatever obstacles of bad prejudice may intrude themselves. We should still keep the light of a New World of Mind in view. The Votary of Change still maintains the visionary commune with the Spirit of Change, as in B. I.

(9.) The Evil Spirits heretofore introduced as opponents to happier progress, are here again introduced soon to meet with their final discomfiture. See Milton's Satan; the spleen with which he regards human happiness.

(10.) The visionary guidance of the Spirit is here resumed; being taken up at the point where it had been suspended for the requisite variety of the story (see B. X.), viz., in the survey of the realm of Change illustrating the geological research of the era.

(11.) See glimpse of the Future Revolution of the Earth, B. X. The track is now directed by the Spirit, so as to lead it to the goldmines of Australia, which is the spot of final rendezvous of the story and its characters.

(12.) "Senza speme," and "lasciate ogni speranza."—Dante.

(13.) Geologists consider that the interior of the earth is agitated by a constant fire, which has the effect of pressing *outwards* the surface of the globe, and keeping vast molten masses in a state of fusion.

(14.) E.g.: in the Greek and Indian archipelago; the Isle of Capræ, Teneriffe, Iceland, &c.

(15.) See note 11, above.

(16.) See Dante's return to Earth—"dies in luminis oras"—(Lucretius) on his guide Virgil, taking leave him: "riveder le stelle."

(17.) See notes in B. V. and B. XIV., on the future of Australia and its resources, both as regards the views of Philosophy, and Political Economy, and as to the verification of Prophecy (Rev. Isaiah) the dream of enthusiasts. (The interest of Canada exists in its memories of Wolfe and Quebec.)

(18.) The object having been now attained of leading the characters to their final rendezvous the Spiritual Agency or Guidance is dismissed (see Telem.), note 16, above.

(19.) Viz., from the scenes of old despotisms to the New World of Self-government.

(20.) Amongst the features of social detriment accompanying the first outbreak of the gold *mania*, was that of the abandonment of Agriculture, with its consequent effect of famine and famine prices; prices are still exorbitantly high. The evil is transitory, it is hoped.

(21.) Insanity was one effect of the gold fever, the despair of the unprosperous goldseekers was that of the luckless gambler. Again, the *over joy* at success induced madness.

(22.) A notorious haunt of the Bushranger and midnight assassin, on the route from Melbourne to Mount Alexander. It is trusted this demoralized state of things may be but transitory. The Black Forest is so called either morally from the crimes perpetrated in it, or from its dark foliage of the evergreen *Eucalyptus* or gum tree.

(23.) This effect of the ebbing waves, on clear smooth sands, is often beautifully varied by the silvery lines or rims being tinted with colours by the sun.

(24.) See the character of Guiscard in B. III., note end, and B. IX., and more in B. XVI.

(25.) See Argument to this Book. As in St. John, "the herald." "The voice crying in the wilderness, make straight the way before him."

(26.) The object of the New Arthur's mission (see Int).

(27.) After the downfall of the Old World system of force and fraud, error and prejudice, it is hoped Virgil's "Astrea Virgo" with the "Saturnia regna," (Justice and Peace), may return (*Æc.* VI); our Lord's Millennium also.

(28.) No Utopia is proposed here; merely security for life and property; under law and self-government; *true* freedom.

(29.) The award, or "poetical justice" on the head of the offender against Social Rights, and the Spirit of Progress. Nicander (B. XX.) was "*begun*" at the destruction of Armageddon. "The beginning of the end."—Talleyrand.

(30.) See the character of Gorgian, the traitor (B. VIII.) and incendiary of Armageddon (B. XIV). As to the temple of Ephesus, it was burnt by Erostratus; "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."—*St. Paul*.

(31.) See *party* and *kindred* feuds, characterizing a war of opinion, and beautifully depicted in *Hen. VI.*—*Shakespeare*. See next Book.

BOOK XVI.

(1.) See B. III, note. Guiscard's joining the cause of the Patriot Chief.—Party and family feuds of a War of Opinion, both at home and on the continent. He is represented as "more sinned against than sinning."

(2.) Non si tricemis quotquot eunt dies...
Places Plutona tauris."—*Hor.*

(3.) His character is consistent here and to the last in its vindication of Truth against Error and Prejudice; and the same spirit is extended to all intellectual and social subjects—to contend for purity of taste in the world of letters, and of a high sense of Morality. Of course he drew on his head the party rancor of those who flourished by old abuses in various ways. See B. IX.

(4.) His opponents as heretofore. B. IX. (where his life had been sought) and B. IV., VIII.

(5.) See note 3 above. Here the innovations of corrupt and debased examples on purer taste and style in the world of letters is recognised. Cant Slang a sordid vein of thought, low ribaldry, and persiflage, so American burlesque extravagancies; nothing like the brilliancy of wit or healthful humor, forms the list of innovations on purer themes and loftier models. The expression "shore" is figurative, just as "voyage of discovery," "haven of rest," &c. Our leading public members of the press, it may be observed, are the best examples of pure English style and taste.

(6.) i.e., the better and purer characteristics of style and taste—were worthy of being a shrine of Mind.

(7.) Here is deprecated the clamor of the Malbecos who supported false sources of interest and destructive of social and moral refinement. It is hoped these "guides" have nearly "had their day," and make room for a return to worthier models; the disgust which it occasioned elicits the exclamation—No Providence. So the Psalmist "I said in my haste, all men are liars." Again "Experiment," "flat Experimentum in corpore viii."

(8.) The old fable meets us "Man is a wolf to Man." The *impersonation* is a favorite one in German superstitions: it exhibits itself in our Little Red-Riding Hood, where Richard the Third is the "Uncle" signified, and the "Man Wolf." In Germany there was a popular mania or frenzy, where frenzied beings fancied themselves wolves. In Isaiah, "they are wolves who destroy my people."

- (9.) The self-exile's story as seen in note B. III., Part II. See note 1 above.
- (10.) Court of Bigots and Sycophants. B. III., part I., and B. IV.
- (11.) See B. IX. His impending execution: again the species of sweeping slander that blames a man for other's misdeeds—"putting the saddle on the wrong horse" is instanced here. But where will party rancor or family feud stop?"
- (12.) It is the test of Virtue, and leading feature of this character. B. IX., b.m.
- (13.) "*Meresse profunde pulchrior evenit.*"—*Hor.*
- (14.) "By heavens! methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honor from the pale faced moon,
Or drag up drowned honor by the locks."—*Hotspur, H. IV.*
- (15.) Those who look on poetry, not as a philosophical study, and chaste yet severe mental discipline of the highest order—but merely as representing a prettiness of sentiment or trifling of fancy—little understand the topic. "Strictly meditate the thankless Muse," says Milton. (Dante, Camoens, and Tasso could bear testimony to the truth of this.)
- (16.) "*Particulum undique deductam.*"—*Horace.* And again, "*Grata carpentis thyma per laborem plurimum.*"
- (17.) Guiscard is on the spot here in advance of the Chief (see argument who now forthwith arrives with Fidalma, the captive King awaits his retributory award in due season.
- (18.) The Railway and Steam-ship. The route is pointed out in the ensuing lines, commencing at Constantinople, and hence by train to Antioch: where the line from Vienna, Trieste, and Orsova, meets it; thence across the desert to the Euphrates, then down to the Persian Gulf, and on to Hyderabad, on the Indus. Thence by steam-ship to the Australian shores of their destination.
- (19.) This may be termed the Metaphysics of Steam, just as Psychology in intellectual pursuits.
- (20.) The route to Antioch, through Phrygia and scenes awakening the recollection of Priam, "*regnatorem Asie.*"—"Troytown" and Homer. The site of Troy is near a spot called Bournabahee (Clarke).
- (21.) The Western and Eastern Continents are joined, first of all, in this route, as shown in note 18.
- (22.) The stages of the passage from Hyderabad are to Pont de Galle, in Ceylon, and thence to Australia. Other routes are round the Cape of Good Hope, again by the Isthmus of Panama and Darien, again by Diego Garcia, again by Cape Horn.
- (23.) In B. XIV. it was said Alastor had spared this royal prisoner's life, the choice of death or captivity represented as offered to his choice, the latter alternative was adopted. The Atonement is, nevertheless, yet to come.

BOOK XVII.

- (1.) The Eucalyptus, a species of gum tree, is a prominent feature in the evergreen forests of Australasia, hence the term Black Forest. See note, B. XV.
- (2.) "I banish them: there is a world elsewhere."—*Corticolanus.*

(3.) See recapitulation of the New World principles against the Errors of the Old Systems. Book XV.

(4.) See note, part IX., B. III. "Self-Government." (Fitt, Washington.)

(5.) Here is the secret of the true devotion of the heart and reliance on Heaven.

(6.) "Love one another" says Christ. As to Brotherhood in an artificial state of society it can hardly exist. For *all* classes, with different tastes and feelings, and education, to be on an *equality* in the intercourse of life, is an impossible dream of enthusiasts. The *only* Brotherhood is *that* of the Good-will of Christian feeling; and an *equal* protection for all under the laws.

(7.) Intellectual pleasure was Epicurus's summum bonum: corrupted by his followers. The modern Utilitarian doctrine is "the greatest happiness for the greatest number." (Bentham, Chalmers.)

(8.) The Parthenon of Athens. Diana's temple of Ephesus.

(9.) A similar spirit of devotion inspired by the freedom and beauty of Nature, though space is expressed in opening of B. V.-X.

(10.) Nicander's, the Scorners character, is consistent throughout. See B. I.-III.

(11.) No traditional corruptions of the pure spirit of true religion. Fraud, Cant, Fanaticism, Bigotry, distort religion, and faith. See B. IX., Guiscard's soliloquy. Nicander, see B. III., was an admirer of holy *pretends* for encroachment.

(12.) See note 9 above.

(13.) B. IV. and B. IX.

(14.) In reference to the persecution under Nicander's code, which she had suffered from her devotion to her country's cause (see note B. IV.) and that of her father exiled to Siberia, of whom more hereafter in the final scenes.

(15.) See the succour sought by the aggrieved nations from the Queen of the Isles. B. II.

(16.) See note 9 above.

(17.) See variety of nations, B. XIV. "Emigrant exodus."

(18.) *Ya* we are expletives to express suddenness of attack: *mérong* is "destruction:" so *Mara*, Hindoo "to kill:" *Mara*, strife in Hebrew: *Meiro*, to divide, and *moros*, "fate" in Greek. The word is corrupted by the bushrangers into "boomerang." It is an invention of savage ingenuity, to which science offer no parallel. As to the "Wild Dance," it is the "Warra Warra," a sound answering to our "Hurrah" expressive of wild glee.

BOOK XVIII.

(1.) If the virtues of Queen Elizabeth demanded and received tributes to them, much more are tributes due to Queen Victoria.

(2.) Hence, it appears that (as Sir Guyon in the Legend of Arthur) Guiscard has followed the steps of the Chief to England, as previously to America B. XI.

(3.) See the legend of Titania.

"I'll give thee fairies to attend thee,
The fairies changeling child
She bore away."—*Mid. Night's Dream*.

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(4.) So the Spirit of Evil in Scripture takes our Lord up "to an exceeding high mountain."

(5.) In fact the Era of the Victorian is that of Mental Progress, and for the encouragement of its spirit may turn to the Sovereign, as the ensuing lines acknowledge.

(6.) This may seem to instance the excess of mental energy in a certain rashness of over-speculation. See B. XIII., note 31.

(7.) See note 5 above.

(8.) Such were the Australian interior, California, and more recently British Columbia.

(9.) If George the Third had his 'Sidus' after the example of Julius Cæsar, Queen Victoria may claim hers. The superstition cited in the text exists amongst the American Indians, and parts of India. See Pythagoras and Brahminical texts.

(10.) An illustration is here given of that royal processional and festive pomp called in Queen Elizabeth's day Triumph. Albano and other painters were fond of these Triumph's, as of Venus, Galathea, &c.

(11.) The Naval Review illustrated here flattered National predilections, and kept enemies in check. A rival review followed at Cherbourg 1857.

(12.) A reference to the dwelling places of the sovereign, Balmoral and Osborne,—in the next line.

(13.) A characteristic vision both as regards the presence of the Fairy Group or as presenting itself to a British sovereign, whose ancestors are Prince Arthur and the Britomart, the "Warrior Maid" of Faery Land. See Spenser's legend of Merlin, whose compliment to Queen Elizabeth applies to her descendant Victoria.

(14.) See the ominous predictions concerning England repelled. B. VII notes, and Rev. 17. As to France B. 11, note 6, and Russia note 10, & "Isles"—*Isalah*.

(15.) Here may be pictured the resting place of some of our kings—such as Westminster Abbey.

(16.) It is notorious that previously contemplated encroachments on Turkey and the balance of power, by Russia, were not put in force until after the decease of the Great Captain.

(17.) The Spirit here points out the bias of Russia in her political system against England. The object of Russia in occupying Constantinople (and verifying 88 Ezek) through a *new combination* with France is still cherished.

(18.) See preceding note. The Indian revolt is not exclusively signified; but some continental contingencies. The interest is enhanced by the uncertainty. Destiny being always the excuse for aggression. See notes 6 and 10, B. II. and B. III.

(19.) The Fairy Queen.

(20.) The fables of Antiquity and Fairy Land have faded away; and the magic of science performs wonders—which in being realities transcend those of Enchantment. The Fairy Queen here infers that in an improved state of intelligence mankind ought to understand the policy of avoiding the barbarisms of War, as *retarding civilization and social advance*. See B. VIII., note citing Sir E. Peel down to a Garibaldi. See also Int. Rem.

(21.) See note preceding, and the Argument of B. XII. The superiority of Moral over Physical Power.

BOOK XIX.

(1.) *Viz.*, "The rumours and anticipations" noticed heretofore. (See note 18, B. XVIII.) The story, however, may here be justified in applying them to the Indian outbreak—here to be related.

(2.) See Spenser.

(3.) He had pursued the overland route to India, and proceeded to some of the worst scenes of the Indian revolt along the western bank of the Ganges; the atrocities of Cawnpore were followed by those of Delhi and Lucknow.

(4.) In reference to the treachery of Nena Sahib in particular.

(5.) The Action of the Story requires the agency of its chief character as leader in all its most conspicuous scenes. (See Int., "Unity of Action.") The fiction here or story is grounded on a painful *reality*—*viz.*, that Russian intrigue had *secretly* fomented, through Persian mercenaries, the revolt in order to divert England towards protecting her Indian possessions, whilst an invasion of her shores was designed to take place. The *prototype* of our Nicander was the instigator here; but England is still herself.

(6.) See note 8 preceding.

(7.) The small Garrison at Lucknow of English against an overwhelming force was happily relieved by a Campbell—represented here in the Chief of the Story. Young Salkeld's name, who placed the gunpowder bags against the walls of Delhi, must not be forgotten.

(8.) "Siquarie monumentum circumspice."

(9.) Cawnpore, where Nena Sahib ruled.

(10.) The well of Cawnpore, where so many of our brave countrywomen immolated themselves to escape worse infliction. The "British Maid" is further memorialized, note 12.

(11.) The monument raised to the female victims, just referred to (note 9).

(12.) A tribute to the noble-spirited daughter of General Wheeler, who was the first to feel the treachery of Nena Sahib.

(13.) The proclamation of the British Queen, as Empress of Hindostan, has been attended with the happiest results (1858).

(14.) Admiral Napier might have afforded the answer here.

(15.) Trucklers to foreign menaces or pretences—with suicidal policy: men who would leave their country defenceless, and are interested in keeping up abuses.

(16.) Guiscard having proceeded on his way to the New Home, had reached it in advance of Alastor, whose steps had been turned aside (as described) by the sudden Revolt.

(17.) "Divino amore" (Dante). See contrast of Old and New Systems throughout the Story in the notes (B. III, P. 2; B. XV., &c.)

(18.) Note 6, B. I., and B. IV., note 2.

(19.) *I. e.*, the "Coronation Oath to govern according to Law"—very different to that of self-will and despotism—a law to *itself*.

(20.) *Viz.*, the Victorian Era.

(21.) How superior is the boast of British freedom. France, with a *crushed press*, has no such boast, in all her *imperial* attributes. But things may mend. See "free speech and press proposed:" 1860-1.

(22.) The cruelties and oppression of Papal misrule in Rome is a standing disgrace to Christianity, and exhibits the Papacy as a huge hypocrisy. The blind bigotry of Austria submitted to a concordat. Protestant interpreters find, the Beast in Rev. to refer to it, as the "false prophet" does to Mahomet. *Latinus* 666 is the number of the Beast. (See note 6, B. II.) The Papacy to fall before the French Emperor on his way to universal dominion (Rev. xiii., xvi.) Leo's dome is St. Peter's and the Vatican, commenced by Leo X. Like our Harry the 8th and other Sovereigns, France asserts her independence of the Pope (1869).

(23.) See Int. Rem. The character of the Alastor was altogether the myth of a fond superstition; but is invested with a certain *reality*, as representing an existing Public Opinion throughout his preceding Adventures.

BOOK XX.

(1.) The same evil spirits that instigated the dreams of occupying Constantinople (B. II.) They now mock the victim they had deluded.

(2.) The black forest (B. XV. and XVII.) Watch fires at night are necessary against the worst of wild beasts—Man.

(3.) The Moral here is that an improved moral sense and humanization prevents former political excesses: e. g., the Revolution of 1848 in France was less marked by excesses than that of Robespierre and the Reign of Terror. Alastor spares the life of his captive in B. XIV. and XVII.

(4.) Sycophants of the Court of Corruption. B. III., IV.

(5.) The Visions of the Caesars believed in B. II., now prove false.

(6.) Viz., "*Divus Augustus*," the imperial addition—to "*divine right of kings*."

(7.) This modification consequent on frustrated ambition which occasioned the death of Nicander's *prototype* is more than a fiction.

(8.) Interpretation of Ezek., note 28, B. III. Reverse of Fortune, the Moral of Vicissitude, teach Nicander to know himself in a stricken conscience.

(9.) The character of Sogomer and its consistency. Note 7, B. I.; B. III. "Watchword."

(10.) A creature of Ceremony idolized by Sycophants to the sacrifice of public interest. See Old World System; B. XV., &c. "Custom" is solemn imposture received as a habit or routine in defiance of reason; B. I.

(11.) Now the crisis of "Atonement" is approaching, the term "Alastor," wins increased significance.

(12.) The *magnanimity* of the New Arthur is his characteristic (Spenser and Int.), note 8 above. His address to the fallen monarch is a lesson for kings, and breathes the spirit of an improved age of humanity.

(13.) See note 10 above.

(14.) As to the dethronement and exile of Vidalm's father, a prince of Poland, similarly to the story of Stanislaus. See note, B. IV., and her captivity. She had been liberated by Alastor (B. IV.) after the Emancipation of Armageddon.

(15.) So Pyrrhus. CEn 2. "Neoptoleum narrare memento." Death of Priam.

(16.) The atonement of social joined with individual injuries, exacted by the hands of a female, is repeatedly memorialized in history, from Tomyris and others downwards. If Fiction has the advantage often of History in exacting the merited award, yet in the present instance it may be said to *follow* history: for poison administered by female hands is said by many to have been the cause of the death of Nicander's *prototype*.

(17.) Not only is the legendary representation of Justice reflected here, but the head and "fountain of Justice" in Britain—the Sovereign Victoria. So in Spenser—the Faery Queene is Elizabeth.

NOTES TO L'ENVOY.

PART II.

(1.) All the various changes in Empires: in the mutations of nature, sea and land: in the vicissitudes of fortune. All these moral and physical results bespeak the potency of the Spirit of Change.

(2.) A recapitulation of all the changed aspects of Life characterising the Victorian Era, in effecting which the happy agencies of the Spirit of Change and Progress are acknowledged.

(3.) See B. X. Geological revolutions.

(4.) Ibid.

(5.) See the Revolt of Armageddon, B. XII., and "Triumph" of Victoria, Book XVIII

(6.) Viz., the reign of intelligence contrasted with that of blind and bigoted Error, as heretofore. B. I., IV., XV. The cause contended for by the New Arthur. (History affording exemplifications of it in a Washington, and more recently in a Garibaldi.)

(7.) The true principles of Freedom were but imperfectly understood even in her best times by ancient Rome.

(8.) The characteristic silence of Venice in consequence of her aquatic "high roads," seems to invite the mind, amidst the hush, to meditate over the past scenes of greatness.

(9.) "The Angel of the Dark Abyss," Rev. IX., vii. Called Abaddon or Apollyon in Greek, is Satan, the Father of Lies. The Deceiver, and therefore envious at the ascendancy of the New World, based on Principles of Truth, (see Int. Rem.) which is the Spirit of God.

(10.) See B. II. The tribute paid to Alexander II. for his wise humanising policy.

(11.) B. I.—The Vision of Change.

(12.) In reference to the character of the 'Scorner,' contrasted with that of the Vindicator of the Good Cause, intended for the Coming Man. Both Sons of Destiny (Int. Rem.).

(13.) Necessarily appealed to as the *instrument* of the Spirit of Happy Change and thus the various features specified in the introduction as regards Machinery of Action, and the chief character of the story, with the Moral he contends for, are combined.

(14.) The *revocation* of a mystical and sacred character to his spirit-home is a consistent part of his career. The instances in every department of history as regards Quirinus, Elijah, Vishnou, and Hercules will be recognised. It was evidently a "pious fraud" of priestcraft to deify eminent characters. See Homer. Horace flatters Augustus with such a hope. As to the Mythical character of the New Arthur, see note Part 2, B. III. And the Legends as to his return from the tomb, and again his disappearance after fulfilment of his mission.

(15.) See note preceding.

(16.) See Geoffrey of Monmouth, cited by Camden, as regards the tradition of Arthur's nativity and residence at Tintagel or Tindâgel Castle, near the Land's End. See the Legends as to the Knights of the Round Table here, as haunting the spot.

(17.) The Moral Proposed by the Spirit of Change in answer to the Invocation, B. I., is here accomplished.

A P P E N D I X

TO THE RE-ISSUE OF THESE PAGES.



Scarcely had the lapse of a year passed since the first issue of these pages, when a confirmation was afforded of the Editor's remark in the note which concludes them, relative to the completeness of the Illustration of the Era afforded in them. He refers to any hostile movement which might have been forced on England by America, as in December, 1861, or any other aggression. The Principle which actuates her is the same, viz., that of self-defence or vindication, and not of aggrandisement—with only a variety of circumstances. The remarks in the introduction are also here confirmed; the illustration is, therefore, complete; independently of any future outbreak or new combination of events.

The intestine discord of America, as regards the slavery question, had been anticipated in Book XI, and the persecution of females of distinction, as in Poland, for their patriotic feelings and opinions, is a further confirmation of the delineations of the story (as in Book IV), which indeed has been throughout confirmed in the passing history of nations.

The Editor being asked why foreign coadjutors in the editorial function were introduced, answers that the events of the Victoriad affecting the cause of various nations rising against Aggression, exhibit all of them as linked in one wide brotherhood—and this circumstance is, therefore, appropriately or even necessarily met by a fellowship of coadjutors respectively vouching for the fidelity of the scenes affecting their different nationalities—whether French, Neapolitan, Sardinian, Venetian, or Roman. It is trusted that this is a satisfactory answer to the inquiry. It may be observed here that the appropriateness of the Inscription of the story in its first part to the Liberator of Italy is apparent. As to the "Sick Man" of Turkey (p. 19), he appears to be rallying. As regards the surreptitious appropriation, in a certain pamphlet of many of the Author's thoughts—and, indeed, the substance of whole passages—under a nearly similar title—it has done no harm to the present work; although it exhibits a meanness and attempt at mischief, that are alike contemptible, and to be condemned.

To his novel exercise of the Ideal in rendering the Illustration of the Era subsidiary to the narrative of events, credit has been awarded to the Author; and in addition to his remarks on the subject in his Advertisement to this re-issue, the Editor will only observe as regards the Ideal—that its exercise becomes a necessity in an effort like the present—of Illustration:—it alone affords the power of grasping extended scenes of a conspicuous Era in rapid transitions from the seat of war to home scenes (as in Books V, VII, and XV.), and yet more in approaching the more recondite as magnificent scenes of nature and creation developed by modern science (as in Book I). The Ideal enables us to visit and see them; and present them in colours more vivid, and therefore more attractive to the reader; hence the mind is so pleasingly dazzled in Dante's Paradise, in some of Aristo's flights, and in Shelley's Queen Mab,—not to mention more instances of the followers of a school, which having its origin in the modern Platonists, culminated in the inspired writer of the Apocalypse and in Dante; and declined in the Provençals, so much imitated. A sphere of ideas is here instanced, altogether denied, it is needless to say, to the unimaginative mind, to say nothing of one incapable of any more abstract contemplation (Plato calls it *theoria*)—and to which, the admonition originating with Cicero, and borrowed in modern literary warfare by Coleridge and Shelley, can alone be given "*Intelligibilia, non intellectum, adfero.*"

The Author's advertisement to this re-issue having answered the trivial and only objections raised, and addressed to the unimportant points of a signature or an inscription—it is now fair, on the other hand, as well as being a grateful duty for the Editor to acknowledge the numerous testimonies in favor of the work. This tribute is due not only to its supporters, but in justice to the Author, and yet more for the reader's satisfaction. One's testimony then, in speaking of its Plan, uses the designation, "a profound idea," as evinced in rendering the philosophical illustration of the Progress of the Era subsidiary to the Action of the Story; and cites in continuation the passage in the Vision of Change (Book I p. 4) portraying the impersonation of the divinity or Power of Change. Another, after giving the work credit for evincing "varied qualifications of mind, both as regards invention and erudition", remarks concerning the "unpretending character of the original signature" (viz., "An Old Looker On of Change and Vicissitude") that its effect is to disarm the petty spirit of opposition so often exercised against any essay of classic construction, or more elevated aims, especially when unsupported by *trade influences*; and proceeds to say, "the stately epic is effectively contrasted with minor melodies in the minstrel's character, the Blondel of this historical romance; and readers will appreciate both the facility and vigor of expression and the flowing and melodious character of the measure." Many passages of the text, and many of *

* See "Lost Son," B. XI.

the minor melodies have been inserted in various popular journals. Again, the instance is cited of a late eminent writer's reflection of the travelling mania of a former day, and credit is awarded to the reflection in the present story, of the altered tastes, opinions, and objects of the New Era, with novel sources of interest.

Yet further, the characters of the story are passed in review from the sphere of the highest disinterestedness to that of the lowest selfishness; which comprises, indeed, a large circle of the baser world, and many too of the "illustrious obscure,"—as reflected in Book IV. for example; and such as are instanced in the tools of corruption, the perverters of the power of the press, and its opportunities—the spawn of modern Grub-streets* and *bureaux* of corrupt systems. Some of these are further recommended to seek instruction for their want of erudition (often disguised under low and shallow ribaldry) in the Introduction and Notes of the work, which "would alone form," (says the writer) "a curious volume" (see *Wesley: Times*); and he continues "the heart may be chastened and the mind elevated by the lessons of truth and virtue in the text," Indeed the vindication of Truth is the aim and moral of the whole work.

The last testimony that need be adduced addresses itself favorably to the different poetical characteristics of the work in its ideal, satirical, descriptive or impassioned features—the novel or rather revived measure of the quintet (to use the Italian designation, as in *terza rima*) being approved of for its dignity and harmony, and as relieving the monotony of the hackneyed couplet. The hopes expressed by the Editor on this point in the Introduction, have not, therefore, been frustrated. (A popular writer in the *News of the World* may be here instanced, amongst others.)

In conclusion, the Editor expresses his acknowledgments to both classes of reviewers—those who have recommended the *Victoriad* to the scholar for its epic character and classic style, as contrasted with the adulterated English lately so much in vogue; and to those who have called the attention of the general reader to it, for its varied interest, national sympathies, and comprehensive illustration.

* NOTE—A curious circumstance is recorded of one of this fraternity who was engaged in the sale of *Bacon*, and conceived the insane contradiction of "curing" certainly not "saving" his *Bacon* without salt. An apology is offered for citing this trifle amidst graver matter. Again, when a *soldiscent* Critic's fallacies and misstatements are refuted, and his want of erudition exposed, he has neither the grace nor manliness to acknowledge it—exhibiting as little courage as honesty. (See *Flight of Corruption*, p. 101, B. XII.)

As regards this last feature, it may be stated that the Author having been in past days a contributor to the *Hooks*, the *Campbells*, and *Maginns*, of periodical renown—understands the full force of compression in securing interest: consequently, although the *Era* under illustration is an extended one, yet each successive scene, chapter, or book is necessarily wrought with equal vigor for the securing an equal amount of interest. What is wide is often weak, but there is a difference between diffusion and extendedness, which in the present instance requires an increased amount of vigor and power in sustaining the interest throughout. Hence it is that a kindly critic has said “a powerful mind and sustained vigor are manifested in the conduct of the story.” Hence again it arises, that although the present railway whirl in which we live does not afford much time for thinking, or admitting of any firmer mental grasp over an extended, no less than an elevated theme—again, when only brief detached poetical pieces and “snatched readings” are general—still, notwithstanding these drawbacks on securing attention—the Author has been encouraged by a wide circle of readers of both sexes. The Editor may add, in conclusion, and on behalf of the Author, that his chief reward has been in the approval awarded him of the Social aims of the work—its lessons of virtue, philosophy, endurance under suffering—of public and private morality,—and its vindication of Truth. He can, therefore, place it as a safe moral companion, no less than an historical lesson, in the hands of youth; and on these grounds it has been, he may be allowed to express, held in consideration both by public and private men, distinguished by their attainments—by the statesman, the scholar, the philosopher. and the poet of more elevated aims, not the mere fashioner of petty prettinesses and flowery trivialities; but one, who while he is hopeful for the Future, looks back with shame on the Force and Fraud of past effete systems; and speaks more in sorrow than in anger for the follies and vices of mankind.

A D D E N D A.

By an oversight, certain passages having been omitted, are here supplied—

Book I. Insert p. 5, after Span,—

Glad, wake your Protean shapes ! ye cunning Sprites,
Of CHANGE, that show old earth in face still new—
Seen thro' its traits, the soul inspir'd by you—
Spangle, its brow illum'd, like starry lights
Where Man looks up and Mind's new fires incites.

B. I, v. 3, for "havoc'd guise of Earth's convulsion wide," read "wide surprise of antic mazes vast.

Book IV, page 30, insert before Thoughts of a Captive," (Nun of Minak)

And list ! a soft note steals upon the ear,
While o'er the listn'ers cheek its hues confess
The blush that burns o'er shames those notes express ;
Pour'd from her own true heart, and sad and dear
The songster's solace, 'mid her doubt and fear.

Book IV. Insert as so the character of Malbecco, v, 10, p. 28 ; after " may lean,"

Some minds there are, whose strength the bars o'erleaping
That held them back, have fought their way to fame.
Others have crafty play'd a subtler game—
Have reach'd the goal desir'd by wily creeping
Fraudful, like Argus watch'd while seemed they sleeping.*

* So Pope, Sextus, Quintus.

Book V, being inscribed to the late Prince Consort as the promoter of intellectual progress illustrated in it, the following lines to his memory are here added

There is a gem more bright than Courts or Crowns—
The fairer ray of soul like thine, refin'd,
Illum'd at heavn's own shrine, the virtuous Mind—
Cheering 'mid worldly gloom and fortune's frowns.

There is a gift than courtly strain more dear,
Than herald's pageant, or inflated scroll,
Where earthly vanities their pomps enroll—
In mem'ry shed, the simple tribute tear.

Book VIII, p. 66 ; insert in the Laugh of Fear, after Cup,
 Speaks the tear of the broken and desolate heart?
 Yet there's malice in man can find joy in the smart!
 Sordid bliss! that can gloat o'er a fellow's distress!
 What solace more dark can hell's envyworld bless?

Two passages relative to the disgraced Russian Prince and General, superseded by Todleben (represented in Ergastes) and omitted, are here subjoined.

Insert, Book VIII, after *So prais'd*, p. 69.

"In scorn and ire *one* form they drove away;
 Wars puppet," break thy sword—the toy for show!
 Chill as thy spirit seek Siberia's snow;
 Shrink from man's scorn "(they cried) and shun the day."
 So thy fate's mockeries, crest-fall'n prince betray!

Again, where his death in Siberia is represented, Book XII, insert after *Spirit fled*, p. 109,

And whose that death-dimn'd form mid yon pale throng?
 'Twas thine, fall'n prince—whose sword was but for show!
 Whose heart was chillier than yon wastes of snow!
 Life dragg'd its load—shame's heaviest bane—along—
 Self-scorn's worst doom—till death dark ends the wrong.

B. XIII, The jubilee of Armageddon ; insert after "*Care be Crime*," p. 105.

The world is for the young! Love's Pleasure's host—
 Mind's, Honor's sphere—these are the world—in these
 Age, lingering vain, the world it fades from, sees ;
 When these are gone—the world with them is lost:
 Mock'd Age—a weed from Life's fair garden tost.

In the same Book, and in the Railway Carol, page 106, insert after stanza 2

Our fleet ironhorse mocks the old coach and six,
 As much as the gas does our candle and wicks.
 My home—'tis his back! and I speed on my rover
 To dine in Belgravia—from York—breakfast over;
 The antipodes suit me just now for fresh air—
 I cry "Get up the steam," and but wish—and I'm there.

B. XIV (Australia), page 116, insert after *Thee*, v. 20.

Calls our vague steps a Prophet-voice away
 To no inhospitable wilderness! *
 Thro' its wide hush, far fades the cry's distress
 Of a world's conflict—hate's and shame's dismay
 While 'mid the calm, sooth'd hearts their tumult stay.

See Rev, ch. XXV, 18. Interpreters of Scripture point out the new world of Australia as the spot of refuge for the nations.—See notes and introduction.

B. XVI, insert *E'er* after *Sought*; v. 32, p. 35.

Book XVI. In answer to queries, "*Guiscard's tale*" has reference to a living instance.

23

